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THE
MISSING LINK MAGAZINE

OR,
BIBLE WORK AT HOME AND ABROAD.

DEDICATED TO
THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY,
AND TO
THE FRIENDS OF BIBLE CIRCULATION AND OF FEMALE
MISSIONS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

EDITED BY
L. N. R.,
Late Editor of "The Book and its Missions,"
AND AUTHOR OF
"The Book and its Story," "The Missing Link," and
"Stones Crying Out."

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VOL. 1.

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AND THE BAZAAR, SOHO SQUARE;
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

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PREFACE.

WE write a preface to a periodical at the beginning of its December number, when its year is over; but the reader reads it when the book is bound, as coming before January. The writer often prepares it as looking back over each eventful month: the reader has to be introduced to the general scope and design of the publication. And we must not forget that this is a *new* periodical to those who may take in hand this volume, not having been familiar with its predecessor, "The Book and its Missions." To a stranger, then, of whom we hope to make a friend, we would say, Have the kindness to pass on to our first article for January, "What is the Missing Link?" and then to our first for March, "What is the use of a Magazine to the Bible-women's Mission?" The papers of "The Lost and the Found," in the MAY number, and "Poor Burnt Carry," in June, would then develop the class of characters with which this Mission often deals.

Eight years ago the idea occurred to the Editor, that such persons were best approached by a *good poor woman*, who lived amongst them, *with the Bible in her hand*. That idea must have been heaven-sent, and the time must have come for its working out. This we know, by the success that has been granted to it; by the voluntary support that it has met with; and by its wide and silent spread into many foreign countries; which, in conjunction with home work, this periodical records.

The good, *poor* woman had not worked long before it was perceived that such an agent must have a very intimate and loving superintendence from a Lady of her own—devoted to watching over her and helping her—in all particulars, requiring the aid of an educated person. The woman's work came to be called a "BIBLE MISSION," because the Bible was perceived to be the spring of its power, and it has ever since been honoured to preserve that noble name which first arose from its connection with THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY. The Lady has a Bible Mission quite as much as the Bible-woman, and both together carry it out day by day and week by week, with two hundred classes of poor mothers in London connected with the first Centre, and to many more than two hundred, if private and individual missions of a similar sort could be reckoned.

The *reaction* of this Missing Link work has been more wonderful than itself; the wonder being, that such simple and always imperfect agency should be owned of God at all. "But His thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor His ways as our ways." He has guided it; He has prospered it; He has this year passed it through its deep trials, and through them all preserved it, and given us to tell—yes, even this year—of the receipt of more money, and of larger results, than in any previous year. "To Him be all the glory."

We hope we may now dismiss the reader to details which will fill up this brief sketch of introduction.

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The following Classification will show that the Editor continues to keep in view the same FIVE distinct spheres of observation which were indicated in "The Book and its Missions."

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THE MISSING LINK MAGAZINE;

OR,

BIBLE-WORK AT HOME AND ABROAD.

WHAT IS THE MISSING LINK?

OUR kind friends need not fear any change in our principles with our new title. The Bible is still *first*, as they see; and perhaps a picture, like an action, may speak more loudly than words. We believe that the present name will be more conveniently recognized by *new* supporters, and show at once that this Magazine is in visible connection with the work which has sprung out of the circulation of its predecessor, "THE BOOK AND ITS MISSIONS," and also of the little book which was favoured with a still wider circulation, and was called "THE MISSING LINK."

This work is now well known as THE LONDON BIBLE AND DOMESTIC FEMALE MISSION, and has arisen, step by step, in the course of the last seven years, from a HOME errand of the priceless Book to the poor degraded mothers of London.

If our readers should ask us for something new (for the temper of these times is much like that of the Athenians—always seeking "to tell or to hear some new thing")—we know of *only one* Book in the world that *is ever new*, because it

is the reflection into human words of the creative mind of the eternal God. His words may lie as a dead letter for many a long year, within reach of the poor soul that is not aware of their power, till the light of the Holy Spirit reveals them, and bids it "take of the things of Christ," contained in the dusty Bible. Henceforth a heavenly lamp is lit in the household, from which a cheering ray falls on the tired angry father—falls on the fretful violent mother—falls on the sickly sorrowful child; and in that ray they learn to look on Jesus, and He draws them near to Himself, and nearer to each other.

Oh, what a privilege has the true BIBLE-WOMAN in her appointed humble office of going round to see if these lamps are lit, or can be lit, in every poor dark room. It is the BIBLE that is the *grand* "Missing Link" between heaven and earth when the message shut up within its pages has not been delivered, but has laid untold upon the shelf. The term "Missing Link" has, however, come into general acceptance in connection with these lowly messengers, who have offered the Book for the purchase of the poor, and who, persuading those of their own class that it was worth their purchase by small instalments, have awakened their independence, and convinced them that they could also *help themselves* to the decencies and comforts of life, of which they had long been careless.

At the commencement of our new era, we wish to take the opportunity of observing that if the *messenger* is to be called the Missing Link, she can only be so as she has firm hold and understanding for herself of the MESSAGE FROM GOD, which she is called upon to deliver, and which is to bid those who were afar off from Him "draw nigh."

"Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"I am the bread of life: he that cometh to ME shall never hunger, and he that believeth on ME shall never thirst."

She is *not*, in our idea, "the Missing Link," unless she calls these wandering sheep *at once* to come to their true Shepherd, CHRIST, and guides them to those who will tell them still more of that Shepherd. Our two hundred London Bible-women have during the last year, in the space of eleven months, sold to the poor upwards of nine hundred pounds' worth of Bibles and Testaments; but although thus much, as to statistics, can be announced, and it may be added that something like this amount of circulation of the Holy Word continues to be the annual fruit of their labours, it can never be told in this world—though it gives "joy in the presence of the angels of God"—how many shut Bibles have been unsealed, and sinners brought to repentance, by the reading of them, through the thousands of visits paid by the Bible-women in the poor homes of London last year, and in six past years.

To God be all the glory!

To HIM, our Heavenly Father, we have constantly looked up for guidance, since this now great work began with "one poor woman and one lady, in the parish of St. Giles's. He has so ordered it that even the imperfect and simple accounts which we have given of the work of His Word, as applied, by the Spirit, to the hearts chiefly of the poor and needy, have perpetually reproduced the same results in distant towns and villages of our own land, and also of other lands. Those who prize *most* HOME Missions will yet surely rejoice to be told that beginning with the same Divine Book—in Syria, in Persia, in India, in China, in Ceylon—its humble female reader to the people, having her soul filled with the love of its Divine author, has found in climes far and near the "open door," the heart "prepared of the Lord," into which to drop the "good seed." And then the sweet words of Jesus have made way for the kind and comforting advice and "help to help themselves," that has induced a change of outward life and habits, which speaks to the world's eye, and of

which note has often been taken, without sufficient heed to its sacred source and cause.

We do not wish to pass unnoticed as concerning our own country, a result which appears to have arisen from the reading of the "Missing Link" within the pale of our national Establishment.

A paper was read on the 15th of October, 1863, by Vice-Chancellor Sir William Page Wood, at the Church Congress, Manchester, announcing that in the year 1860, after the perusal of the above little work, four ladies, taking counsel with the incumbent of a London district, resolved to institute a Society of Mission-women, of which *they* became the managers.

It was constituted on the following principles:—

1. That this Mission should be part of, and be subordinate to, the parochial system of the Church of England.

2. That the Mission-woman (being of course a member of that Church) should be selected by the incumbent of the parish from amongst the poor, and that her work should be superintended not only by the incumbent but by a lady of education, to be also named by him.

3. That no direct relief in the shape of alms should be given, but that the Mission should be for the extension of Christian civilization (the only true civilization) among the poor; that they should be instructed and encouraged in habits of Christian love and courtesy, in self-discipline and self-support.

It was further added, "that this Mission-woman goes to the poor—a living witness that one of themselves may be something better and happier than they are, and that she is *not* a Scripture Reader, nor a teacher of religious doctrines, but through her agency, and that of the lady Superintendent, the pastor is to be informed of the spiritual necessities of all who are brought within the sphere of their influence; they are instructed to refer to him alone in all such cases."

Now, it must be evident of course that this agency need not

clash with that of the Bible-women—previously instituted, and now spreading over all the districts of London. It begins from a different point, and its chief aim is *that* which we have confessedly held as secondary—the raising of the social character of the people; which, alas! even in this first of Protestant cities, is bad enough at this moment of the nineteenth century, to urge the benevolent to every kind of effort to alter and improve it.

We still hold our own principles unshaken, and once more declare them; sealed to our conviction even by our poor imperfect seven years' work.

1. That the Bible is fitted by Him whose Word it is to reach our population *in its lowest depths*.

2. That a poor woman is the best agent for carrying it to women in those depths, and that she requires the constant aid and sympathy of a Christian sister *from the educated classes*.

3. That *working together* in a Bible Mission in the regions of poverty, misery, and crime, is of more importance than any of our differences as to ecclesiastical organization; therefore we can lay aside those differences to combine our efforts in one purpose, viz., to bring the people to the knowledge of Christ; seeing that "it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

4. The *object* of this Mission is twofold, viz., to supply the very poorest of the population with copies of the Holy Scriptures, and also to improve their temporal condition by teaching them to help themselves rather than look to others: the former to be attained by taking payment for the Bible in small weekly instalments, and the latter by assisting them to procure better food, clothing, and beds in the same way.

We think the new Society most fitly call their agents "MISSION-WOMEN," and that ours are as fitly still named "BIBLE-WOMEN." We carefully seek the co-operation of the earnest pastors in every neighbourhood wherever this is possible, and they are frequently asked to nominate the workers, and accordingly do so; but we do not merely send a message from the rich to the poor, nor from any particular church

or community, to those whom they may desire to bring within their fold; we have proved that if the poor woman goes among the people setting forth herself in any way as a specimen or example, her errand will result in failure. She may be very soon spoiled amid the business that arises of a secular and industrial character; and while we desire that every worker should be a "living epistle" known and read of her neighbours, we think her never safe except as speaking of her Master's name, and His everlasting Word.

N.B.—It may be needful to remark to new readers that the cover of the late Periodical was made the vehicle for monthly acknowledgments of all subscriptions sent to the Editor, and that its final number of the year (December) had always been a double one, in order that a minute account might be rendered to the public of the outlay of their spontaneous gifts to the Bible-women's Missions, amounting during the last seven years to nearly £50,000, and already expended in the annual support of about 200 Missions in the metropolis and its suburbs. This plan of acknowledgment will still be continued in "THE MISSING LINK MAGAZINE."

FINANCIAL SUPPLIES.

FOR THE BIBLE AND DOMESTIC FEMALE MISSION.

Those who have noticed that in our yearly report of these, our balance in hand was only £70, will probably also have observed that the Monthly Receipts are of late not equal to the expenditure for so many missions.

In November they were £746. Expenditure £902.

In December „ £774. „ £1049.

Having therefore again overrun our balance, it has been necessary to transfer £500 from our small Reserve Fund, and our Conference meetings of the Ladies must now take place the third and fourth weeks in January, without any hope of combining, with those occasions, the convenience of providing the Ladies with money *in hand*, and thereby saving time and trouble to all parties concerned. To provide £5 only for the expenditure of two hundred missions would need £1000, and to pro-

vide £10 each for the quarter, £2000, and even this would not leave any margin for the help to the poor and suffering in each district, which this season seems to demand.

DIVERTED AND DEVOTED.

WE never know on which most to congratulate ourselves—whether because the Bible is so *new*, or because it is so old. Of the newest discoveries—those made the most of as novelties of knowledge—there are very often hints in the Old Book, if we had but noticed them before; while, on the other hand, there are no fresh circumstances of this mortal life into which we can be brought, whether joyful or sorrowful, that a new light does not gleam upon them out of the Old Book, if we do but know where to seek it.

We sometimes wonder when people will be weary of the various, yet, after all, similar round of sensation stories, without a full spicing of which it is said no periodical can prosper. What is it that people like in these “sensation stories”? We believe that they chiefly like to be taken out of themselves and their surrounding circumstances—often rather unlovely and commonplace—into another set of surroundings, more exciting and agreeable, where for a time they can be amused and diverted from much that troubles or annoys them.

A good fictitious story may be allowed its full worth in this respect to an overworked mind; but the taste is formed for this stimulant by every indulgence in it, and it is a taste that gradually diminishes mental and moral power in the reader. At first sought as a refreshment, it becomes a daily need—and “time is short;” it will seldom suffice for daily duty, and for continual absence from it likewise in the land of fiction.

Life also is real, and Death is real, and what is the residuum at the end of a story-reading life? *What*, but that it has been diverted from its true course and purpose—not devoted to it, and that it leaves no trace behind. Why have we such difficulty in finding the men and women of mark, whose fitness all would

recognize for the posts of usefulness which each day sees unfilled? Why? Because men have sought out many inventions to waste the treasure of time; and because, after departure from school, there is so little of that study or research which keeps up in our young people the health and vigour of the mind.

It is become old-fashioned *to think*. It casts too much reflection upon those who *dream*. So the days pass in exercise or rest, dining, dressing, visiting, and story-reading, and then suddenly, perhaps, there comes an end to life—this life which is only the porch of another; and “all tracks have trails,” as the Indians say. We have sometimes thought that all men and women write books—ah! even a child writes the book of its own life—and people read these books after they are dead. If there have been *a thread of purpose* in a life, long or short,—of purpose to serve God, and to live for something beyond *self*, and its likings and requirements—all that came by in the current of existence has forwarded this purpose, hung to it, and thickened the thread; so that when death snapt it, it did not break up like a sand-rope, but lived on as a purpose, was taken up and forwarded by some one else. All true workers make workers, and their being ends not with *them*.

The most enduring lives ever lived were of those men who were inspired by the Holy Spirit of God to become the writers of different parts of the Bible—Job and Moses, the prophets and the chroniclers of Israel—David, the sweet Psalmist, and Solomon, whose proverbs have outlived all his “glory”—the evangelists and the New Testament writers of epistles to the infant churches.

For 1500 years the wondrous web of Holy Scripture was in course of weaving. It is now all woven. Man may add no word to it, nor retrench any from it. He has only to draw from it those golden threads which worked into the texture of his own daily life, and into the lives of others, will carry out the purpose of God. To be devoted to this aim is a far higher end of life than to be diverted; it is to be employed in high service, working for the great Master of all worlds, doing what He would have done, and copying what He did.

The intention of this magazine is to secure readers who do

not want to be "diverted," but who desire to see paths in which they can become "devoted;" we are in fact acquainted with far more exciting stories than we dare tell, for our agents often follow those who have dwelt among life's refinements, and shared in life's successes, and who have gone down, down, mostly through the paths of vice or sin, till they are obliged to drink of life's dregs. It is so often the lot of a Bible-woman to bring up from the pit some child of a dead mother's prayers, and even those who themselves once prayed at a mother's knee, fresh and pure-minded, in the shelter of quiet homes, and have been since ensnared and lost in the mazes of London's want and woe; so that, year after year, in giving account of our work, we have never been driven back into the barrenness of vague and commonplace report, and what has made it otherwise? It is simply that so often a fresh gem of the Word of life gets shrined in a new heart to which it has been made the word of salvation, or a fresh variety of the Lord's mercy is to be testified unto for the sake of his glory—and then we learn that it has been right to tell of it, from the manifest results of its recording, to which witness is borne elsewhere.

We have received many letters of congratulation upon our change of title as well as a few which lament the same, and whose writers seem to fear that possibly the *great Book* may no longer be put *first*, as in THE BOOK AND ITS MISSIONS. To this fear we trust our first new number may prove a sufficient answer, and that the OPEN BIBLE may be found to be more prominent than ever. We need make no other promise to our old subscribers, who seem generally content with our usual varieties of Home and Foreign BIBLE WORK, as hitherto presented to their attention.

"GONE UP ON HIGH."

THE close of the year in our last publication was marked by the notice of some of our beloved number who had "gone before," and the first month of our new year has the same solemn seal of death upon it; yet *not* of death, of life!

“Home—light—home—the combat on earth is done,
The labourers wrought for a few short hours, and home to their rest are gone;
A robe like the driven snow, and a place in the glory fair,
Oh who would not follow the souls set free, that bask in the sunshine there?”*

We have some jottings from a friend at the Parker Street Home, concerning Mrs. Warner, our departed Beckenham Bible-woman.

It seems that many years ago, Mrs. Warner and three other Christian friends, having occasion on the Sabbath-day to pass through St. Giles's on their way to their place of worship, afterwards met together at an appointed time for prayer to God, that He would pour out of his Spirit upon the people of that low district, that they might be brought to know and love the Saviour, and be raised from their condition of sin and wretchedness; these prayers were heard, and in addition to the efforts of many faithful and laborious Pastors and teachers, in God's providence a poor woman was chosen from among themselves, to circulate in those dark streets the precious Word of Life. This good news reached the ears of Mrs. Warner, and she came to the Mission Room, 75, Dudley Street, to inquire of the Matron how this work of the Lord was going on. Hearing of the good results, she thanked God that He had so graciously heard the petition long offered, and had granted the request of her friends.

She called again, but found the Matron was gone to the new Mission Room in Parker Street, and she went there also, and was most interested in hearing of the good work that was spreading all over London through the agency of the Bible-women. The next time she came, although against all rule, she entreated to be admitted into the Mission Room, and listened to the beautiful address of the Rev. A. W. Thorold. Once more she came with her mind burdened with the desire to become a Bible-woman. The Matron advised her to go to Mrs. R——, at Hunter Street; she went, and afterwards wrote to say, “The wishes of my heart are fulfilled, and I am engaged in the Lord's work, and my Lady is one of the excellent of the earth.”

* From “THE BROOK IN THE WAY,” just published by Anna Shipton, author of “Tell Jesus.”

She felt it the greatest privilege to come to the monthly meetings of the Bible-women, but she little thought how profitable her society was made to all the inmates in the Home; but alas! after a year or two she was taken ill, and her friends were obliged to go and see her in the Cancer Hospital.

On sympathizing with her in her sufferings, she said, "I could not bear *two* days' sufferings, but my Lord only gives me *one* day at a time. Oh how good it is of a night, when I am talking with Him—to know," she said, "that the Father looks most after his sick child."

She spoke of the Home, and said she hoped that all the Bible-women would bear it on their hearts in prayer, and referred to the answer of the prayer for St. Giles. H. H.

Since the December number of the "BOOK AND ITS MISSIONS" went out to give account of our stewardship, another of our Superintendents and another of our Bible-women have left the work below for the rest above. The train of friends and labourers in this Mission is now fast lengthening on the other side of Jordan, and many of those to whom they have carried the Message have reached even before them the shining shore, and have surely received the welcome of the "beloved of the Lord."

Mrs. General Lascelles, long a resident in India, and there having learned to love all who loved Jesus, of every name and party, has been suddenly called from an English sphere of much activity and usefulness in one of our Missions, from which she will be most deeply missed.

A trifling cold, a few days' illness, and then came, unsuspected by any but herself, her last night on earth. The wedding of a relative was to have taken place in her house on the Monday, but on Sunday morning the dear mistress expired, and instead of a wedding, as anticipated, a funeral train in the same week paced slowly from that door, bearing away for ever the remains of her who had been a mother to the poor of that district.

"I have had some fear of death in times past," were almost her last words to her attendant, "but it is all gone now. I have had two hours of sweet communion with Jesus, and I go to be with Him for ever."

And Cecilia Mackay, Bible-woman of Bow Common district, her work is done, and a most active and persevering labourer is missed from amongst us. She sank under low fever, though every effort was made to revive her failing strength, and she was persuaded to rest at Reigate—where the kind care of a loving friend provides for tired Bible-women the opportunity of rest and refreshment, which is almost always the means of their recovery—but neither fresh air nor repose could restore our poor friend; her heart was in her work, and she had devoted herself to it for longer hours than were required; probably without sufficient care to take food between her morning and afternoon visits.

She is a great loss to the Mission, and has left many a “living epistle” behind her, who can testify of the change of character induced through —— visits. There was one very violent woman whom she said “she got to love her” eight or nine months ago. She separated her once from a man in the streets when their arms were lifted for blows, and on whom she was pouring a torrent of aggravating abuse; —— took her by the shoulders and pushed her in at her own door hard by, sat her down and calmed her by degrees, and so rescued her from a public brawl. Afterwards she came to the Mothers’ Meeting, at which she is now a constant attendant, and a deep mourner for the loss of her guide. She will light the fire in the Mission-room, or do anything to help the lady Superintendent at this time of her loss.

Another misses her praying friend; she, too, is a changed woman. Her husband died, and morning and night —— would go in to pray with her. The Mothers’ Class, of their own accord, put their Mission-room into mourning, each wore some morsel of crape—and they even decorated the curtain with crape bows. They had subscribed 8s. to make her some useful present, just as she was taken away from them. After her death, the pennies rose to £1 4s., to help pay for her funeral.

“She was a very holy woman,” says her Superintendent, “and has worked up this district, after it was said by my former helper that nothing more could be done in it. I fear the bad smells amidst which she lived were too much for her. Her hope

was quite clear to the end, and her last words at my parting with her, 'Don't weep for me, I'm going home'—as she lifted her finger and pointed to heaven. I am coming, dear friend, for a fresh Bible-woman, but how can I hope to look upon her like again?"

And yet God does raise up "the like," and does in His mercy fill the places of those whom He makes ready and removes to His own presence. But there are some which seem to us as if "never again" they could be filled.

OUR MISSING LINKS IN HEAVEN.

"I have ransomed them from the power of the grave."

"It was a cave, and a stone lay on it."

Unclose that solemn door, and lift the awful stone ;
We are come to lay once more our best and dearest down.
It costs us the price of a life—to peer
On those who lie in this chamber drear.

Mother and child are met, at last, in this cold, dark room ;
Yet tho' side by side, no speech makes welcome thro' the gloom.
'Tis a grave on a green hill-side so fair,
And silence, and rest, and death are there.

O Death ! with thy fingers cold, beckoning the young—the old,
In haste, and chill disdain, of heart's desire, and pain ;
Thine is the hour when souls on rack
Would crave their priceless treasures back.

Not back from thee, O Death ! Thou hast only shrouds to give—
Mere grave-clothes thou canst hide when those thou touchest "LIVE."
Heav'n's Lord left *His* in thine hand of old ;
HE was "not there"—as the angels told.

A tramp was on our stair in the deep midnight gloom ;
Death said, "I will have mine own, to fold it for the tomb !"
Then there went up a wail—a midnight cry,
Such as children make when mothers die.

But across the street a child, seemed wrapt in slumbers deep ;
 It was given to him to see, oh ! what did he see in his sleep ?
 He saw bright angels—hovering near,
 And they sang sweet hymns to his charmed ear.*

Floating by, that shining band, were each crowned with a starry crown ;
 “ And one had a crown in his hand : He crost the street and came
 down,”

 At the moment Death greedily claimed his prey,
 He crowned that sweet mother and bore her away.

O Lord, to fair childhood's eye, unfolding the truth of Thy love—
 'Tis thy message—“they never die;” your “missing links” are
 above.

 And this was the greeting perchance that *they* gave,
 Who seemed to lie still in the family grave.

To the edge of the vast unseen, does our Lord return with His own,
 To usher each new-born spirit, to the foot of His Father's throne.
 Nor Death nor the grave have HIM withstood ;
 He hath paid the price—the price of blood.

Bright links that appear to us, snapt in the household chain,
 Are our best links to heaven—until He comes again.

 He hath them all in his bosom who are in ours no more.

Look up for our loved and crowned ones ; *look up* for the
 “ gone before.”

L. N. R.

HEARTS KNIT TOGETHER.

THE following touching report shows how some Superintendents of this mission bear their Class of poor Mothers on their hearts in their autumn absence from the great city :—

A lady says :—“I have been absent from home three months, but that has not materially interrupted the work of the Mission, which I have carried on by writing, sending a letter

* This is a recent fact.

to be read at each meeting, and receiving each week an account of the details of the work as if at home. I feel gratified at two proofs the poor women have given of their valuing and, I trust, understanding the simple letters sent on the verses of Scripture read week by week.

“One proof was that, on my returning quite unexpectedly to town, I found at least forty women assembled, the only inducement being the anticipated letter. They further showed their gratitude by making a subscription amongst themselves with which they purchased a gold pen, a birthday present to me. This happened at another time, but after their first surprise at unexpectedly seeing me was over, they told me how much they owed the good Bible-woman, and how kindly she had managed for them in my absence.

“On many faces could be seen a look of cheerfulness and rest that brightened wonderfully their care-worn features. Now and then this expression of inward peace finds utterance in words. Speaking of the coming glory of the children of God, one poor woman interrupted me, saying, with deep feeling, ‘Ah! ma’am, but it’s worth all to have the peace of a child of God *here*.’ There was no mistaking her meaning.

“We have lately lost one of our poor mothers, a widow, working hard for the scanty living she was able to procure. She was one whom it was a real pleasure to visit, whose heart overflowed with thanksgiving and joy in the midst of all her privations. When the hope of an everlasting inheritance dawned upon her as a *reality*, pain and poverty ceased to be any grief to her, the theme of her conversation was joy at her own salvation, bursting out into ejaculations of praise, and anxiety for the souls of her children, all of whom were married and settled at a distance. She was only ill a few days, but to the last continued in the same blessed and thankful spirit, evincing the greatest delight in reading and prayer with the Bible-woman, and blessing her with her dying breath. She said, ‘I have known more real comfort since I came to the Mission-room than in *all* my life before.’

“The fellow lodgers of the poor woman are much impressed with her happy death, and one, a hard-working person living

in the next room, now comes regularly to the meetings, and with earnest, fixed attention in her face, looks, indeed, like one seeking 'the Pearl of great price.'

"She has also joined the Bible Class which Mrs. W—— holds twice a week. About twenty attend. One of the younger women of our meeting has suffered terribly from the cruel treatment of her husband. About two years ago she was laid up from injuries inflicted by him in a drunken fit, and in her extreme misery she prayed that a friend might be sent to her that very day.

"The prayer was answered, the Bible-woman called, and comforted her much, but for many weary months no change appeared in the husband. At last, this autumn, her life being in danger, she took refuge at the Bible-woman's house, and instead of this step resulting in a final separation, we much hope the many prayers put up, and her long patience, have at this extremity brought down their *sure* blessing, for the husband, broken-hearted and humbled, has been so grieved at her absence, that she has returned to him; and thus far has had no cause to repent doing so.

"On going to his work the first morning after their reconciliation, she entreated him to kneel with her, and ask to be kept from temptation, and since that day they have knelt together every morning and evening, and she has also prevailed upon him to go to the house of God, which he had not entered for four years. We must not rejoice prematurely or too confidently; but in her day of deep sorrow, having seen how, in faith, she 'cast *all* her burden upon the Lord,' and how, as it were, 'against hope she believed in hope,' I cannot but trust and believe that her faith is now receiving the promised blessing."

E. S.

BY NIGHT AND BY DAY.

A LETTER FROM THE DUST-HEAPS.

Do our readers like to follow a BIBLE-WOMAN in the details of her work, by day and sometimes by night? She is now often

sent for (for we continually hear of it) by those *who would send for no one else*, but who have watched her steady steps from week to week passing their door—who have cast at her, perhaps, a curse or a reviling, and would none of her counsel; but who, when inexorable Death stands at the foot of their stair, remember in their agony that she had said to one of their old companions in sin, “that Jesus *her* Saviour could save unto the uttermost.”

And then they send—

Not for the “man of God.” Perhaps he is in his bed, and they dare not disturb him; but the poor, kind Bible-woman is close by, and they have seen she is a woman of God’s Book (yes, the English poor know this, whatever are the past and present efforts to sap its foundations); so they send; and though often weary of her day’s work, when she hears the name from the sudden messenger, she thinks, “Ah! it is that scoffing or that violent woman for whom I have prayed that her soul might be given me. The Lord has heard.” And forgetting all fatigue, be the night what it may, she ties on her bonnet (she has not *always* a warm cloak or shawl). She has nothing to give, but there is one thing she never forgets—her Bible; and the Lord of heaven goes with her. He “hath need” of her poor service. It is not for us to count the many laborious Ministers of His truth who admit this fact, and give glory to His name, and rejoice to help her on her way—but they are multiplying continually.

Now, reader, let her tell you her own tale:—

One Saturday evening a woman belonging to the Mothers’ Class came for me to pray with a person who was dangerously ill. She said it is very late, but I was sure that you would come, as the sick woman is very anxious to see you.

I found her weeping bitterly for the sins of her past life. I sat down by the bedside, and told her of the great love of Jesus Christ; that though she had forsaken Him, He was ready to receive *her*. Her grief arose from the thought that she had so long neglected the means of grace. The agony in her soul appeared to make her insensible to the pains of her body. The perspiration poured down her pale face while she joined in prayer that she might be washed in

the precious blood of the Saviour, that Jesus would be with her when she should pass through the valley of the shadow of death. After prayer she seemed more composed. She kissed my hand, and begged me to come again.

I called the next morning a little before church. As soon as she saw me enter, she said, "When you came last night I was weeping, but I cannot weep now, I am so happy. I awoke in the night, and thought you might still be praying for me, when I felt as though a host of bright and shining angels were about me, singing such glorious hymns, and they seemed to say that Jesus was waiting for me." In the evening, after church, I called again, and found her still rejoicing in the love of her Saviour. We all knelt round her bed, and blessed and praised the Lord for his great mercy. It was a solemn, happy season of weeping, yet rejoicing, at the tokens of Divine love. The promise had been made good, "While ye are yet speaking, I will hear."

I visited her daily after this, and found her longing to be with Jesus. She seemed never to be so happy as when engaged in prayer. Her sufferings were very great, but there was no murmur. While reading the 103rd Psalm with her, we came to the 10th verse, "He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities;" she said, "I can say *that*. I often promised you, that I would come to the Mothers' Meeting, and that I would attend the house of God, and something always came in the way to make me put it off, and then you got weary of asking me, and did not call; but the Lord laid his hand on me, and cast me upon a sick bed; and often when one of the mothers wanted to send for you, telling me what comfort they had found in prayer when they were passing through great trials, I put it off, till at last I found the burden of my sins so great, that I could bear it no longer. I tried to pray all that Friday and Friday night, but could not say one word, and then I thought I should die in my sins. But at last I sent for you, and while you were praying I found the weight removed, and my sins forgiven. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.'"

The Friday following I was again sent for, and found her fast sinking. I asked her if she felt Jesus precious to her soul? She replied, "Very precious," and repeated—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
Save that thy blood was shed for me;
Oh! Lamb of God, I come."

"My whole trust is in Jesus ; I want to feel the power of His Holy Spirit, that I may, while passing through the dark valley of death, see the gates open to receive me." Towards the close of the afternoon, she sang two hymns clearly and distinctly, one was

"Glory to Thee, my God, this night."

And

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."

She then complained of being very cold, and said she knew she should soon be with Jesus, and desired them to send for her clean things, as she knew they would want them. She then lay so quiet that they thought she was asleep ; but her happy spirit had entered the pearly gates of glory, no sigh nor groan escaped her lips, for truly Jesus was with her.

Her happy death has made a great impression on the minds of many in my district who were careless before ; it seemed to impress them with the power of prayer. All the week through was a very solemn one to me, I seemed surrounded with sickness and death.

Leaving the house of our dear sister, I pursued my way to the lower end of my district. Here are some very poor cottages, occupied chiefly by gipsies, dust-people, and costermongers ; in one of these I have for more than three years held a weekly cottage meeting, and here some of my happiest hours have been spent. When I first came on the district these cottages were noted for their dirt, and for the quarrelling and the awful language which proceeded thence ; the manners of the people were so rough that one seemed almost to shrink from them ; now they dwell in peace and love, and they are become gentle and kind.

Death had also done its work in the family where I hold my meetings ; it had taken the infant. The cottage is a double one, each room being occupied by a large family, and the person in the opposite room had kindly lent hers to the poor mother, so that the place in which the dear infant lay might be kept clean and quiet. I found the room quite full of women waiting for me, and our nice half-crown Bible, with its brown paper cover to keep it clean, lying on the table.

The poor mother wept for the loss of her dear child ; I told her that those whom Jesus loves best He often takes first, and I read to them of Jesus raising Lazarus from the dead ; I told them of that great day when all in their graves should hear the voice of the Son of God. One of the mothers said—"She thinks the Lord allowed her child to suffer so much because she used to swear so dreadfully."

I told them swearing was a great sin in the sight of God, and that though the child had not actually sinned, the poison ran through its nature, and, as a sinner, it suffered; but I said, you do not swear now?

"Oh no! like Saul of Tarsus, I daily and hourly pray that the Lord would forgive me my sins and my persecutions; and I do love to hear the Bible read, and do so wish that I could read it myself."

My heart went up in grateful thanks to the Lord for His mercy: here was a poor woman confessing that she was a great sinner, and that her constant prayer was for forgiveness, and declaring her love to the Bible; and *that* unasked, and before a room-full of her companions. To God be all the praise!

I then retraced my steps and entered a house on the opposite side. Eighteen months ago the mother died suddenly, so that when I entered I found the room full of women weeping over her, and one said, "Oh that I had told her of the danger of her poor soul!" A more solemn sight I never saw; I prayed with them, that the awful reality before us might be a lesson, and bring us to seek Jesus. Ten months after, a baby died suddenly in the same house. Two months after this, another woman in the house died, whom I believe has gone to heaven; she was ill only one week; and now I was about to visit the father, for he was passing through the dark valley. I prayed with him, and was about to leave him, as I thought he was too weak to hear me read, but he begged me to stay and read a chapter to him. He said he knew and felt himself to be a great sinner; that he trusted alone in the blood and righteousness of Christ to save him. He sent for me again, and that time I was so ill myself that I was not able to go. He has left four children unprovided for.

Passing on my way, another day, I entered the cottage of a poor old man. He was dying, but, like many others, dying in darkness, though saying he was resting upon the mercy of God; and it is very painful, amidst the pains of the body, to undeceive such, and to show them that God out of Christ is a consuming fire, that if they enter heaven, they must be washed in the blood of Jesus, clothed in his righteousness, and sanctified by His Holy Spirit. I read and prayed with him. The Lord grant that my prayers were answered. I do not like death-bed repentance, but the Lord has taught me that "His ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts." I have had many whom I dare not doubt are saved, who have been brought to seek Jesus while lying on their death-bed.

But I will take up no further time, though I feel, as I have no doubt every other Bible-woman feels, that I could write a volume of interest connected with my mission; but my district is fast vanishing; the railway alone will soon mark the place where our crowded Mothers' Meetings have been held, where we have so often listened with delight to the Word of God, read and explained by our dear Lady. The women all so quiet, so clean, some sewing, some knitting, yet all attention to the Scripture story, and then the sweet song of praise and fervent prayer; one of our mothers often said, "Oh! how I love these meetings; they are like the house of God, and the gate of heaven."

From that small spot, on the dust-heap, the Word of God has been sent to Australia, to India, to Iceland, and to distant parts of the world; my earnest prayer is that the fulfilment of the promise may be bountiful, that his Word should never return to Him void, but that each copy that has now reached between three and four hundred people of this district, through our mission, may be the means of saving a soul. Oh, what a cause of thankfulness! "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name be all the glory," that He should make use of so weak and unworthy an instrument as myself to spread His holy Word. Eternity alone, I believe, will unfold the great good which has been done by the beginning of the "Bible and Domestic Female Mission" in AGAR TOWN.

THE DAY OF THE LORD IN CHINA.

"And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

The sword of the Spirit is the Word of God, and that same Spirit of God has ever since been moving on the human mind. We watch its influences too little. Do we know how often we "quench" its impulses towards heaven? When these are imparted to the hitherto ignorant of all good things, they often report them (as in the case of the poor woman to whom the songs of the angels by night appeared to bring peace with God see p. 18) as actual and factual occurrences, which, perhaps, they are, *to them*.

The invisible world around us is peopled—that we know—and that the temptations of the evil spirit act upon ours—especially while we live unransomed from his power—is evident in

all the history of man. Why, then, do we wonder so much at things like these?

"It is certain," says a dear friend, "that the angels love Jesus and all that He has touched, and saved, and made holy. They are 'ministering spirits to the heirs' (Heb. i. 14) whom Jesus has snatched from death. 'They sat in the sepulchre where that precious One had laid to cheer the disciples' (John xx. 12; see also the employ of the angels, Matt. xviii. 10; Acts i. 11; and Rev. vii. 11.)"

The following paper is contributed by one of those missionaries to China who are at this time in England, engaged in the laborious but delightful task of rendering into the Ningpo dialect and into our English, or Roman letters, the precious Word of God. It takes eighteen years to become an accomplished scholar in reading and writing the old Chinese characters, but a quick boy or girl will learn to read in the Romanized letters in three months.

What a vast difference will this make to those who speak the Ningpo dialect! The hour is come for them to receive the Word of the Lord. Mr. Taylor says:—

JOHN i. 1—6, IN DR. MORRISON'S
CHINESE VERSION.

一節
當始已有言而其言偕神、又其言
爲神、此者當始偕神也。萬物以之
而得作、又凡受作者無不以之而
作焉。生命在于其內而其生命乃
人類之光。夫光輝耀于暗而暗弗
認之矣。有神所使之人名若翰者、

JOHN i. 1—6, IN NINGPO
COLLOQUIAL.

IAH-EN FOH-ING
SHÜ.

DI-IH-TSÖNG.

第一章

1 Dao z tōh-fah-ts-deo
yin-go, Dao z dxæ-ü Jing-
ming yiu-go, ping-ts'ia
Dao ziu-z Jing-ming.

2 Gyi tōh-fah-ts-deo
dzæ-u Jing-ming yiu-go.

3 Væn-veh-tu z Gyi zao-
c'ih-læ-go; z zao-c'ih-læ-go
tong-si, yia m-teh ih-
yang feh-z Gyi zao-go.

4 Weh-ming tu dzæ-ü
Gyi; keh-go weh-ming ziu-z
nying-go liang-kw ng.

5 Keh-go liang-kwōng
læ en-go u-sen tsiao-tong,
tsih-z en-go u-sen feh teh-
cū.

6 Yiu ih-go nying, z
Jing-ming ts'a-læ go,
ming-z kyiao-leh Iah-'en.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I send you some extracts from letters from Ningpo of a very encouraging nature. The native Christians there have already the New Testament in their own vernacular dialect and in the Roman letter, of which the foregoing is a specimen.

This portion of the sixth chapter of St. John read *aloud* from the *ancient* characters to a number of educated Chinese from different provinces would be nearly as unintelligible as if read in Hebrew, but if they had each a New Testament in their hands, and could see the characters, all would be plain. The old Chinese character addresses the *eye* of all the nation, but the men of different provinces would sound the same character differently, therefore missionaries have long perceived that the country needed a language for the *ear* as well as for the *eye*.

The word man is, in the Mandarin dialect, pronounced *jin*; in the Shanghai dialect, *zun*; in the Swaton dialect, *nang*; in the Amoy dialect, *lang*; in the Canton, *yan*; in the Ningpo, *jing*.

Well, but now they have the New Testament in the new and simple character. The dear native Christians often manifest much zeal in the diffusion of the truth. Before I left China, one of our Church members, being thrown out of employ on account of his refusing to work on the Lord's-day, went to the tea-shops and preached the Word. He met with a countryman named Kyüô-yiao, perhaps forty-five years of age, who listened with interest to the Gospel message, and who at once expressed a wish to know more of the truth. The native Christian persuaded him to come and live in the same house with himself, that he might teach him to read the Word of God after their daily labour was over. In about three months, this countryman might be seen spending all his evenings in reading aloud to himself portions of the Gospels, or of his hymn-book. At his age, and with his limited amount of time and talent, he never could have learned to read at all but for the use of the Romanized colloquial dialect.

The day after our native brother met with him he brought him on to my house, when he gave me the following account of himself:—

"Some months ago," said he, "I was dying of dysentery. All the remedies we are familiar with had been tried in vain. One evening I lay in bed, and no one was in the house, when I thought I heard a voice calling to me. I looked round the room (not improbably the only one in the house), and seeing no one, composed myself to rest again. A second time I heard the voice more clearly

than before, and so sure was I that I was called that I got up though with great difficulty, and supporting myself against the wall, went to the door, and opened it. But no one was near. I returned to bed, and again composed myself to rest, when a third time I heard the voice. I thought it must be a spirit speaking to me, and giving me warning that I was about to die. But I got up once more, very carefully went round the room, to be sure there was no one there, and went outside the house, but found no one. Then I returned to bed, and closed my eyes, when the same voice directed me to take a certain medicine to cure my complaint, and when well, to go to Ningpo, where I should learn of a new religion, which I was to follow. I took the medicine, began to recover directly, and came to Ningpo, where I have lived ever since. And when I heard yesterday in the tea-shop of the religion of Jesus, I knew that it was the one I was sent to Ningpo to embrace."

After his baptism, this man remained in Ningpo for a year or more, and then returned to his native village, which is a considerable distance from the city. Since that time he has had the joy of seeing his wife and daughter become Christians. Recently, Mr. James Meadows, our Scripture-reader, visited his village. In his letter of June 19th, 1864, he says:—

"I and Nyi (the native assistant) went to Kyüô-yiao's house the other week. We first met a company of men, and I asked them if they knew Kyüô-yiao. They said 'Yes.' I asked, 'What sort of a man is he? is he an upright man?' They answered, 'We know nothing wrong of the man; but he bids us not worship the sun, and not to worship idols, but speaks of one Jesus.' I was very well satisfied with this testimony of our simple brother. He has his failings, but his reputation for miles around his abode is good. We scarcely came to a place where they had not heard more or less of Jesus from the mouth of this poor Chinaman. You know, perhaps, that his house is situated amongst the hills, and for thirty or forty lee (ten or twelve English miles) from his house, up to the place of embarkation for Ningpo, the people knew Kyüô-yiao."

In a later letter, dated Ningpo, July 9th, Mr. Meadows speaks of the blessing vouchsafed to the efforts of another native brother, a very different person from the simple countryman mentioned above. Mr. Cü is one of the educated class, and is a teacher by profession. He went into one of the numerous Buddhist nunneries, and proclaimed the truth as it is in Jesus. The Lord blessed the Word largely. Speaking of it, Mr. Meadows says:—

"Last Friday evening we received a nun, who was eighteen years of age, into our number. She heard the truth from one of our members, Mr. Cü, about five weeks ago, and she has been to our chapel as often as she could get there. Being very ill of dropsy, she could scarcely walk. She had to come in a boat, with the abbess of the place, who also is now inquiring the way to heaven. I and Nyi (the native assistant) went last Monday week to the nunnery to which she belonged, and there we spoke to about sixteen women, all devotees. Nyi, at my request, questioned the young women about the plan of salvation, when, to my surprise, she gave the clearest and simplest testimony that she was leaning on a solid foundation for eternal happiness, that I ever heard from the lips of any Chinese. She made the tears flow from my eyes, and filled the assistant's heart with joy at her clear and simple answers. She seemed to have a presentiment that she would die. She desired baptism, but the Friday following was our day for examining candidates. On that occasion all the members wished her to be received. Mr. Lord accordingly received her.

"The following Monday, Dr. Parker (a Christian medical man practising in Ningpo) kindly received her into his hospital. But I am sorry, yet happy to say, she died at midnight, for I have good reason to hope she is now in heaven. She seemed to have been influenced by the Spirit in a remarkable manner; and the abbess, who is fifty-two years old, had determined, some time previous to the death of this nun, to leave the nunnery. She comes every Sabbath to worship; she is there all day, bringing her own food. There is also a Ta-fah (neophyte), who comes with her. She, of course, has not her head shaved. The only disgrace the old abbess fears is the letting her hair grow, this being, in the eyes of the Chinese, a sign of something bad having been committed by her. It is quite natural that she should fear this. But, dear brother, do pray for her, and for a priest at Me-hyü, whom we frequently exhort; but not only for these, pray for all the members, and for me, that wisdom may be granted unto me to deal with them aright."

Mr. Meadows' last letter, dated Ningpo, August 18th, gives an account of nine candidates for baptism, who, he hoped, would soon be admitted to the privileges of church-fellowship. Among them were the neophyte mentioned above, and the aged brother of Mr. Cü, whose joy concerning it must be very great.

Mrs. Lord, who recently returned from England to Ningpo, also writes of the great encouragement she finds in working among the

females around her. She is much needing the assistance of a qualified teacher for her orphan school. The new school-house, which, when finished, will have cost about £700 (though not nearly this amount has as yet been subscribed), will soon be so far forward that it can be occupied. And if the needed funds are supplied, it may soon contain fifty girls, many of them rescued by Christian benevolence from a fate worse than death; and being sold into vile slavery, from which death is often the only way out. My heart is even now harrowed by the recollection of shrieks I have heard from the unfortunate and unwilling victims of this odious traffic, who are most commonly orphan girls or widows.

But to return from this digression. Mrs. Lord is needing assistance in her orphan-school, in order to enable her to follow up the remarkable openings for useful labour among the adult females around her. In their own houses she is welcome; in some districts she has found that all the females, with scarcely an exception, were anxious to be taught to read. She has one native Bible-woman working under her. Writing of her, she says:—

“Mrs. Tsin has been very useful as Bible-woman, but I want more labourers. Will you not pray that the right women may be sent me? for I long to reach all the villages in our neighbourhood. I wish the Colloquial New Testament was finished; I would order four dozen bound volumes of it.”

In another letter to a friend in England, dated July 15th, she writes as follows:—

“I have just come in from the native converts’ female prayer-meeting. It was very pleasant to see two very interesting inquirers, who were present; for though our meeting is intended only for believers, I do not forbid any woman who may wish to join us. After the meeting, one who had recently joined the church stayed behind, that she might show how she has progressed in reading. I think it is interesting that she and her little girl are both learning to read together. She says there are many ready to listen to the Word; and that is true, for I find all whom I have yet visited receive me gladly, and almost all listen with respect.

“But with trembling I rejoice at the wide door now open before me. May the Lord make me faithful! Is it not wonderful? My school-girls have been kept in good health all the time of my absence.* I found them going on very nicely, with increased numbers in the

* We had the great pleasure of seeing Mrs. Lord, and conversing with her, when she was in England.

school. We have twenty-one girls now, including En-sing, who is well, and going on well.

"16th. Yesterday I went out with Mrs. Tsin (the Bible-woman), and had a very nice time with the people, who were sitting outside their doors, and in their yards, to enjoy the breeze. I read the 'Prodigal Son' to several little companies, and tried to set forth the willingness of God to receive returning sinners, even as a father his son. But I feel, I think, daily more that all my efforts must be in vain, unless the Spirit accompany the word. But we have the promise, 'My word shall not return unto me void.' This cannot fail. And do we not know that the Word of God is 'quick and powerful'? I need not ask for your prayers, for I know the interest you feel in this work; but I do wish that you and other Christian friends would make one special request at the throne of grace—viz., that two additional native Bible-women may be raised up for this neighbourhood, who shall prove a blessing to it; for, indeed, this part of the harvest is great.

"I want, likewise, to open another day-school, for I long to have the children of our neighbourhood under instruction. They are all so friendly, often one or another will follow me like a little dog. Yesterday evening, a little mild-faced boy followed me everywhere, listening to the same story over and over again. Yet he was timid, and shrank back when I took special notice of him; but when we were returning, he took care to show me where he lived. Perhaps this is one of Jesu's little ones."

A further letter from Mrs. Lord, dated September 1, 1864, records—

"I met with a very interesting case last Wednesday week in visiting a village called Wun-kô-wan. A respectable-looking woman sat down amongst the hearers with an earnest face, as if she meant to learn something. I found she had never heard the gospel, so I began to talk to her, as I thought, in the most simple way. After a few words, I said, 'Do you understand?' With a sad look she replied, 'I cannot understand.' So I opened The Book, and read some of the precious texts about the love of God in sending his Son. Then I said to a Christian woman, 'Now explain this to the people.' But what was my joy to hear them all cry out, 'Now we understand, now we understand.'

"Especially my new hearer seemed to drink in every word; and it was 'I see, I see,' for about three quarters of an hour, when I found my voice fail. So I begged my Christian friend to make an apology

for me to one of her neighbours, who had called me in as I passed by, and on whom I had promised to call in as I returned, for I found myself unable to speak any more. My hopeful 'Lydia' heard me say this, and she was the woman who had invited me in, though I did not know it. But she, nothing discouraged at my sore throat, or at what I had said, ran on and reached her house before me, and insisted upon my alighting and entering her yard, to tell her again of these good things.

"I could not resist her importunity, and she sent off her young daughter to invite the neighbours to come and hear. In the meantime she and her son's wife sat down to hear the word of God. I could not now speak above a whisper, yet they did not seem to lose a word of it. As one and another of the neighbours came in, the daughter-in-law would call out, 'Come and hear, you can understand.' As I came away the mother said, 'It is very good, but it is very much like our doctrines.' I replied, 'Yes, there are some things like the doctrines of Confucius; but the substitution, and the way of salvation for sinners ——' She stopped me, and said with earnestness, 'Ah! that we have not got.' I came away thinking how wonderful was the power of the simple Word."

Writing to another friend, Mrs. Lord remarks, that if she had five Bible-women, she could easily give to each of them districts which would find them ample employment; and that if she were able to give up the whole of her time to the superintending and carrying on of this branch of her work, she might be employed from morning to night in teaching Chinese women to read in the Romanized Colloquial.

"But I must conclude; my letter has already far exceeded the length I anticipated. God is blessing His work: He will bless it. Yet He loves to be reminded of it, and entreated for it, by us.—Believe me to remain in Jesus, yours very truly,

JAS. H. TAYLOR.

Contributions for the London Bible and Domestic Female Mission can be received by the Hon. A. Kinnaird, M.P., addressed to the Bank of Messrs. Ransom and Co., No. 1, Pall Mall East; by Messrs. Nisbet and Co., Berners Street; and by the Honorary Secretary, Mrs. Ranyard, 13, Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, London, W.C. Money Orders should be made payable at the Post-office in Great Coram Street, Brunswick Square, in the name of "Ellen Ranyard."

“HEAR YE HIM.”

THE Lord of truth Himself, when “manifest in the flesh,” said to his disciples, “Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations.” This had never been said before, even to the chosen nation of Israel, though they had gradually become the depositaries of God’s word, for more than fifteen centuries. By the Hebrews it had been written, and by the men of Judah, although not in their national capacity, when the Lord’s time was come, it was to be first dispensed to the Gentiles. Conversion to the gospel of a meek and lowly Saviour does not take place by national power, and the “chosen nation,” alas! did not receive this Saviour themselves, but when they had become outcast and conquered, their Scriptures were to go forth, conquering and to conquer.

This work was to begin by the utterances of a few disciples, a group of obscure men and women who could be gathered in an upper chamber. On these, and not upon earth’s Kings or Magi, came the Pentecostal rushing wind, and the tokens of the tongues of fire “which sat upon each of them,” conferring the power of speaking with all the tongues of all the foreign dwellers in Jerusalem. By the appearance of supernatural fire, God had of old manifested His presence between the cherubim, and the ministry of the NEW TESTAMENT was also inaugurated from above, to mortal eye, by heavenly fire, even in the times of the Gentiles.

Thrice also from heaven itself, in that culminating age of miracles, the first century of our era—yes, even from heaven itself—had fallen a voice, as the apostle Peter says, “from the excellent glory,” on the occasion of our Lord’s baptism and at his transfiguration, and it behoves us at this day to consider what that supernatural voice declared.

“THIS IS MY BELOVED SON . . . IN WHOM I AM WELL PLEASED . . . HEAR YE HIM.” See Matt. iii. 17, Mark i. 11, Luke iii. 22; also Matt. xvii. 5, Mark ix. 7, Luke ix. 35.

John records a third voice from heaven, that answered the prayer, “Father, glorify Thy name,” (chap. xii. 28); but in the former instances the eye as well as the ear of the witnesses was addressed—at the Redeemer’s baptism by the Spirit

descending from heaven like a dove and abiding upon *Him*, and this John mentions that he saw, though without recording the voice. Matthew, Mark, and Luke, name both voice and appearance. At the transfiguration the face of our Lord "did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light." "Glistening," says Luke; "exceeding white as snow," adds Mark, "so as no fuller on earth can whiten."

Christ had made a promise, a few days before, that He would let some of his disciples see a glimpse of his glory before their death. His true and continual transfiguration, in the eyes of angels, must have been his humble, poor, despised condition among men.

The condition which their beloved Master *selected* for his own while upon earth, should, and does, perpetually attract his followers towards the poor and needy, whom they have always with them; and never more than at this moment, when, by the preparation of heart in the poor and common people, which is so manifest in all countries, God is showing that it is the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind, that He will now call in to his Gospel Feast, and with the robe of his righteousness, at once and in haste make ready to take their places at his table.

Never was there a time in which the Lord's own prophecy was being so hourly fulfilled as in time present: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." This ratifies the "Hear ye Him," of the Father's voice from heaven. It is not so much a day of the poor flocking to listen in crowds—though crowds do always follow the stirring preacher they can understand—but the force is not in the preacher, it is in the message "I, if I be lifted up," and "Hear ye Him." These are God's texts, and whether wise men or poor women keep to their message in varied forms, the fruit is the same, and if we *were* to keep to it we should avoid a thousand contests on less important matters; to be thus employed is to be working for the Master, doing what He would have done, and copying what He did.

It is certain that holy women are included amongst those who are to call in the poor to the Saviour's feast. Upon daughters as well as sons, upon "handmaidens" as well as servants, in the last days is the Spirit to be poured out, so that

they shall prophesy or teach. What they shall teach has been declared from heaven, "Hear ye Him." Oh, if the precious time and money that is wasted, in these days of doubts and delusions, on the vain *symbolism* which led of old to *heathenism*—if it were but practically brought to bear on London's ever-changing sets of poor, on the lost women and the ruined men who weekly go down to the pit for want of this teaching, "Hear ye Him." The passion for drink, and the frequency of murder, are ever more noteworthy in the daily newspapers, and the priceless time of the last days is but little employed in the delivery of this simple message.

Wherever it is so employed, *how it tells*. What a wondrous effect it produces on those who hear. This is seen more clearly amidst the destitution of all earthly comforts. It is marvellous how God finds entrance for this message in all forms—the one which HE stamped with the dignity of utterance from heaven. The Bible perpetually records it, and is full of it in all varieties of expression. The Bible-man and the Bible-woman have set before them first the apparent duty of *offering the book* to the *purchase* of the poor by small subscriptions, directing their attention to the need of possessing it, and getting them to think of this need, one by one. The next business of the messenger is to get all sorts of shut and dusty Bibles *open* among the same thoughtless class, and to induce those who listen to look for the message. This is the meaning of sending poor women to read and pray with the people. "Very unfit agents," say some, but it does not prove so, if they carry this message, HEAR YE HIM, and deliver it from their hearts. *It is God who prepares the heart that receives it*, and this after all must be the case with those who listen to the most powerful discourse. It is the power of God that "pricks to the heart" when 3000 are saved at once, and it is the power of God that is with those who go out into the highways and hedges, or into the streets and lanes of the city, and "compel them to come in."

Listen to the way in which, during the last few months (by the testimony of her Superintendent) God has blessed the labours of a Bible-woman in Shoreditch.

"A poor, friendless, homeless young man, 'Richard' by

name, was found nearly without clothes in a lodging-house in that neighbourhood. He was turned out for fear he should die there, and found shelter in another, whence he was removed to the workhouse. He would follow the Bible-woman into the passage of the lodging-house to a retired corner, where she would read the Scriptures and pray with him. His last expressions when she followed him to the workhouse were, that 'Jesus had covered him all over, hiding every spot, in His own righteousness.' One day, having expressed that he felt very unhappy, Mrs. E—— asked him the reason. He said, 'When he woke up in the night, and heard all around him groaning or swearing, he did feel wretched, but Jesus soon came to him, and made him happy again.' "

"An invalid, who at first refused any spiritual help, saying that she was a church-goer, and had been christened that summer because she feared she could not reach heaven without it, was brought to the knowledge of her sins through Mrs. E—— reading to her the first chapter of Isaiah; and she then confessed that her sins were indeed crimson. She is now trusting in Jesus, waiting her time to depart, and doing what she can among her neighbours."

SOME HEAR THE MESSAGE ON THE BORDERS OF THE GRAVE.

"Another person visited lived in a most wretched court (so close to the Standard theatre that during her dying hours, while crying for mercy and pardon, the songs from the stage mingled with her voice); her husband had treated her most cruelly, and her son only came out of prison the day she died. On her death-bed her eyes were opened, her cries for mercy were most affecting, and she appeared to receive it. The rain poured on her bed in torrents as she breathed her last in convulsions. Mrs. E—— had to hold her and to straighten her poor frame after the spirit had left (as Mrs. E—— believes) to join the ransomed throng above. After the storm had passed, as Mrs. E—— sat waiting by her bedside for some one to come and perform the last sad office, a gleam of sunshine shone in through the wretched window, and rested on the pale face of her, who, we trust, was then with Jesus."

"A—— had been a gambler, a better, and a publican. He was a man of tall, powerful frame, remarked by all for his good looks. Mrs. E—— found him reduced to a shadow, removed from his old haunts and his former comfortable dwelling to die in a cellar in one of the streets of Shoreditch. A sister of mercy had been visiting him. He welcomed Mrs. E—— from the first, and desired only to see *her*. The tenth of John was the chapter she first read to him, and he so clung to it that when the little fourpenny Testament was moved on his bed, he would say, "Mind my chapter." When asked by a neighbour whether he had rested on the previous night, he said, "The tenth of John is my rest." He begged to know whether the Testament was given to him, or only lent, and being assured it was his own, he bequeathed it, as the best of treasures, to his little child. On the day of his death, when I entered, his wife took me aside, and entreated me to send Mrs. E——. I went to fetch her immediately, and soon after she left he entered into the joy of his Lord. His wife had been a most violent character, but is now cleaving to the Lord, and when others rail at her, she says, 'I cannot quarrel with you now.'"

I find lately fresh reason to bless the Lord for his mercy in having permitted me to be associated with such an one as Mrs. E—— in her loving labours. She is indeed one to go down to the very depths of misery, and to show motherly kindness to those despised and cast out by all besides; as many gathered in by her to the Mothers' Meeting can testify. May the Lord give her many more souls for a crown of rejoicing."

FINANCIAL SUPPLIES.

ALTHOUGH the months of January and February are usually the best in our financial year, we had scarcely ventured to hope that at the critical moment of changing the title of the Magazine which acknowledges all subscriptions we receive, we should have had *so much* to cause us to "thank God and take courage."

We believe that in its new form the periodical will be far more generally recognized as the record of the Bible-women's work

in London by distant friends. By a gift of nearly 3000 we have, as far as we could, announced the change to our known friends and supporters; yet many a letter, alas! reaches us, deploring the fact that the booksellers say that the "BOOK AND ITS MISSIONS" is concluded, *without naming* the existence of its successor, "THE MISSING LINK MAGAZINE."

In the month of February we shall better see whether the gift of the first number has induced the receivers *to order the little serial for the year*, for the sake of keeping up with the current details of our Mission in London, and observing its spread in other lands than ours. At any rate the new candidate Magazine for the favour of our friends, has received the attestation of their continued *subscriptions*, and the sum of no less than £1440 meets our monthly expenditure for January, and goes towards making up the deficit of November and December receipts, which were not equal to expenditure. We hope we may not be obliged to close any of our Mission Rooms in these days of antagonistic effort on every side. Our Conference Meetings of the Lady Superintendents have just taken place, and proved very encouraging and helpful to future work, and they will furnish us with much interesting material for our March number.

The receipts of last February were £1362, and unless our friends are equally generous in provision for our Working Fund in this year 1865, it will be impossible to meet the opportunities to witness for the truth, amid surrounding moral and spiritual darkness, which are daily laid before us in the heart of London. We would remind them that it was the Lord who said, "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work."

A VOICE FROM WESTMINSTER.

"WE CANNOT LET HER GO."

THERE are a few exceptions, in the working of our missions, to the rule that "figures tell the truth." It might, at first, seem that it is only worth while to continue the expense of a

Bible-woman in those districts which can show a return of at least several pounds in the year for Bibles sold, and of some thirty or forty pounds subscribed for clothing, and this rule holds good in many cases. Much recent consideration has been bestowed on a district not far from Belgravia, which we thought ought certainly to have found more support in the year from its own locality than the sum of £2 18s.; which had cost £32 for the Bible-woman's salary, nearly £20 for the rent of its mission room, £13 for aid in sickness, and incidental expenses of light and firing, etc., while it only brought in £7 7s. from the people for Bibles and clothing inclusive. Figures certainly said, and a committee might have irrevocably decided, that effort must be transferred elsewhere, for both Lady and Bible-woman were valuable agents, and the want of success did not appear to be owing to any fault of theirs.

Measures were accordingly being taken to fix the Bible-woman in a locality where she would be sure of more response on the part of the people; but, meantime, one sorrowful letter after another dropped in by the post, showing cause why the petitioners should not lose their friend: our readers may like to peruse them, and we will not apologize for giving them in their original form. The first runs thus—

MADAM,—It is with feelings of deep regret that I address this note, in consequence of hearing of the removal of our active Bible-woman, who has laboured among the poor of this district for more than a year and a half, with very great zeal and affection, and very many are the changed hearts and homes in consequence. The intemperate, by her example, reclaimed, the fallen and destitute assisted and restored to the paths of virtue, since she came; the number at the Mothers' Meetings was then *only seven*, and now *forty-nine*; nearly thirty attend every week.

When Mrs. F—— had only been here two months, she commenced a Prayer Meeting, assisted by a good Christian man of the working class in the district. Another kind helper, more educated, then came forward to give an exposition of Scripture, and an address on another evening, and it is so welcome that the attendance exceeds thirty.

Last evening, to show their great regard for Mrs. F——, the

number *exceeded* fifty-six, and at the close of the meeting each joined in an inquiry, "*Why* are you to be *taken* from us?" and, "What can *we* do to keep you here, for we cannot part with you? Here our souls have been strengthened and refreshed, and many of us first received conviction and forgiveness of our sins, and shall ever *bless* the means of grace afforded in this district by the Bible mission. What shall we do if you leave us, and the meeting is closed? Are we to follow the few who have gone from us, and go to a church where the service is almost Romish? We *cannot* join them, and are willing to do all we can to retain our present dear Bible-woman, and our much-loved meetings."

Fifty-six who were present said, "Could the heads of the Bible mission witness this grief, their Christian hearts would never think of closing this useful meeting up, and taking you from us."

Mrs. F—— answered—

"I am grieved, indeed, to leave you, but the expenses are great and the collections for Bibles very small, which causes it to be thought the mission is not needed here." They all said (fifty-six in number) they would become Bible and clothing subscribers, and try to get others to do so if you remain our Bible-woman; the landlord, who is a pious man, is willing to reduce the rent from 9s. a week to 7s., so that the meeting may continue.

We implore you, Madam, on . . . evening, to send some one from you to be present at our meeting, commencing at eight o'clock. Trusting that the district may be continued with the present Bible-woman, who is most willing to stay, if you approve. It is our suggestion that some fresh streets, unprovided with a Bible-woman, should be added to those already visited by Mrs. F——. A petition from us all is to be forwarded to you, praying you to grant our request.—I am, Madam, yours respectfully, C. G.

"MADAM,—I hope you will Pardon The liberty i have taken in Addressing few lines to you But the thought of our Beloved Bible woman being taken from Us cause us much Sorrow. After Being with us above A year and a-half and my Family have much cause to Be thankful that it Pleased God that you sent her among Us. Shortly after Mrs. F—— came among us My wife was Confined to her Bed with the cholera And was so bad that even The doctor did not think she Would ever recover. as Soon Mrs. F—— was sent and told Of it she came to her bed side And administered Spiritual Consolation she not only Came Her self But spoke to our kind Friend Mrs.

M——, who also Came and read The holy Scripture, and Prayed With her and Pointed her to The Lamb of god, that taketh Away the sins of the world. but It Pleased god to raise her up Again and she went out and Caught Cold and was laid up with the Rheumatic fever from december Till the march following. and Mrs. F—— visited her bedside Twice a day and Mrs. M—— When the doctor said She must have Nourishment Kindly attended to her Wants. For wich i feel thankful to Almighty God. Madam we Hope you will not take her From us, for there is a great Work for her to do in the Name of Jesus in Westminster. She has began it. the Saviour is with us here stirring up the Hearts of the People to receive His Word. She is winning The hearts of the People to hear Name of Jesus the sinners' Friend. o Madam do Not take Her from us! o think of the sin That is running down our Streets. In the name of Jesus i Plead, To have her remain among us May the Lord turn your heart To our Pleadings and when Time Shall be no more with you on earth May Jesus receive you into everlasting habitations is the Prayer Madam of your humble Servant, "T. B."

The petition followed, signed by the fifty-six, and interviews have since taken place, which corroborated the statements in the letters, and now the statistical verdict which had been applied to this district of "it is too costly, and does nothing for itself," seems to be weighed down in the scale by avowal of the work God has been doing, from those among whom it has been done, and this again has caused reference to past journals and statistics, so that we have been able to trace the seed that has brought forth this fruit.

The journal enables us to realize what this mission has been doing, in the way of practical effort in its year and a half's work, as well as the scenes and circumstances out of which those who compose this meeting are gathered together, and it shows how the Bible-woman found her way to their hearts. She says—

"Visited a poor aged woman, quite a cripple from a fall, and suffering greatly from asthma, a most unconcerned person: induced her to attend the Mothers' Meeting. One evening during prayer, by Divine mercy, the Lord spoke to her soul, she wept all the time my Lady prayed, and when she left the meeting, entreated me to call upon her, which I did, next morning. 'Now,' she said, 'I do

feel all you have so often been reading to me is quite true, and I am able to say that Jesus died for me.'

"In a few weeks she was taken ill, and obliged to go into the Union, and died a week after her admittance. She told a woman that went with her to the Union, that the prayer offered by that dear Lady had been the means of saving her soul, and that she blessed the day that she met with a Bible-woman to invite her to the Mothers' Meeting. I went to the Union the very day that she died, but I was a few hours too late to see her."

Another entry records a different visit :—

"I went to see a person once in great affluence, having kept her carriage, but reduced through the improvidence of her father, who had mortgaged all his property, and at his death his family all became dependent upon friends for a little support. The wretchedness of this room, and the filthy dirty state can be scarcely described, it had not been done the least thing to, in the way of cleaning, for two years; it took nine pails of water to clean the floor, although only a small room.

"Upon a heap of old black rags, with a bundle of the same for a pillow, lay this poor creature, with not an article of under-linen on, only an old black skirt, no stockings, and a fearful bad leg from a scald, and a broken arm from a fall. The room was so very offensive as scarcely to be fit to enter, from her having five large cats, and some kittens, which were never allowed to leave the room. At one corner was a heap of ashes, quite a sackful. I have been able to get this deluded person to attend the meetings, but find she is quite a worldly woman, although well-educated; no concern about religion. She had quite shut herself up; until I visited her she never attended any place of worship, or went out even for an errand."

(The change of mind in this individual may be conceived by her having become the writer of the first letter we have quoted; her fear of losing the kind Bible-woman has quickened all her faculties, and is leading gradually to a reformation in her habits.)

"I had another case to visit," says Mrs. F.

This young woman had been a very daring character, had dressed in male attire, and with others had been concerned in robbing her master; had travelled in male clothing in different places. At the last place she visited she was taken into custody by the police,

tried, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, which she has suffered, and for the last ten months has been employed by her mother at needlework. I found their home a very humble one, but beautifully clean and in great order—a back kitchen; the mother, a very respectable widow, who, at first, upon my inquiring for her daughter, seemed rather unwilling for me to see her, but upon my telling her I was a Bible-woman, and only wished to do her daughter good by a little conversation and prayer, she took me by the hand, and said, "You are the kind of visitor who will always be very welcome, for we have only one Christian visitor calls here (dear Miss S——), now we shall have two." I found the young woman a very quiet, well-behaved person, and she seemed truly penitent for her past conduct. I read and prayed with her, during which she wept, and before I left told me she would become a Bible subscriber for a large print Bible. She said, "You have in me a subscriber who is quite a rescue from the path of sin." She says intoxicating drink was her fall, and caused her ruin. I pointed to the dear crucified Saviour, and urged her in penitent faith to go to the foot of the cross and ask for pardon. Upon my leaving, she expressed a wish to get a situation, to go from the neighbourhood of her misconduct. I now thought it the best plan to take her to my Lady; she seemed thankful to go with me. My Superintendent engaged in prayer with us, and earnestly besought the Lord to open a path for this young woman, and two days after this it pleased God to send a lady to her who was seeking a servant, and this young woman was at once engaged. She says she shall ever pray for the success of the mission which has rescued her, and placed her where she may regain her character. She is doing extremely well.

"A young woman, named Susan S——, came to me to ask for charing, and represented herself as an orphan in great need. I inquired of the person she was then lodging with, she told just the same tale. I sought some work for her, and got her a place to go to clean some rooms. Of course, I told them what she had told me of her history, and how much she was in need. One day a lady called where she was cleaning the windows, and told the lady of the house that the girl was well-known to her in the neighbourhood of Chelsea, and that she was not an orphan, but had very respectable parents living. When this was mentioned to me I told her of it, as well as the person she was lodging with; they could not deny having told me an untruth; she said she would not go back to her

parents. I went to her home in Chelsea, and the aged parents, as well as a married sister of the young woman, thanked me with tears in their eyes for the trouble I had taken in going to let them know where she was. The next day her friends appointed to meet me near the house, so that they might enter while I was there to open the street door for them, or she would not have let them in. I had afterwards the happiness of hearing from her eldest married sister that the young woman was safe with her. A note very gratefully thanked me for what I had done, and invited me to visit her. The parents of this young woman named the case to the visiting lady of the district, and the lady called to tell me she knew what a bad kind of woman she was where this young woman lodged, for she had formerly lived in this lady's district, and proved very dissipated. Directly this became known, the woman left my district, and, I hear, is living a bad course of life, and vowing every vengeance upon me for getting the young woman away from her, because she had good clothes that she could have made use of. This rescue has been a real one, and the young woman is now in respectable service, and continues to write to me."

These cases have severally been known in the district, and have testified to the power of the grace of God, and have of themselves proved living epistles to the hearts of the people. They may well say of the Bible-woman that they "Cannot let her go."

A SKETCH IN WHITECROSS STREET.

WE have given so many histories of tea-meetings, that a resolution had been almost taken never to give any more—rescinded, however, this month in favour of one which, as prepared for by the people themselves, has some new and bright features that tell their own tale, of hearts softened and labour rewarded.

"You asked me the other day," says our friend, "to send you some account of the work in my district, and it is with much pleasure that I review the last few months; for when I look at the low neighbourhood which it is my lot to superintend, its perfect labyrinth of courts and alleys, teeming with a

debased and degraded population—there are scenes I could not write to you about, nor could I have believed that such existed, except in heathenish and barbarous lands.

“Running through the midst of our many courts, as you know, is that street of costermongers’ stalls, whose holders, with their shrill cries and flaming lights, endeavour each one to attract more attention than the other. On Sunday morning this street is more noisy and crowded than ever with buyers and sellers,—swearing and drunkenness meet one at every step.

“I cannot but feel great thankfulness, however, to Him, without whom nothing is good or prosperous, that He has in any measure owned our labours, and gathered into his fold many far-off wanderers from this crowded thoroughfare. For nearly three years we have watched with gratitude the consistent bearing of one who, formerly, was out on the Sabbath selling fish with her husband, when they frequently took more money than in all the week besides. She never remembered kneeling down to pray in her life, till brought into our mission room, where she soon bowed the knee in broken-hearted penitence, and found peace in believing. Lately, a persecuting daughter has become truly converted, and the two together go to the chapel, where they became members, three times every Sunday, and I have often heard Mrs. B—— say ‘how happy that day now is, how she loves to hear the minister preach, and could sit all night to listen.’

“The beginning of this year we gave tea to about forty of the mothers, and quite a time of rejoicing it would have been to the kind supporters of the mission to peep in upon all those smiling faces, and note the gay decorations of the room. Some of the women, assisted by husbands and sons, of their *own free will*, had begun weeks before to prepare for this time, and give us the pleasure of a surprise. Wreaths of many coloured papers, of every variety, were looped together in chains and festoons round the walls, surrounding as with a framework all the Scripture cards. One contributor brought a tin chandelier, with lustres shining out amidst the ten lighted candles, which she hung in the centre, and she proudly informed us that *her son* had made it. Over the mantle-shelf hung a

pretty motto, in all colours, '*God bless the Bible-women,*' upon which great pains had been bestowed by a poor woman who has won for herself the epithet of 'Drunken Fan.' 'And I do *mean* it from my *very heart,*' she said to our Bible-woman, 'I don't know how else to show my gratitude for all the patience you have had with me this last year.' When sober, she has sometimes given twopence towards a Bible, saying, 'Here, take this, or it will go for a quartern of gin.' She has but lately come to the meetings, or wept over her besetting sin, yet we have great hopes of her final amendment.

"Other pretty and suitable mottoes greeted the guests with,

"'A Happy New Year to you all.' 'Jesus welcomes all who trust Him.' Quite a canopy of festoons and glittering flowers filled the recess above the lady's seat, in the midst of which shone out the words—

"'May God love and bless the Ladies of this mission.'

"These things, though pleasing, are all comparatively trifles, yet they proved an interest, and showed a gratitude, that it gladdened our hearts to see. At the previous work-meeting on Monday I invited all who could come to meet the Bible-woman for an hour the next day, to pray that God's richest blessing might rest upon their tea meeting. Fourteen mothers responded to the call, and such a time of power and earnestness it was, that they were quite sure the result would be *good*. And such indeed it proved. Many eager and anxious faces listened to the addresses of my husband, and other friends. Moistened eyes told that *feeling* was yet left in some of those hard hearts, and God's Spirit could stir it up to mourn over sin. Three stayed behind to beg us to pray with them, and one left rejoicing in a pardoning God, the anxious, yearning look had left her face, and a joy born from above shone there instead.

"I learned that she had not missed one of the meetings during the Christmas week, for as we did last Easter time, so again my good Bible-woman held a meeting almost every evening, and a little band gathered each noontide to beg that the Spirit and blessing of God might be with them in the evening; and this Mrs. * * * came, she said, 'oppressed, and burdened, and miserable, hoping to find comfort, but growing

more miserable.' On Sunday, the first day of the year, she went to her drawer, and the Bible came uppermost, and seemed to stare at her, as it had done for years, only she never took it out. This day something impelled her to open it, and gathering her children round the fire, she read some chapters aloud. She sent me a message the day after the meeting that 'she was still exceedingly happy.' I feel that we must wait for time to prove the reality of the change, for many have begun 'to walk well, and have been hindered;' but may I not rejoice without waiting longer when I hear her say that "she would not have missed being at that meeting for the world, she can never, never forget what she felt, and 'Oh, Mrs. T——, I would not go back to what I was before for £100. I am so very happy, that I would not change my lot to be a grand lady and ride in a carriage.' Ah! perhaps many a fashionable lady rolling through the Park in a luxurious carriage might envy this poor tenant of a court the peace and joy that has filled her spirit. She is now laid on a sick-bed, but every time the Bible-woman calls, she says, 'I am in great pain, but I think of my Saviour's sufferings, and mine are nothing to his, and He helps me to bear it as I could not have done before.'"

"We know that these holiday seasons are times of great temptation, and the series of meetings I have spoken of have been a safeguard and help to those who for months will walk 'soberly and consistently,' and then are led astray. Poor Mrs. * * * was one of this number last Easter, but so anxious and determined was she to keep her promise to me to abstain from drinking, and spend this Christmas quietly, that for two whole days *she kept her shutters up*, and stayed almost in the dark, that those evil companions who were wont to entice her into sin might suppose she was 'not at home.' Even the Bible-woman could not obtain an entrance on the first day, so fearful was she of being drawn out, and breaking her word, but she did not miss one of the meetings.

"Another pleasing result of the addresses that followed our tea was, that one woman went home and told her husband, 'What a beautiful meeting she had been to, and how it had made her feel that she ought to be a different woman, and she would

begin at once.' Then he promised 'that when the Bible they were subscribing for, came, he would stay away from the public house, and hear it read in the evenings, and they would go to public worship on the Sunday. So the next day after the meeting the poor woman borrowed some money, and gave Mrs. — 1s. 3d. to finish paying for her Bible, as they could not wait any longer for it. The Bible came, and one evening was read aloud; then fever laid the husband prostrate. God only knows the issue, but we are watching for his soul, and hoping for his salvation.

"I might go on to tell you of the illness and death of one of our number since the dawn of the year; how one night, for an hour, I strove to point a distressed soul to the 'Lamb of God,' and as I left her she said, 'you *don't know* what a sinner I have been, I think there's no mercy for me.' And yet, next day, on calling again, I found her sitting up with the open Bible, and hymn-book, when she at once looked up, exclaiming with joy, 'I have found it; here, *this* is my rest.'

'I can believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me,
That on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free.'

And we sang some verses of it, and night and day she sang and repeated it until she died; for she said, 'it brings me such comfort.'

"As briefly as I can I have told you of some of the 'great things that God hath wrought for us.' Many more details might be given, but 'their record is on high,' and my heart fills with intense gratitude that God has used our feeble instrumentality in any measure for His glory and the good of souls.

"My Bible-woman has passed through much personal trouble during the year, and has had some bitter and humbling lessons to learn in her Mission work, but they have been made a blessing, and I believe she is more zealous and devoted than ever before, and we have never parted with a year so rich in blessing to ourselves and to our poor people.

"'Not unto us, but to Thy name be all the glory, O Lord Jesus.'"

ST. GEORGE'S IN THE EAST.

TOKENS OF GRATITUDE.

A SMALL token of gratitude that came from the heart, it was very sweet to receive from a poor little consumptive child, given up by the doctor, and lying as one ready for the grave. She was scarcely able to ask for what she wanted, but had welcomed for some time the visits of the Bible-woman, and resolved, it appears, to make a geranium in scarlet wool for the LADY who had sent her. Many times it was thought she had set the last stitch, and that the poor little fingers would work at it no more, but at last it was finished, and whether from getting a little more nourishment, or from the influence of a strong resolution on the body, the child at present appears to have rallied, and made a step towards recovery.

There is scarcely one of our Missions in which the Lady has really loved and worked in which she has not received some token, often too costly, and much against her will, from those who have welcomed her care. We have been afraid to mention many of these tokens, of which we continually hear, lest it should be for a moment thought that such gifts were desired or expected, but there never was a mission that won such delicate response from the hearts of the poor.

We have had some wonderful instances of the power that goes with God's Word in the St. George's district. At this hour our women are often passing in and out among the dying and the starving. Low fever seizes upon families who have been without food for two or three days, and the distress among the people really appears to deepen with every winter. Even the small help our pioneers are able to administer in sickness is invaluable. One of them says, "A poor old woman was found lying on the floor with scarcely any covering, her daughter sitting near her without any fire. These sufferers were believers, and after administering a little help, we read with them some verses from the 9th Psalm.

"The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble. And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee."

We are not, and do not wish to be, the distributors of alms. It would often hinder our higher work of proclaiming liberty to the captive, and the restoring of sight to the blind.

During the month of October last a first visit was paid to Mr. F——, and he was found in a very distressed state of mind, almost bordering on despair. My Superintendent was with me, says the Bible-woman, and we pointed him to the "Lamb of God." Read the third chapter of John, and prayed with him; he wept bitterly on account of his sins, and at the time we found him was anxiously seeking pardon, but could not realize that "Jesus died for him." Our visits have been continued regularly for three months, and from the third visits we have observed that he became a believer, and has since been continually growing in grace. He now loves the Word of God, and has always some passage to ask about. One day we found him much cast down, and asked what grieved him? was he in more pain than usual (for he has undergone countless operations)? "Oh no," he replied, "not in body; but I have read in God's Word that 'No drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven.' I know that every word of God is true, and then what must become of me?" But we said, "If he turn from his sins as you have done, and flee for refuge to the blood of Christ, he may through grace become a new creature, and lay hold on eternal life. We took further opportunities of showing him from the Book, how perfect is the remission of all past sin through the atoning blood. He asked that texts might be turned down for him, that he might read them often. And now day by day he tells us that his body gets weaker, but his *faith* stronger, and he knows that when he dies God will take him to be with Him "for ever." "I have received," he says, "much blessing through the Bible-woman's Mission. I never heard of your class of people before," and he is always anxious to keep us long with him, "because," he says, "none have comforted me as you have. You have been made a great blessing to me. I'm not afraid to die *now*. Jesus has promised to be with me in the valley of the *shadow* of death." He even prayed that the Lord would take him before Christmas, and has ordered the undertaker *on no account* to bury him on the *Sub-*

bath day. His bodily pains are excruciating, but truly of him it *can* be said "the outward man decayeth, but the inner man is renewed day by day." His prayers offered in few and simple words, that God would bless each worker in our Mission, cheer us greatly.

OUR FATHER'S LETTER.

ONE of our pioneers and a Bible-woman, who are earnest visitors in St. George's in the East, have often tried to obtain admittance to a certain court, scarcely wide enough to admit two visitors abreast, and hitherto without success. On the last occasion they were driven out with loud cries for the Pope and the "blessed Virgin;" the people said they had heard from their Father the Pope, and knew very well now what they were to do. The late Encyclical Letter, therefore, being read in all Romanist chapels, has reached this dark lane; it is thickly peopled, and as the Pope pronounces all Bible Societies "pests," they understand it as their duty to threaten us and our Book.

The Bible-woman of this district requests especial prayer to be made for this dark court, and one of her working sisters desires the same for "Holiday Yard," having both faith to believe that those who hate the light, and hinder its entrance, will be permitted of God to go "so far and no farther," all hearts being in his hand.

Our only desire for these dark places is to carry to their inmates the letter of OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN, declaring life for the dead in sins, through his dear Son; we would that it should be offered to all. "Whosoever will, let him come, and take of the water of life freely," wherever the Holy Spirit especially directs the message, *it shall go*, and it shall be heard, though all the powers of the evil one combine to shut it out.

A TRAVELLER'S TOKEN TO THE BIBLE-WOMEN.

A FRIEND of the Bible Mission, who was setting off for Egypt, was touched with the remark in our last month's number that the Bible-women have not always a warm shawl to wrap

round them in their visits by night, or in the rain. He left a token of regard for them in the shape of £50, and their blessings and prayers will follow him in his journey. Another friend, without knowing of this gift, sent £5 for the same purpose. With this we have purchased warm, quiet-coloured, suitable shawls for between eighty and ninety of our women, which have elicited expressions of the deepest gratitude. We thought it better to make the gift go as far as it could, *to do real service*, but would fain have supplied our whole number with a New Year's token of encouragement in their self-denying and arduous work.

ORIENTAL BIBLE-WOMEN.

MORE TIDINGS FROM SMYRNA AND BEIRUT.

OUR friend Mrs. Ladd writes :—

“MY DEAR MRS. R——,—During the heat of our summer months I was not only laid aside myself from active Missionary work, but both of our Bible-women also at Thyatira and Aidin. They have each now another little one added to their families, so that I fear they will not be able to go from house to house as they have done, to read the Word of God, etc., and we have none suitable or like-minded to put in their place from among the humble class of native Christians.

“Here in Smyrna Horipsima has been, and is able to continue to be, a faithful worker. She is a warm-hearted and tried Christian, but she does not hold the pen of a ready writer. She frequently comes into me after her ‘meetings’ with the women, and says, ‘Madam, the kingdom of God is coming in the hearts of the Armenian women whom I have seen to-day.’

“I have insisted upon her committing some of the interesting facts to writing, but her Armenian chirography is such, that it is impossible for me to translate it *verbatim*. I shall only, therefore, mention a few things that I recollect. She finds that most of the women who love to listen to her are less afraid of the priests, and their husbands allow them to meet her at

some of the native Protestant houses. One favourite resort this summer has been an old 'Tchefflik,' or farmhouse outside of the city. There they could read and pray without fear of molestation.

"A sister of one of our Protestant women came to see her there, and remained a few days. She had been very bitter against this sister from the time of her conversion, and used every effort to turn her back to the old Armenian church. But Horipsima won her confidence, and she listened with new and deep interest to her as she read again and again chapters from the New Testament. She would not believe at first that such wonderful words were in the Book. She said to her this is something you have learned to say from the Armenians, and you only make me believe that you read it from the Book. She soon convinced her that it was all true by a comparison of her Turkish Testament with the Armenian. The woman confessed her ignorance, and also that they were kept from coming to Christ because they did read his words and accept them from the heart. She also confessed her unkindness to her sister, and asked her to pray for her. From that day she has made one of the little company to read and pray.

"Another place of resort is that of a neighbour's house near to that of the Bible-woman's, where three or four women seem to have opened their hearts with great eagerness to learn the truth; one of them is a widow who has seen much affliction. Now her wounded spirit seems to have found rest. At first she listened with much wonder and unbelief. She had read her Armenian Bible, and could read the Turkish, but she had never found 'such things' in them, she said. She asked the loan of the Bible-woman's, and from day to day she studied it, comparing it with her own long-neglected one (in Armenian). She was unwilling to give it up until another just like it was brought her. She said to me one day when I visited her, laying her hand on her breast, 'I have had great sorrow here, but I have more comfort now; I have just been out to the Armenian church, but it only makes me feel worse to go there. I find everything true, and real, and comforting in this Book,' referring to her New Testament.

"I feel, my dear Mrs. R——, that we must not give up this work here, though the encouragements may not be so great as in some other places, but the money for the Bible-woman is nearly expended. Can you send us more?

"I receive regularly THE BOOK AND ITS MISSIONS from you. After we have read it I circulate it among the English ladies as much as possible, hoping to interest them in this good work.—Most affectionately and gratefully yours,

"C. H. LADD."

"P.S. Not far from us, on Castle Hill, near the supposed site of Polycarp's grave, some monumental slabs of white marble have been recently excavated, from which many memorial paper-weights have been made. I send you one with Christian love, and have myself one of the same. May they be to us silent reminders of those holy men who laid down their lives, on or near this spot, as martyrs for the love of the truth as it is in Jesus. They would have rejoiced in the day of the Bible-women.

"The more I have to do in this good work among the Eastern females, and also among the English workpeople on the railroad, I feel that the Lord, in great love, permitted to be found 'The Missing Link,' that it might be added to the chain of former efforts, which shall, in His hand, draw thousands of poor souls to the home of the blessed."

We trust that our periodical, under its present title, may prove more and more "A Missing Link" with the Bible-women of other lands, and especially of the East, where a vast field of work seems daily opening to their efforts and their prayers.

THE BIBLE IN ARABIC.

IN our January number we had occasion to contemplate the issue of the Word of God in a peculiar dialect of the CHINESE language, forsaking the old and difficult signs, which yet address the *eye* of every Chinaman who can read, but which would be sounded quite differently by the inhabitants of dif-

ferent provinces of that enormous empire, so resolving themselves to the *ear* into several entirely different dialects.

For the month of February, we would draw the attention of our readers to another form of human speech—the *Arabic*—the signs of which are legible also to an amazing portion of the human race, and which have been as *diffusive* of the false religion of Mohammed, over various kingdoms and continents, as the Chinese signs have been *concentrative* of the tenets of Buddh or Confucius in China.

The God of heaven has inspired One Book of Divine Revelation—complete since the time of our Lord and the decease of His apostles—which wherever acceptably translated, has proved itself to be His Almighty written voice to the wide world; yet, only in the last half-century has this Sacred Volume found translators and distributors on a grand scale; and then it has had to struggle with the before-named vast antagonistic imitations inspired by man's arch-enemy—in the Chinese Empire, shutting out the influence of all "outside barbarians," and in the large portions of the world where Arabic is the vernacular, shutting out Christ by a book called the Koran.

Now, Arabic is a very old language, and the Arabs are the most ancient of existing peoples. God has left Himself three or four such living monuments upon the earth, in proof of the truth of His written revelation—the Arabs, the Hebrews, the Samaritans, and the Gipsies, with their changeless habits and Eastern credentials; and the Bible best helps us to unravel their origin.

The patriarch, Eber, stands out after the flood, in the 10th chapter of Genesis, verse 25, as seventh from Enoch* (who was seventh from Adam, see Ep. of Jude, verse 14), and he saw Isaac born, the seventh from himself. *EBER was the ancestor of both the Arabs and the Hebrews.* He had two sons, Peleg (whose life is exactly midway between Noah and Abraham), and Joktan, whose posterity of thirteen sons lay the foundation of the "mingled people that dwell in the desert."—Jer. xxv. 20; l. 37; Ezek. xxxv. Their names are still attached to Arab

* Enoch, Methuselah, Lamech, Noah, Shem, Arphaxad, Salah, Eber.—See Gen. chaps. v. and x.

tribes in the South of Arabia, and their descendants afterwards shared these sandy realms with the children of Ishmael and Esau, *the unchosen sons* of Abraham and Isaac, as Joktan had been of Eber. Besides these, Arabia was peopled by the children of Abraham by Keturah, his last wife, who were sent away from Isaac, his son, while he yet lived, "eastward into the east country." The descendants of these "mingled people" to this day inhabit ARABIA, and that singular peninsula, which has been called "the Minor Africa," whose plateau of central tableland terminates on the south in the hills of Sinai, and on its northern side slopes down to the deserts of Syria.

Thus, beside the long lines of earth's history, almost since the flood, runs *the Arabian thread*. The voice of the Lord spoke to Hagar in the wilderness of Shur, by the well Beer-lahai-roi—"the well of Him that liveth and seeth"—and foretold that her child "would be a wild man—his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him, and that he should dwell in the presence of *all* his brethren." *Therefore* he outlives the kingdoms of Israel and Judah, and all the kingdoms of Daniel's dream, with his shifting sands for a throne, and his camels and his palm-trees for a possession. "Abraham, ISHMAEL, Isaac, and Jacob," is the way he reads his genealogy; he excuses his robberies of those who cross his path, by saying, "When Ishmael was sent away from the tents of his father Abraham, he had the open plains and deserts given him by God for his patrimony, with permission to possess whatever he could find there." So that instead of confessing that he "robs," he only thinks he "gains," and in his own camp nothing is ever known to be stolen.

This old patriarchal race had a written language, and a very early civilization. JOB, that one servant of God, of whom the Omniscient said Himself, "There is none like him in the earth," may be enthroned in our memories as the grand living representative of the early Arabians, taught of God himself in all the knowledge of the patriarchal era previous to the preparation of the Pentateuch by Moses.

We know of the existence of a written language at this period, from Job's exclamation:—

“ Oh that my words were now written ! oh that they were printed in a book ! ” &c.—Job xix. 23—25.

And these mighty words came to be printed in a book, while the researches of travellers during the last thirty years have brought to light, inscriptions on rocks in Southern Arabia, in the Himyaritic, or supposed early Arabian language, which are full of interest to the Bible student, in reference to Job's apparent knowledge of the possibility of such inscriptions. For specimens of such writing, and for its proposed reading, and further information on the subject, we must refer our readers to our newly published volume of "STONES CRYING OUT, and Rock Witness to the Narratives of the Bible concerning the Times of the Jews."*

But, although the Himyaritic, or oldest Arabic, the probable, language of Eber and of the Queen of Sheba, may have been written in characters like these :—

[illegible]

HIMYARITIC INSCRIPTION FROM MABEE.

And although the Persians, in the time of Cyrus and Darius, used the arrow-headed signs to express their ideas, such as are found on the ruins of Persepolis, and among the long-buried sculptures of Nineveh, if we ask what language the men

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ARROW-HEADED CHARACTERS.

* Published by the BOOK SOCIETY, 19, Paternoster Row; and to be had at the BAZAAR, Soho Square; and through all Booksellers.

of Persia, Syria, and Arabia speak *now*, one word will answer the question ; the modern Arabic characters are now used and understood in all these countries, and into these every varied dialect of Arabia was resolved, through the preparation of Mohammed's own book, which has now for twelve centuries and a half held sway over them all ; while this book and this tongue have spread also largely into Tartary, India, China, over half of Africa, round the sea-coasts of the Mediterranean and also to Turkey.

Mohammed began to write the Koran on palm-leaves and pieces of parchment in his thirtieth year, at a date of about 2520 years from the birth of Abraham, whom he always represented as the prototype of a true believer. Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, and CHRIST, are all held up as rising in authority and station—in their due gradation one above another ; *but* “ Mohammed is the last and most illustrious apostle of all, and with HIM the divine missions cease.” He left out the heart and soul of all the Old Testament Scriptures, THE COMING SAVIOUR, and set up himself in CHRIST's stead.

This was Satan's finished lie for the Eastern world ; his imitation of the Revelation of God, and fabulous as most of it is, *it has sufficed to keep back Christ* from all the Arabic-speaking nations, for the latter half of the times of the Gentiles, or for a span of 1260 years ; for this false book was fenced around in the despotic East, by making *death* the penalty of disbelieving it.

The most ancient manuscripts of our Holy Scriptures in Arabic, seem to have been executed soon after the conquests of the Saracens, in the seventh century. The four Gospels in Arabic, were published at Rome in 1591 A.D., as translated directly from the Greek, and various translations, more or less imperfect, of parts or the whole of our Bible, into the language of the Koran, have been printed in England and elsewhere ; nevertheless, up to the present century, and, indeed, up to the present time, and, notwithstanding the efforts of many scholars, there has never been prepared for the Arabic nations a version of the Bible that they would accept. They have either said that it offended “ by its presumptuous impiety in

imitating the language of the Koran, or by inequality and inelegance of language,"—and yet, imperfect as the translation might be, many a copy of the Psalms or the New Testament in Arabic, has doubtless found its silent way, and done its wondrous work beneath the black tents of the sons of Kedar in Arabia, or in Africa, India, and elsewhere, under the eye of the Allseeing God.

A far more acceptable Arabic version of the whole Scriptures was, in 1856, completed and printed by the Christian Knowledge Society in London, from the Hebrew and Greek originals, and this may perhaps have yet much work to do by God's blessing among educated Mohammedans.

A very important translation has also been preparing for the last sixteen years by the American Mission at Beirut; it was commenced by Dr. Eli Smith, and has been completed by Dr. Vandyck. The long residence in Mohammedan countries of these laborious scholars has conduced to make this fresh translation, says the author of "The Land and the Book," elegant as well as faithful, and the co-operation of the best native talent has caused it to conform the native style of expression to the highest standards of literary taste. It has been submitted to all possible scrutiny, both Arabic and European, and the British and Foreign Bible Society have now rejected in its favour all other translations, while missionaries of all denominations and nationalities where the Arabic language is used, are beginning to circulate their copies as fast as they can be obtained.

The Rev. Henry Jessup, of the Syrian Mission, writes the following very interesting letter concerning the above translation:—

" ' Nothing now remains but to meet the increasing demand for the Arabic Scriptures, by putting the new translation into a permanent form, that copies may be multiplied indefinitely, without involving the enormous labour and expense of setting up the type (the Arabic types number 1,800 in common use), for every new edition.' ' It took the best type-setter in Beirût *more than a year* to set up the type for the vowelled New Testament.'

"Respecting *the field of distribution*, Mr. Jessup writes:—

‘ From the Malta depôt of the British and Foreign Bible Society Arabic Bibles have been sent to Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Interior Africa, Alexandria, Cairo, Abyssinia, Nubia, Arabia, Persia, India, Mesopotamia, Palestine, Syria, and some copies to the Arabic-speaking population of Northern Turkey.

“ ‘ In all these lands, wherever the Arabic is spoken or read, *the language is the same*. The Koran being the model of classic Arabic, the Arabic everywhere is moulded after it; and a book printed in correct Arabic in Beirût, will find readers in all these countries. I can converse as readily with the Algerine Zouaves at the gates of the Tuileries at Paris, as with the people of Damascus or Alexandria.

“ ‘ The Mohammedans all know how to read. Their religion requires them to read the Koran, and every boy is taught to read; so that the whole Mohammedan world can read this new translation of the Bible; they constantly objected to the old translation as not being the Word of God, because it was not correct Arabic, and the Arabic is a *sacred language*. But they are delighted with the new translation. A Mohammedan in Sidon, on seeing the vowelled edition of the New Testament, gave out word that the lost *Enjeel*, or New Testament, was found, as the Koran acknowledges the *Tourat* (Old Testament), and *Enjeel* (New Testament), to be the Word of God.

“ ‘ The other Arabic-speaking sects are rapidly advancing in education. Schools are multiplying, and readers increasing every day. There are more than 3000 children to-day in Protestant schools, and not less than that number in Greek and Maronite schools, and the whole popular mind is awaking out of the long sleep of ages.

“ ‘ It was a remarkable and providential fact, that just at the time when the massacres of 1860 in Syria had driven so many thousand refugees into Beirût, our new translation of the New Testament was ready to be distributed and sold to them; and it is no less striking a providence that just at this time, when the whole East is awaking to the importance of education, and readers are multiplying, the translation of the whole Bible into Arabic should be completed.

“ ‘ The recent disturbances in Constantinople, even should they continue, would not affect the Arabic-speaking races. The Arabic is not spoken in Constantinople, except by the few foreigners residing there from the South.’ ”

WHAT IS THE USE OF A MAGAZINE TO THE
BIBLE-WOMEN'S MISSION?

AMONG the many subjects of recent conference between the Ladies from all parts of London, who are assisting the Bible-women by their kind superintendence, some fears were expressed—and by very devoted helpers—as to the legitimacy of furnishing for the Home-intelligence, accounts of living persons, which, however interesting, might have a bad effect upon themselves.

“The human mind, it was remarked, is so easily filled with vain glorious and self-righteous thoughts, that we shrink from the idea of *lionizing* those in whom we may be most interested, because the Spirit of God is working in their hearts.” The friends who concurred in this opinion, beg to be excused from any further statement than that the Lord *is* working amongst them by the simple message of redeeming love, and that one sinner after another is brought to the Saviour—in their Mission-rooms—though they forbear to individualize the cases.

Other members of our community, while fully sympathizing with the fear and the danger of “*lionizing*,” and setting up man or woman in any injurious way, were constrained to inquire *how* the work would spread, increase, and be supported, if all reports were after the following manner:—“With regard to experiences and interesting narratives,” writes another lady, “I feel great diffidence in expressing my opinion, yet I question much whether the humility of Bible-women and also of Superintendents is not endangered by public notices, details of conversations, etc. So strongly do I feel this, that nothing would tempt me to supply any narrative for publication; but of course there will be a diversity of opinions on this subject, and while I claim freedom for myself, I condemn no one who takes a different view.”

To this declaration it was replied—that in the magazine attached to this Mission, we do not profess to write for any readers except those who take an interest in God's WORK, unassumingly recorded by those whom He vouchsafes to employ, and that if, *on principle*, our friends, as above, decline to tell us of the spiritual fruit God has given them to gather; *on principle*,

likewise, do we consider, that nothing short of this fruit is worth presenting to our kind of public.

There are various ways of doing this, and in a nine years' study of their variety, it appears to the Editor of this Serial that God causes the work of his word to increase by hearing and reading of the perpetually different ways in which He ordains that it shall call souls to Himself. There is also an ever new variety of teaching, in the scenes from which He calls them, but this teaching is lost in the mere vague announcement that we truly believe they are called, and the residuum of report then left must consist only in descriptions of tea-meetings and summer excursions and pictorial lectures, etc., which take place more or less in every one of our Missions, and it is therefore unnecessary to repeat them by way of example.

The material we want, and which we have abundant evidence tends to the saving of souls among our readers, is that which delineates as simply as possible *the work of the Word* and of the Holy Spirit—far higher work than ours. The deeper this work is, the more likely it is to be narrated in a way that shuts out personal egotism. We welcome it in jottings just as they happen, of the reception of messages from heaven, by the souls who come one by one under such teaching. We have noticed that vague generalities *never* impress, while individual facts *do*, and reproduce their like, in far-off scenes and circumstances.

To give real names is of course not needful, and to indicate localities may often be undesirable;* but it is so absorbingly interesting to follow a soul as it passes from death unto life, and from the power of Satan to be a child of God, that we are ready to say—let the civilizing, kind, and now not uncommon efforts to raise and humanize the people—let these be veiled, if anything, for these are ours, but the Bible-work is God's, and judiciously to declare it, is to glorify His name.

Again, a proportion of the money that supports our Missions is sent for the use of specific districts; and in this case the donor often asks to be placed in correspondence with the Lady who cares for that Mission. The supporter thus becomes interested in the persons individualized; and very often such

* Some correspondents wish the districts given.

private communication is sufficient. In other and very numerous cases, however, the aid is sent to the General Fund, and then there needs a sustained general report, which can be read monthly, of the way the money is expended, and an assurance that the original principles of the Mission are maintained. As it has been said there should never be a sermon preached in which the anxious sinner might not find a Saviour, so we think that no number of this magazine should be issued which does not convey, even to the mind of a stranger, the point from which the Mission starts. It is a BIBLE-Mission. Its domestic features may vary, but its distinctive foundation never. Both the Bible-woman and her Lady have a Bible-Mission, and need constantly to cultivate their own knowledge of the Book they circulate. This is indispensable, in order to the wise presentation of its messages of love or power.*

It was recommended at the Conference that the two first days of the week, Monday and Tuesday, be sedulously devoted by the Bible-woman to the sale of Bibles, and securing new subscriptions. It is really surprising how the Bible-work in London does, on the whole, increase *when the due attention is paid to it*, even when the good woman has been collecting pence for Bibles for four or five years. Supply always needs keeping up; the books wear out, the residents change, and the *good print* and *reference* Bibles for Bible-classes are never over-supplied. The actual carrying of one specimen at a time was advocated, and the being thoroughly known *as the woman of the Book*. The lowest alleys and courts of London have learned to bless the name of Bible-woman. May those who bear it have

* We have had brought to our notice a valuable BIBLE-MANUAL, published by Messrs. Nisbet and Co., translated from the work edited by the late Rev. Dr. Barth, of Wirttemberg. It is published at twelve shillings, and presents, as its distinguishing feature, the arrangement of the Books of Scripture in chronological order, for the use of families, schools, and students of the Word of God. It seems a most valuable companion to the Bible, as it brings the writings of each prophet, for instance, into *visible* relation to the era in which he wrote—interweaves the Psalms, as far as possible, into the history of their writers, the Epistles into the Acts and travels of the Apostles. It seems likely to be a most valuable help to unlearned readers, and its authority is well attested. It would be much prized could it be furnished to all our Mission-rooms.

an ever-deepening and humble sense of the reason for which it has been honoured of God—for the sake of his holy Word.

The efforts of both Ladies and Bible-women have also, during the past year, been earnestly directed towards getting *dusty* Bibles read and *shut* ones opened ; and as the true light of the Word illumines the dark holes and corners of society, it is surprising to find how many of the poor Mothers in our classes have not yet been made lawful *wives*, and are anxious to become so, and also to discover *how few of them can read*. The law of the Lord has been to most of them therefore a sealed book. In their rags and dirt, they do not come to Church to hear it, and would not understand it if they did ; yet there is really a desire to hear, when they know what it is. In a district tenanted by a very low population—coal-heavers, costermongers, gipsies, and dust-people—who are soon about to be scattered and swept away by a new railroad, one of our Bible-women has sixty or seventy subscribers for the Scriptures ; and a few of them who were found at the Mothers' Meeting whispered as they went away to their humble friend, "We never heard of these things the lady has been telling us of afore. Can't you come and read to several of us at a time, more than once a week, in one of our own rooms?" This request was complied with, and a cottage-meeting grew up, which has been abundantly blessed by the presence of the Lord. There many a rough hand still brushes away the falling tear as the prayer ascends, "God be merciful to me a sinner !" and the hymn is sung,—

"I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not hear my Saviour's voice,
I would not be controlled."

"But now, my dear," says one, "I've learned to sing *our* hymns, and they comfort me." And it is a touching fact, that these wanderers care for wanderers. Many a one has, from this cottage-meeting—so soon to be broken up—carried the New Testament with her on her summer roamings ; and then her husband has learned to love it too, or she has sent one to her sister in Australia, or in Ireland, or in India. One mother brings her

baby in her arms for three-quarters of a mile to this meeting, and will never miss it. Perhaps one of the uses of the Magazine may be to multiply such meetings, and extend their blessing. We have many more notes of Conference for our next number.

FINANCIAL SUPPLIES.

OUR FINANCIAL SUPPLIES, we are sorry to say, are not this month equal to last February, or equal to our expenses. Receipts have been £1064; Expenditure £1212. The bitterly cold weather has compelled us to give somewhat more relief, and many of our workers are sick. Some kind friends have assisted, as will be seen, in the grant of a warm shawl each for the 210 Bible-women; but we have exceeded the sum by about £20. The gift has proved most welcome. Our Donations during the first four months of our current year have been £500 *less* than in the same months of 1863-4, and Expenditure has now to be reduced accordingly.

BLOOMSBURY SKETCHES.

BY THE LADY SUPERINTENDENT.

MY DEAR MRS. R.—I gladly accept your invitation to send you some report of our work in Bloomsbury. I have often thought of a remark in the last volume of “The Book and its Missions,” “that not one of our Superintendents has relinquished her office through loss of interest” in her work. The interest of this calling is ever growing and deepening. Not that I can tell of any great success, any visible outpouring of the Spirit, such as I long to see. Indeed, whilst reading that marvellous history of “Woman and her Saviour in Persia,” I have felt that I must hang down my head in deep self-abasement, that with us there is *comparatively* so very little fruit. The same loving Father watches over us, and wills not the death of any sinner. The same gracious Saviour casts away none that come to Him. And the same Holy Spirit is ready to enlighten and to teach in England as in Persia. We are not straitened in the Lord.

There has been, doubtless, too little prayer, perhaps too much self-seeking. Our good Hester agreed to meet me for prayer together before our meetings to implore his presence, who alone can give the blessing, and He has heard us. The solemn power of the Word has been more shown amongst us than ever before. We have found it good to meet together, and many tears have been shed whilst we meditated on the tender, gracious Saviour, who allowed the "woman that was a sinner" to touch Him, and to wash his feet with her tears. Many, too, were the new resolutions formed when we read of the leper coming with the cry, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." The Word, I am convinced, has not returned void, but is accomplishing the purpose for which it was given.

Another cause of comparative failure was suggested to me, at our pleasant conference of Ladies' Superintendents. You then spoke of the *individuality* of the work, and I felt that oppressed by the size of my district, and the multitude of its claims, I had been too diffusive in my efforts, and had not felt able sufficiently to seek individuals out. A case has since presented itself to me of a mason, laid up with a bad leg. He had been unable to work for seven weeks. I was not aware of the fact until lately, and then, knowing him to be a Roman Catholic, anticipated but little result from my visit. I found him, however, a very superior Irishman, and anxious for books to read.

"Have you a Bible?"—"No."

"Have you ever seen one?"—"No. I had a New Testament given me once, but I don't know where it is; I lent, and lost it."

I told him the Bible always reminded me of a mine that cannot be exhausted, and the deeper he dug the greater riches he would find; he must study it by comparing passage with passage. Would he like me to lend him such a book?

"Indeed he would."

So, as soon as I could, I carried him a reference Bible. It was in that terrible Saturday fog that he read to me by candlelight the first verses of the 3rd chapter of St. John. As we pondered the expressions "born again," "born of the Spirit," made "a

new creature," his attention was rivetted. And he said, "I have lived all these years (his age is 32), and never knew *that* much before. To think if God had taken me in that accident, when the other man was killed, and I got my leg hurt, before I knew God or Jesus, or had heard of the Holy Spirit!"

He asked, to my surprise, at what time my class would begin next day, though when I had invited him before, he said he could not come because he had been obliged to "put away" his better clothes. When I entered the room, however, on Sunday, there sat my friend in his working clothes in the darkest corner of the room. He read with the others, but did not attempt to answer. The next day he welcomed me very warmly, but said, "Oh, didn't I just feel ashamed to be the only man with a light jacket? But shouldn't I be happy if I could answer like some of *them*? Is it a sort of catechism that I could learn?"

When I asked if he knew who Moses was? he said, "Yes, he was one of the apostles." His utter ignorance arose, of course, from his never having seen a Bible; but he seems to have become truly as a little child in hearty desire to learn.

I gave him John iii. 16 to learn by heart, and he said he could not sleep for thinking of it; and one of the words he could not get right, so he struck a light in the night to see if the word was *eternal* or *everlasting*.

It was so difficult for him to use the references, not knowing the names of the books any more than their order, that I advised him to try and learn them by heart, when he was a little more advanced; but he set about it at once, and told me the next day he "had the first five 'pat off,' only he did not know how to call (*i. e.* pronounce) them." He had copied them on a bit of paper, which he could keep in his pocket and look at often. Now he has learnt nearly all the Old Testament books, but he says they are very hard names. I gave him Miss Marsh's card of prayer for the Holy Spirit, which he has also learnt by heart and taught to his wife and child. He says he used to want to get a newspaper so much every day to read; but now he does not care about it at all, and wants no book but the Bible, "for the longer he reads it, the fonder he gets of it." With

great joy he tells me that his fellow-workmen are going to make a gathering for him, but he doesn't know whether they will raise the necessary 12s. Only he would like to have his black clothes for Sunday.

It is very cheering to see the continuance of some of those who were early benefited by our Bible-class. The father of a large family of eight children worked at Woolwich, and was constantly urged to go and live there, but he could not be tempted to give up the religious privileges of his second birth-place. So he returned every Saturday, and often set off at two A.M. on Sundays to walk back to his work, as the trains were not early enough on Monday* mornings. His work, however, consisted of the weighing out of strong poisons, and proved most injurious; the poison got into his lungs, and he was alarmingly ill, nor can he ever resume that occupation. It must be seven or eight months since he relinquished it, but he has not been able to find any other, except that of helping his wife in brush-making, which is now a miserable trade. He is, nevertheless, a living proof, with his wife, of the kindness the poor often show to each other.

Being much interested in a young man in a decline, and very anxious that he should come under good influences, I introduced him to this family. For some months the invalid was in the Brompton Hospital, and Mrs. —— undertook his washing and the conveyance of his clothes backwards and forwards every week, at a time when her husband was ill; and she had to go to Woolwich, and often walked half-way, to fetch his club-money. When discharged from the hospital, with no home to go to, and still unable to work, these good Samaritans undertook to teach the young man brush-making, and offered him a temporary home. During the two months he has been there he has not, I believe, earned ten shillings; yet they have allowed him to share all their food, and done everything for him. He is deeply grateful for their kindness, and it is my joy to know the Lord will reward it. I could tell also of the patience of an afflicted believer, so poor that she cannot live without parochial relief; but who is well educated, and who offered to teach gratuitously any we knew who wished to learn to read. Hester

sent a servant, who can only attend on Sundays, and she is making good progress. For some months past she has also been teaching a child for me two or three hours daily, in the hope of fitting her for our parochial school. This labour of love has been carried on so entirely on the precept, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," that her district visitor never heard of it until I mentioned the fact two days ago.

One of the men of my Bible class is confined to his bed, and suffering grievously from cancer. He refuses to go to a hospital, as it would render his son homeless. He was a signal man on the London and North-Western Railway for years, and bore the highest character. But, alas! he once fell asleep, and, happily for the traffic, was found so, and of course he was immediately dismissed. His wife died suddenly shortly after, and it was supposed to be from grief. He is a well-educated Scotchman, but has fallen into great poverty. He is a patient, uncomplaining sufferer, and is able even in his depths of trouble to trust in the Lord. Such persons are as the salt of the district, which otherwise it must be said that its wickedness is very great. Only last Sunday morning, at 1 A.M., there was a grievous case of stabbing through drunkenness, and the recovery of the person stabbed is very doubtful.

And later on Sunday afternoon, when I called at a house in our small courts, I heard a fiddler playing indefatigably, and a little girl told me it was Mr. —, the dancing master. "But surely they are not dancing to-day?" "Oh yes, they are; lots of young men and young women are learning to dance." The kitchen was the ball-room, or they would probably have soon had the house down on their heads. Our motto must still be work and pray. Our good Hester is a real treasure. But her health is not as good as it was, and we tremble lest she should be laid aside. How often does the Lord see it needful to make those whom He loves perfect through suffering. We are therefore anxious to secure another fellow-labourer, and hope to find one who will work with us in the same spirit of love.

We must ask for help to support a second Bible-woman. Money is now needed. There has been and is more sickness, and more poverty, even amongst the respectable sort of people,

this winter than we ever remember. If any local helpers are disposed to lend to the Lord by giving to these poor they will have our warm gratitude, and will, we know, be repaid again.

At this moment one of the most effectual ways of helping us would be by purchasing, or opening a market for the sale of our large stock of clothing for the poor. We cannot afford to give it away in presents, and the people cannot now afford to buy much. The consequence is that with nearly 100 workers per week, we become overstocked; and "having no room where to bestow our goods" we shall be very glad to sell them, and lay out the money again in calico and print to supply more needle-work. There are so many ways of helping this mission. God grant that many may acknowledge, "that it is more blessed to give than to receive."

M. L. W.

A REVIVED FEMALE MINISTRY.

WE have received the following from a clerical friend in Ireland:—

"The revived ministry of Women seems to be one of the clearest and most remarkable signs of the present time, indicating, among many others, the near approach of the latter-day kingdom and glory.

"We say *revived*, because in apostolic and primitive times it is certain that women were earnestly and actively employed in the ministry of the Church. We read of 'Phœbe, a deaconess of the Church at Cenchræa,' and of Priscilla, who assisted Aquila in the instruction of Apollos, a man 'mighty in the Scriptures;' and Paul salutes 'those women who laboured with him in the gospel.'

"The revivals of this ministry in our own day restores 'the missing link' in all the various and multiplying departments of Female usefulness in the service of the Lord; and this restoration appears to be clearly foretold in the prophetic Scriptures, in connection with the extraordinary evangelistic labours of the latter times.

The first passage to which our attention has been directed on this subject occurs in the prophet Isaiah, chap. xl. 9, where he foretells the restoration and glory of Jerusalem; 'O Zion, that bringest good tidings,' more literally translated by Bishop Lowth and others, 'O thou that bringest good tidings to Zion.' This is evidently a prophecy of the second coming of Christ, and the announcement is that 'He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.' But what is remarkable in this prophecy with respect to 'the missing link' is, that the literal translation of the Hebrew is, 'O thou female publisher of good tidings,' the word '*mebassereth*,' a publisher or announcer of tidings, being feminine. Neither can it be said that the word being feminine by nature is necessarily used even to express a male subject, since we find the correspondent masculine '*mebassair*' in other places; *e. g.*, Isaiah lii. 7, 'How beautiful are the feet of *him* that bringeth (*mebassair*) good tidings, and publisheth peace.' Bishop Lowth remarks upon the former passage, 'I have added the word *daughter* to express the feminine gender of the Hebrew particle, which I know not how to do otherwise in our language; and this is absolutely necessary, in order to ascertain the image. For the office of announcing and celebrating such glad tidings as are here spoken of, belonged peculiarly to the women.'

"But the matter becomes still clearer when we refer to the 68th Psalm, where the feminine noun '*mebassereth*' is found in the plural "*mebasseroth*," and the passage is thus translated by Bishop Lowth:—"Jehovah gave the word (that is, joyful news), the women who published (*ha-mebasseroth*), the glad tidings were a great company.' And surely in these latter days the Lord hath given the word, and sent it forth with power in the conversion of souls to Christ in a way exceeding anything we have ever seen or heard of since the day of Pentecost, both as to the world-wide announcement and the number of the saved.

"In this blessed and glorious work, the 'Missing Links,' the *mebasseroth*, have had their ample share as Bible-women,

Sunday-school teachers, District visitors, hospital nurses, missionary collectors, conductors of mothers' meetings, writers of gospel tracts, essays, articles in religious serials, and books abounding in gospel truth. They are now indeed 'labouring in the gospel,' and their labours have been abundantly owned and blessed of the Lord; and we have reason to believe that every succeeding year will open up fresh channels of usefulness before them until the Lord come and find them actively employed in his service, waiting and watching for his appearing, and ready to 'enter into the joy of their Lord.'

"I. A."

DUNDALK.

BIBLE TEACHING.

"ABOUT a year ago," says a friend, "I opened a class here for young women to learn to write. Among the scholars who presented themselves the first day, was a young widow, who for a long time would not say what kind of instruction she wanted, at last she whispered, 'I want to be instructed in the true faith, for I have doubts as to the Roman.'"

"As it was impossible to attend to her then, I invited her to come to my house on the evening of the next day, with but small hope of ever seeing her again, hearing that she lived three miles off; but at the appointed hour she came, and proved by her questions she was no ignorant Romanist.

"Which creed was adopted at the Council of Chalcedon?" 'What is the difference between the Nicene Creed and that of Pope Pius IV.?' 'Why did God give us three creeds—the Apostles', the Nicene, and Athanasian?' 'When was the Council of Trent?' were the queries; and again and again she begged me to spare her but a few minutes more, and after a most interesting conversation she left, with the invitation to repeat her visit the following week. Before the appointed day, however, she called late in the evening, 'just to ask one question,' till at last, from a few minutes, our interviews lasted three hours, and sometimes, at eight o'clock in the evening, after a hard day's work, she would roll up her wet apron, leave it in

the passage, and beg to see me for a few minutes to refresh her soul with God's Book; I always reading the Douay version, while she read the English.

"A friend of mine gave her a reference Bible, and it was not long before she learnt the Roman figures, and was able to find her places. Her astonishment was very great on discovering there was so much alike in the two books, and so much directly contrary to the Romish faith. Often she would say, 'That Book of yours (the Douay), that Book has opened my eyes. I cannot find religion in my own book. Nothing you say convinces me like the Book.'

"Each evening we took a subject to prove, and usually she chose it, thus:—

" 'Now let us have the Assumption of the Virgin.'

"I replying, 'Very well, let us read every verse about her.'

"When we had come to the last reference in 1st Acts, she would exclaim, 'But we have not come to the Assumption! is it possible that it is not there?'

"She was very much struck with (xlii. Isa. 8), 'My glory will I not give to another, neither my praise to graven images,' saying, 'How can I continue to bow down and *praise* the image of the Virgin, much as I love her, when my GOD tells me this, direct from heaven?' Thus I led her gently, as she was able to bear it, to the Law, and to the Testimony, leaving her to condemn *herself*.

"After proving from Scripture there is no such place as Purgatory, she came one evening, saying, 'I want to know where people's souls went to, when heaven was shut up, before Christ died on the cross? It *must* have been to Purgatory.' I answered, 'Will you prove to me that heaven was *shut up*? I do not recollect reading that anywhere in God's Book.' 'Oh, yes, it says, "When He overcome the sharpness of death He *opened* the kingdom of heaven to all believers;" of course it was shut up.' I answered, 'Those words are not written in God's Book, they are in the TE DEUM, a song of praise we read in church, and in a certain sense they are quite true, for Christ did open, or prepare the way, for sinners to go in; but the promise of a Saviour is given as far back as Gen. iii., and

by believing in that promised Saviour, Cain (the first child born into this world) might have entered heaven, by faith, looking *forward* to that great event, in the same way as we now enter, by looking *back* to the event accomplished: we nowhere read that heaven was shut; on the contrary, its doors are always open to receive sinners coming through Christ. She said, 'Oh, I see it all quite plain now, what an advantage you have in knowing what is in the Book, *I wish I did.*'

" 'You soon will if you go on as you have begun, and pray for God's Holy Spirit to lead you into all truth.'

"One day, I asked her to repeat the Commandments, which she did, according to the Romish Catechism:—I. I am the Lord thy God, thou shalt have no other God but me. II. Thou shalt not take the name of God in vain,' etc. I said, 'Now we will read them in the Bible.'

" 'Read them *in the Bible*. I did not know they were there.'

" 'How then do we know they are *God's* commandments?'

" 'Oh, I thought an Angel gave them from heaven.'

" 'No, *God* gave them on Mount Sinai, and in the book of Exodus the whole account is given.'

"Her astonishment on reading in both versions the Second Commandment was extreme; and the design of Rome in omitting it in her catechism was apparent. She exclaimed, 'I see it all now; if the people had the Book they would never be Roman Catholics.'

"On the evening of Good Friday, she came to me, saying, 'Do you think I may approach the Lord's Table? I feel so sinful, but Jesus has commanded me to do this in remembrance of Him. I do wish to remember Him, and I think He will forgive. Your form I know is not the same as ours; so that I feel afraid to go alone, and I'm come to ask a great favour,—will you go with me? Maybe you are going yourself next time?' The agent for the Protestant Association called on her the next day, and to my surprise, on Easter Sunday, she, with another young woman, openly renounced Romanism in St. Margaret's Church, and approached the Lord's Table afterwards.

"From that time she has suffered the greatest privation and persecution from the Romanists in that locality, and has been

obliged to leave twice. For days together she has been without food and fire, not being able to get work, for they, circulating a report that she had left, got employed in her place, and then laughed at her.

“Her past history is as follows : On the death of her parents, at Limerick, she came to England as a housemaid, and married a pious Presbyterian soldier, who served in India at the time of the mutiny—he died four years ago, leaving her friendless ; his dying request was, ‘bring up my child a Protestant, and all I ask of you, Mary, is to read the Book and judge for yourself.’

“The pious soldier’s desire is accomplished—his child is being brought up a Protestant, his widow has read the Book, has judged for herself, and has never wavered or drawn back from the *open avowal* of the Protestant faith she has embraced, firmly grasping that promise, Jer. xlix. 11, ‘Let thy widows trust in me.’ ”

M. M.

“MY GOLD PENNIES, MAMMA.”

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have troubled you with a few shillings to forward to Mrs. R——, for the ‘Bible and Domestic Female Mission,’ and you wish to know their history. This is the little sum left behind by our lost darling. In common with other little sisters she had had a penny a-week allowed her for pocket-money. We did not think it good for them to spend it in sweets, and it was generally saved, with other chance gifts, and put away in their private treasure drawer. On opening Charlotte’s, after her death, I felt at a loss what to do with her little collection of money, hallowed to me by the touch of her dear fingers, and I wished to appropriate it as she would have wished, had she still been with us.

“I remembered her interest, during the great distress in Lancashire, in the sufferings of the poor people there, and her often repeated entreaty that I would take her money : ‘All my money—my gold pennies, Mamma, and send to the poor little hungry children in Lancashire.’ By ‘gold pennies’ she meant *new* halfpence, which she valued very highly. I did not like to take her quite at her word and send *all*, but I did send

the greater part, and was reproached with many tears because I had not sent all.

“ With this circumstance very fresh in my memory, I thought if I could send the hoarded treasure, just as it was, to the Mission, she might be able, if a Bible-woman is still supported in Lancashire, to appropriate it in this way.

“ Yours,

“ E. L. J.”

Our readers will be glad to learn that a Bible-woman is still supported in Lancashire by the kindness of our friend. The readers of the “ Book and its Mission ” will remember her by the name of Margaret. She has been a mill-worker herself, and she has a good Lady Superintendent, from whose last letter we give a few extracts. She says, Dec. 12 :—

“ You will, perhaps, wonder that Margaret has not collected more for Bibles, but the times here must be taken into account. The people have been earning but little money in the mills, not half so much as they formerly did. I have even been surprised that she has collected so much for clothing. She is very diligent and devoted.

“ A lady, whom I have requested to visit some of her people in my absence, particularly mentions the case of one young man laid upon his dying bed, who, she was pleased to find, had clear, definite, and Scriptural views of the way of salvation by Christ. He told her that Margaret had been the means of bringing the truth to him, but he believed the Holy Spirit had applied it to his soul. Mrs. B—— says, “ I think Margaret very much suited for her work, she has good knowledge for a person in her station of life, and she has a pleasant and clear manner of expressing herself; she has had also much experience, and possesses a knowledge of the habits and wants of the people generally.”

Margaret addresses her journal to me thus: “ Dear lady,

Many have been the changing scenes I have passed through since I last wrote to you; great has been the labour, many the trials, but I am not tired of my work, for I serve a glorious Master.”

(She has had a good deal of sick visiting, for we have had

much fever here.) She continues: "I visited a man who was going to heaven in his own strength, he is now going by Christ's." (She gives an account of her various meetings.) Speaking of the Sunday afternoon meeting she says, "I am sure a good work is going on, some who come now used to spend the sacred hours in gossiping;" one woman she mentions by name, "who used to go and see her relatives a few miles off, but has sent to them to say that she will not go on the Sabbath any more, for it is the Lord's day." Another woman, she thinks a true penitent and anxious inquirer. The Fathers' class, in connection with this, keeps up well. On Sunday evening Margaret has commenced a meeting in a very destitute part of the town. Monday she has two meetings; the evening one to teach reading to the mothers and fathers, or, indeed, to any one they choose to bring. On Wednesday evening she has another of the same class. Every day she has one or two meetings, except Saturday. I believe much good is being done by them.

So to some case of want and sorrow known to this Lancashire Bible-woman, the "gold pennies" will go of the little one who now tunes a golden harp in heaven. We are accustomed to see dear Margaret at our summer re-union of the Bible-women, and rejoice over her as the Native agent who has been raised up as the fruit of our small mission to Lancashire in the day of its bitterest distress.

VISITS TO VARIOUS MOTHERS' MEETINGS.

BY THE LADY SUPERINTENDENT OF SPITALFIELDS.

I HAVE, during the past year, been much interested and encouraged by my visits to one or two Mothers' Meetings, and have been increasingly impressed with the fact that such an agency as this does peculiarly reach and touch the class it is intended to benefit.

It is a happy and gladdening thought that many thousands of poor mothers in London are now weekly met by words of love and sympathy; the peculiar sorrow of each is listened to,

and, as far as may be, alleviated, each child becoming in turn an object of interest and prayer likewise of each mother brought under the sound of God's word.

Hundreds of ladies now weekly go forth, feeling most truly that their weakness is their strength, and what a repayment do they find in the love, gratitude, and sympathy which is abundantly returned to themselves. I have seen this manifested among the poor flower sellers, and other street dealers in Long Alley. Also by many poor ones, Jewesses, and others, gathered in out of Whitechapel, with weavers and market women of Spitalfields. All gladly met "their lady," and seem peculiarly prepared to receive the Truth from her lips.

One or two widely different meetings have, however, been brought under my notice during the past year.

THE FACTORY MOTHERS' MEETING.

In the early spring, I was staying with a gentleman in the north of England, who mainly supports a Bible-woman. I was invited to visit their meeting; it was a new and strange scene to me, the meeting had overflowed its bounds, from one room into an adjoining one. I found a wonderful rough-looking set of women; not one bonnet among them, but their shawls were thrown over their heads. The meeting had been in existence about three years, and the following are extracts from a letter which I have just received from the clergyman's wife giving an account of its progress.

"God has been very gracious to our mission since I saw you. We do trust we see tokens that He is owning and blessing it. Our numbers have much increased, we have now *two* rooms filled with 'bonnetless, eager listeners.' Eighty-seven names are on my list. Very few are irregular in their attendance, and in these cases, sickness in the family, or work, has generally been the cause of absence. All these women belong, or *have belonged*, to the lowest class of poor in our district; many have been beggars from door to door. A large number have worked in the factories, but since the American war has closed so many of our cotton mills, this has of course ceased. Some have worked in the lead mills, and rag sorting has been the occupation of others.

"I find, on looking over my book, that two-thirds are Protestants, the rest Romanists; the latter of the very class of Irish our Bible-woman could not reach in her visits, they invariably declined to admit her, but now they receive her with marked kindness, and show no dislike to listening to the Word of God at the Mothers' Meeting. Very few of them can read, and we do trust God will fulfil his promise in their case; 'My word shall not return unto me void.'

"At present the only sign of uncasiness they have shown, has been crossing of themselves during the prayer, and an old woman, I am told, keeps whispering, 'Holy mother, holy mother,' all the time she is on her knees. 'Ellen' tells me she has eighteen in her Bible class on Sunday afternoon; two of these are Romanists, and two others have been amongst the worst characters in the parish. One young woman has led so bad a life, the ladies rather hesitated to admit her at first, for example's sake; but remembering we were to seek the *lost*, they consented, and since her admission she has *never* been absent from the Mothers' Meeting. I have not a more attentive listener. She has joined the Sunday class, is subscribing for a Testament, and to the astonishment of all who knew her, made her appearance at church uninvited.

"The person you noticed assisting me was once an intemperate and violent tempered woman, now she is a consistent communicant. The Bible class is held in her house, and she helps forward the work in every way in her power.

"There are two or three others we have to think of as truly converted, once living in open sin, now bringing forth the fruits of righteousness to the praise of Him who 'has called them out of darkness into his marvellous light!' I named them as our most decided Christians to Ellen to-day, and she told what they had been before this 'Missing Link' united them to us, and, I trust, to Christ."

THE VILLAGE MOTHERS' MEETING.

"It was on a calm, quiet winter's day that I visited another and very different meeting. It was held in a sweet retired country village, with a population of, I should think, not more

than forty families. The Lady who conducted the meeting here, invited me to follow her through the village, through the neat little garden, to the nice bright clean cottage kitchen, quite full of pleased, attentive listeners; two old men occupied one corner, who the lady said would always come—a party of about twenty-five all brought together to be met by the same love and sympathy, and attracted by the same blessed message that is heard by the thousands of London.

THE MOTHERS' MEETING IN HOLLAND.

“And now, although I have not myself had the privilege of seeing the next meeting, I must add an extract from a letter just received from a lady residing in a large town in Holland, where one has lately been established. It is from a friend who is governess in a family :—

“I cannot send the enclosed to you without adding a line to tell you of our mission. On the whole we have just cause for thankfulness, we feel that hitherto God's blessing has attended the effort. I think I wrote last at the time of the first Mothers' Meeting, when there were but six present; from some cause there was a strong prejudice against it among the poor, which was even shared by the Bible-woman. In consequence the numbers soon dwindled to two, and I trembled for my friend Madame Q——. She was dismayed, for we had by that time left the country, and it was an effort to return to it weekly, with such a result; but I believe the very thing we thought so discouraging was the means used for its success. The two women were so astonished when Madame Q—— told them she should hope to meet them the following Wednesday, that they replied, ‘Is it possible you will come so far just for us two?’ She told them most certainly, that if there were but one she would come. On the next Wednesday there were eight, and from that time it has been steadily on the increase, each week bringing new faces, till now there are twenty, and if it continues another room must be found, the present one is so small. A change would involve many extra expenses, for which I am sure the present funds are not equal; but as to ‘look before you leap’ is a Dutch characteristic, perhaps they are waiting

before they come forward with help, at any rate we ought not to doubt for the future as we have been helped through much greater difficulties."

THE SPITALFIELDS MOTHERS' MEETING.

"I had not meant to say one word in this paper of my own women, but I feel as if I must not wind up without thankfully acknowledging that our meetings continue to go on and prosper, and though *three* others have been opened in our parish, our own numbers are untouched.

"Earnestly do we long and pray for more of the outpouring of God's Holy Spirit upon us. It seems at times hard to wait the Lord's leisure, when we would so thankfully see large results; but we are not left without witness to our work. And in the domestic part of the meeting we have been singularly prospered, in numbers attending, and in the softened, civilized behaviour of many of the women, their better feelings called forth, and a real increase in their desire for the comforts and proprieties of life; one little instance of this being that we have sold in our meeting a good many table-cloths for Christmas dinners—a luxury certainly but little esteemed by many of the poor of the east of London previously.

"We have had the privilege this year of sending forth one worker from among us, now a parochial woman, and doing a good work in the worst part of this parish. She and her Lady have a Mothers' Meeting, now well attended and orderly, but it has been instituted and carried on through untold difficulties. Showers of stones thrown at the roof and windows of the room, a black man rushing in and dancing in their midst, a man fighting his wife with a knife on the door-step—but all has been weathered, and their meeting is now well established and quiet, and numbering an average attendance of thirty attentive listeners.

"E. P."

INFANTS' HOME, GREAT CORAM STREET.

DEAR MADAM,—You have kindly promised to give us a short space in which to mention the origin and operations of our "Infants' Home." I beg to state that it was in the practical

working of the Edgware Road district of the "London Bible and Domestic Female Mission" that it had its first beginning. The Bible-women of that district now and again reported to their Lady-superintendent, that in their house-to-house visitation they had met with some miserable cases of distress in the persons of unmarried young women who have become mothers, but are anxious to redeem their characters. The great obstacle to this repentant desire is, what can be done with the child? No wages that the mothers could earn would pay for the support of their infants; and therefore the Lady-superintendent determined to offer a helping hand to them in their distress, by providing a home for their offspring, they returning to service, and paying £5 of the annual wages received towards their maintenance.

Some rooms were taken in the district, and soon twelve little unfortunates had found kind care; but still applications poured in, which could not be attended to, the place being full. In this dilemma, the Lady-superintendent sought counsel at the throne of grace, and very shortly after, that kind nobleman, the Marquis Townshend, having heard of the Home, sent to make inquiries regarding it; and highly approving of the object, he gave it his valuable support. Through his means, the house, 35, Great Coram Street, was taken, capable of containing forty children, with a staff of thirteen servants, they all being mothers, with children in the Home, who, after being some months there, leave their infants, and return to service—their places being filled by fresh applicants for admission. The house is now full, and during the eighteen months of its existence, ninety-nine young women have been rescued, and afforded another opportunity of regaining a respectable position.

You may well imagine that it is no easy matter to provide for so large a number of persons. The Lady-superintendent is often much depressed with the anxiety of providing funds for their support; and she earnestly begs for contributions or donations in money, old clothes, old perambulators, boots, shoes, etc.—I remain, dear Madam, yours very faithfully,

ROBT. MAIN.

MR. MOON'S LETTER.

104, QUEEN'S ROAD, BRIGHTON,
Feb. 14, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You will be pleased to learn that 500 copies of the Gospel of St. Matthew, in the Hindostanee language, have been sent off for India, and that much interest seems now to be created about the blind of Calcutta, Allahabad, and several other portions of India.

About three weeks since we completed an embossed grammar in Arabic, and by this time, I doubt not, the proof copy has reached Cairo. This grammar, I am told, will most likely come into very general use among the blind schoolmasters of Egypt, whose number has been estimated at about 8000.

In addition to the grammar, the Psalms and the Gospel of St. Matthew have been commenced. The Gospel of St. Luke is likewise in course of preparation.

The same kind friend who has guaranteed the expense of 1500 copies of St Matthew's Gospel in the Hindostanee, has also kindly promised to bear the expense of embossing 100 copies of the Gospel of St. Luke, in Arabic, as soon as it is stereotyped. I must, therefore, seek help for this latter expense, which will possibly amount to £35.

The large harvest of good that we may expect to arise from the circulation of the Bible among the blind schoolmasters of Egypt cannot be estimated, for doubtless there are nearly one million of persons more or less affected in their sight in that country.

Increasing demands for the Bible in German continue to flow in, and vigorous efforts for the circulation of the Scriptures in Holland, and the Dutch colonies, are also being made. The other day I received an urgent application from Rotterdam, about stereotyping a gospel for the blind at Java. The Gospel of St. Luke, in French, has lately been stereotyped, and the Psalms commenced, at the expense of the British and Foreign Bible Society, who have likewise forwarded fifty copies of the Gospel we have printed to the blind in Paris.

I learn from Constantinople, that the books we prepared and sent out, in the Armenian language, are becoming widely

spread, and further portions of the Bible may soon be expected to be in demand.

The library we established in Toronto last year, has proved of great benefit to the blind of that city, for the learners have advanced sufficiently in their reading to undergo a public examination, the result of which was most satisfactory.

The funds subscribed towards the enlargement of our printing premises have thus far realized my expectation. Last week we received £60, £50 of which was the handsome donation of one individual. During the last three months I have paid £143 towards the building, which is now in course of erection. I shall be exceedingly glad when it is entirely finished, and the expenses defrayed; I shall then have only the care of the stereotyping and embossing. Orders are daily multiplying, and our outlay is now nearly £100 per month, but, of course, towards this amount we are receiving returns by sale of books, so that I do not mean we are expending subscriptions to the extent of £100 per month, although this might easily be done could we obtain them. Many thousands of books will be required, both for Egypt and India, the major portion of which must be furnished by grants.

An additional printing press is now required for our work, and this I must endeavour to obtain as soon as some of my rooms are complete. It will cost £50. Perhaps, my dear friend, you will say I am continually in want. Well, so I am. The more I labour or inquire about the blind, the greater numbers I find, and the more assistance I am obliged to ask. But after all, you know, I do not tell my fellow-creatures half as much as I tell the Lord. I will only add that the year lately closed was the most prosperous one that I have known for the work, and to our Heavenly Father would I ascribe all the glory.—I remain, yours faithfully. W. MOON.

A WORD FROM BURMAH.

WE must introduce our Missionary friend Mrs. Ingolls as one long known to the readers of the BOOK AND ITS MISSIONS. She was in England seven years ago, when but one Bible-woman

had begun her work in St. Giles's. Passing through London, then, on her return to America, to leave her only daughter for education in her own land, and then returning to continue the work of her sainted husband, aided by native preachers, among the women of Burmah. She is carrying on a consistent and great work, which is laying the foundation of greater things, and her self-denying labours are blessed with much spiritual fruit. She gave us an account five or six months since of one of her pilgrimages in the jungles, among Burman villages. She is employing two or three native Bible-women, and is one of the worthy successors of Dr. Judson and his incomparable companions.

This lady now says :—

“ I wish you could have been with me last Sabbath morning, when we administered the rite of Baptism. One of the candidates is the fruit of the Bible-woman's work. The young woman is the wife of one of our young native Christians, and up to the time of their marriage, she was a most willing listener, and declared she would never cease to listen ; but she soon changed, left our school, and soon after her husband, but continued, nevertheless, to go and come for a whole year. Her husband and most of us were quite discouraged, so that we had ceased to do more than pray for her ; but the Bible-woman has continued hopeful, and when she would not listen to others she would receive the words of this old woman.

“ During the last three months a true change of heart has been going on, and one of the proudest women I have ever seen in Burmah is now a humble believer in our Lord Jesus Christ. She has just laid her babe in the grave, and I wish you could have seen her peaceful resignation. I shall have much more to tell you about this Bible-woman when we meet again by your English fireside. Meantime, I will not ask you to send funds at present, as I am returning for my dear Amelia, who, I hope, will accompany me once more to Burmah.

“ Our chapel, house, school, and all my things were destroyed by fire on the 14th of July last. I expect to leave Burmah next March, and hope to see you and your English Bible-women, now so many in number, on my way home.

“ Yours affectionately, MARILLA INGOLLS.”

THE BIBLE-WOMEN IN BEIRUT.

"MY DEAR FRIEND.—It has just occurred to me that you might like to see the deeply-touching narrative of the dying Moslem mother; she does indeed seem to have been taught of God; yet who can tell how the ministrations of our Syrian Bible-women may have found their way to her ear and heart?

THE DYING MOSLEM MOTHER.

"A circumstance of much interest has just occurred here: a Mahomedan woman, who was very ill, called her son, and told him she wished to tell him something that weighed upon her mind. She was sure she was about to die, but that something within told her that she was a sinner, that her religion could not help her, and that there was One who *could* save her. She entreated her son to fetch her some one who could tell her about this One. The young man was much attached to his mother, and, although a staunch Mussulman, went in the dead of the night and fetched a teacher of religion, or rather earnestly begged him to return with him. The teacher was very fearful, for he knew it would be death if he were found by the Mahomedans to have gone by stealth and by night to a dying Mahomedan; but the entreaties of the young man prevailed—he accompanied him. The young man kept watch while he spoke to the dying woman, and told her of Jesus, the Saviour of the sinner. The woman at once received the faith of Christ crucified for her, for the Holy Spirit had revealed to her soul that Jesus was Christ, and, like the eunuch to Philip, she exclaimed, 'See, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?' A basin of water was standing near her dying couch, and there, in that lone Mahomedan chamber, the dying believer was baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus: her spirit departed in perfect peace that night."

Another letter, from Beirut, is dated January 1865:—

"MY DEAR MRS. R.—I send you Em Yusef's simple report of her Bible-work in the khan. She is now often assisted by the teacher of Mrs. Thompson's school in the pine forest near

Beirut, an earnest young woman named 'Mussurrah.' She loves her Bible, and may be seen after school hours going quietly into some cottage with her Bible in her hand. She is known by the significant appellation of 'The Girl of the Book.'

EM YUSEF'S REPORT.

"It is now nearly two years since I first began the Bible-work in the khan. I like very much to go and see the people, and to read to those who are interested and have patience to listen. It has been a blessing to me, and some tell me it has been a blessing to them.

"The Government told the refugees to leave the khan, and go back to the mountains, or hire houses for themselves. One day before they left I went to see them, and they said, 'We are very sorry not to see you any more, and hear you read to us.' I told them I should try and find out where they lived, and go to see them, and I said we ought all to be ready to go and live in the mansions above.

"I went once more to the khan, and I found a sick woman there. While I was reading, a Greek priest came in from Hasbeiya, and he said, 'Ah, ah! it is a good work, and I have put my daughter in Mrs. Thompson's school, and every evening she reads to me, and I am very delighted with her.' The sick woman said to the priest, 'We were frightened when you came in.' And he said, 'Why? is it not the Word of God which she is reading to you?' We then talked with him, and I saw that he knew much of the truth; but he is one of those who walks outwardly according to the traditions of his church, for he would not like to lose his place as priest. He is the Father of S—, who learnt the truth in Mrs. Thompson's school, and when she was converted wanted to join the Protestant Church. Then her father beat and kept her from the school, and quickly married her to a young man from Hasbeiya, also of the Greek religion, and she does not live a happy life now.

"When I was once reading to the people a woman came in, and said, 'We have never heard or seen any of the Protestants make a miracle to bid us believe in them.' I said, 'They don't want you to believe in them, they want you to believe the

Testament. In these days there are no miracles.' The woman then told of a saint named Allah (Favour of God) in Casse-rawan, he is curing people of every disease.

"I asked her, 'Did you see him yourself with your own eyes?' She said, 'No, but I have heard about him. They have told me that there was a girl, she was nearly dying, and they went to him, and they brought a little piece of the nail of his finger, and dissolved it in water, and gave it to the girl to drink, and she quickly rose up, and was quite well again!' I asked her, 'How can I believe these things? I cannot.' She said, 'Certainly, you Protestants don't believe these things.' I said to her, 'We ought to believe in Jesus Christ as our only Mediator between God and man, and leave all these fables and stories, and believe only the Word of God.'

"I hope in God the people will learn to read the Bible, and then there will be an end to all this foolish talk."

A THANK-OFFERING.

A young working man says:—

"You will no doubt remember on one or two occasions receiving a small sum of money as the first-fruits of a young man's advance in wages. It has again pleased my Heavenly Father to give me an advance of 8s. per week, the first-fruits of which I enclose (in stamps), to be spent in circulating the Blessed Book, whose teachings have been the principal cause of my different promotions. When you receive this, be kind enough to breathe a prayer for the sender, and believe me to be,

"ONE WHO LOVES THE SAVIOUR AND THE BIBLE, BECAUSE IT
POINTS THE WAY TO HIM."

Contributions for the London Bible and Domestic Female Mission can be received by the Hon. A. Kinnaird, M.P., addressed to the Bank of Messrs. Ransom and Co., No. 1, Pall Mall East; by Messrs. Nisbet and Co., Berners Street; by the Honorary Secretary, Mrs. Ranyard, 13, Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, London, W.C.; by Mr. Fred. Clarke, of the Book Society; and at the Book Room, Bazaar, Soho Square. Money Orders should be made payable at the Post Office in Great Coram Street, Brunswick Square, in the name of "Ellen Ranyard."

OUR DORMITORY HOUSES.

ONCE in the year, it is our custom to tell our friends how these two Institutions answer; and we have then always received the benevolent help, that has enabled us to carry them forward for yet another such period of time.

We present first the accounts of the smaller Dormitory, at 75, Dudley Street, St. Giles's—directing observation to the very small balance now in hand. Even the larger house, in Parker-street, is not self-supporting, perhaps because the weekly rent of 2s. for the greater accommodation to be found there, is sixpence more than very poor sempstresses, etc., can afford. The rent in Dudley Street is only 1s. 6d. a week, and the Sunday dinner is an extra advantage in both houses.

WORKING GIRLS' DORMITORY, 75, DUDLEY STREET,
ST. GILES'S.

ACCOUNT FROM NOV. 20, 1863, TO NOV. 20, 1864.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.
Balance in hand	117	13	7	Rent	40	0	0
Donations	59	1	0	Matron's salary	32	10	0
Girls' payments	82	1	10	Servants' wages, etc. . .	18	4	0
Work sold	6	4	4	House expenses	32	11	11
				Sunday dinners	21	15	7
				Rates and taxes	15	7	2
				House repairs	18	3	1
				Coals, gas, and wood . .	23	16	6
				Furniture	15	19	7
				Payments for work and materials	19	6	0
				Balance	27	6	11
	<u>£265</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>9</u>		<u>£265</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>9</u>

WORKING GIRLS' DORMITORY, 33, PARKER STREET,
DRURY LANE.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.
Rent from inmates	110	7	0	Matron's salary	32	10	0
Fees for obtaining servants	18	19	6	Sunday dinners	20	16	0
Sale of flock beds	5	7	9	House repairs	29	8	1
Rent from Drury Lane Mission				Bedding material and work	11	3	1
for use of Mission Room . .	10	0	0	Coals, gas, and taxes . .	34	13	3
Balance against the House .	70	7	6	Furniture	5	2	10
				Rent	60	0	0
				Wages and house expenses	21	8	6
	<u>£215</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>9</u>		<u>£215</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>9</u>

pages, except to the loving hearts that had rescued them : faces that told of birth in sin, and breeding in sorrow ; of hard treatment, and long want of a kind word. Stunned by harshness and brutality, and stupefied by drink, had many of those countenances evidently been at one period, from their youth up. And yet, through all that room there was shed an atmosphere of smiles and gratitude, a something had come over those faces that told of love and motherhood, ay, and of the true sisterhood of Christianity. Home, sister, and mother had been to many found for the first time in their lives in Parker Street.

As we shall indicate no names, we will not fear to give some short historiettes of a few of our visitors.

G. S. looks like a child, though her age is 15. She was sent to the Home by a Christian lady. Matron procured a situation for her. Her father, mother, and sister died in Marylebone Workhouse with fever ; she has been in place about twelve months, and her mistress has granted the much-desired holiday for this tea-meeting.

C. N. was a most troublesome girl. She once said during her stay in the Home, to one of the girls who offended her, that she would destroy herself. Her temper was fearful at times. She is now a Christian. Has been in place about two years ; her age when she came, 19.

R. S. came from Birmingham to London, having heard of the Home through a friend. This friend had, in a passion, left her husband ; she came to the Home, but soon, by kind advice, returned to her duties. Matron has obtained a place for her young friend, which she has kept for two years.

A lady, with her young servant, H., crying bitterly, came to the Home. The Matron asked what was the matter. The lady said she had stolen a linen pocket-handkerchief from one of the servants. She was admitted into the Home. A Christian family came for a servant. Matron sent for her, and told them the tale. She was kindly engaged, and has been in place fourteen months, giving great satisfaction. Age then 16.

Mrs. M., Bible-woman, brings C. F., an orphan, half-starved, getting her living by making cheap shirts. Matron procures her a situation. She has been in place two years six months. Age then about 22.

G. S., Esq., sent S. B. to the Home. Matron found her very troublesome; so much so, that she was obliged to discharge her. Matron was asked to take her back again; she did so, and procured for her a situation. She has now been in place one year six months. Age 17.

Mrs. B., Bible-woman, brings A. T. to the Home. She had come from America, and was in such trying circumstances, that she was strongly tempted to destroy herself. Matron procures a situation for her; has been in place two years six months. Age 23.

M. R. came from the E. F. Refuge to the Home, whence she obtained a situation; but during her stay, she was useful in making and mending for the young girls who were going out to service. Her place proved a hard one—a large family, and an aged sick man, whom she nursed; all the washing to do, and low wages, and scarcely sufficient food; yet she was thankful that God had given her this opportunity to regain her character, and to serve Him. After the death of this aged man—who Mary knew was safe in heaven, because he had been many years a true believer in the Lord Jesus—she left, hoping God would yet be her helper. She came to the Home, and in answer to prayer a Christian lady engaged her; but she was scarcely efficient for her duties as cook; yet the lady knew that she tried to do her best, and thought she might be more suitable to nurse her aged father, 87 years old. Mary was glad of the change, and the old gentleman was also pleased, as she had rendered him many kind services before. He was very helpless, and almost like a child; yet Mary watched the opportunity, and read God's Word, and spoke to him of Jesus; and a little time before his death she knelt at his bedside, and prayed earnestly for him, which was a great consolation to the ladies, as they were most anxious about his state, fearful that he was not resting on Jesus. Yet, when asked where was his hope, he said, "All I can say is, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!'" And "I do believe the blood of Christ will cleanse me from all my sin." His last words were, "I am happy." The ladies kindly sent to the Home, and said, "We thank God and you that Mary ever came to our house, as we believe she has been a great blessing to our dear aged father's soul." As they intended to leave, and to go to live in the country, Mary was asked if she preferred a situation as nurse in a good family, or would remain with them. Mary said she wished never to leave them. The ladies presented her with £5, and two suits of mourn-

ing, and told her they should look upon her more as a friend than a servant, for the sake of their aged father.

J. W. came from Wales to London, and obtained a place of service, but in a short time left, and, choosing bad companions, continued in an evil course—drinking, swearing, and stealing. She was convicted and sent to prison several times. Once, when taken, she had in her ears a pair of gold earrings, worth five guineas, which she had stolen. She was at length imprisoned for a longer period, and was so violent, that she was put into solitary confinement, and was in chains for eighteen months. The officers were afraid of her, and watched to see that she did not destroy herself. But one Christian lady ventured into her lonely cell, and told her of Jesus. She then became a little calmer and more submissive, and continued to improve, until a time rolled round when she found herself at liberty. Jane went to a married sister, who kindly received her, although she was in despair of being thus helped. She found it very difficult to get or keep a place; for, owing to her past sufferings, her constitution was much shaken. Some ladies in Devonshire Street Institution gave her a paper to go to Parker Street as a respectable Servants' Home. Jane thanked God, and took courage. In a few days, she was called into the Matron's room, and engaged. Her behaviour proved so satisfactory, that 2s. 6d. was given to the Home, and many thanks to the Matron for such a servant. She wrote constantly, and whenever she had a holiday, made her way to the Home. She afterwards obtained an easier place, where so much confidence was placed in her, that when the family went out of town for seven weeks, she was left in charge of the house and property. But she is so weak, she fears being able to stay, and writes, "How I wish I could keep up twelve months, to obtain the Bible from our dear lady." Soon Jane wrote again to inform the Matron that a respectable tradesman, a widower, with two children, wished to make her his wife, and she says, "I prayed to God, that if it was his will I should be so, that I might be a mother to the children." Jane accepted the offer, upon the condition that the Sabbath should be kept holy, and said she hoped she should be a faithful wife and mother." She came to the Home to tell the Matron all about her future prospects. The Matron asked her to take a seat in the comfortable easy chair, which was presented to herself by the inmates. She said, "Matron, my intended offered to buy my wedding dress, but I said I could afford to buy that myself; so he bought a beautiful white bonnet for me. And now I have brought you my likeness.

And I hope to call on you with my husband, as I have told him that I have a dear friend at the Home in Parker Street. I have brought you my caps, as I think I may never want them again ; and if I could afford it, I would give £5 to the Home. Very soon arrived a letter, with a piece of her wedding-dress and cake, saying, "I was married this morning, October 26, 1864. With kind love to you, and all the young women.—Your J. S., late J. W."

In the evening, the Matron called her young women together, and told them the tale, and urged upon them the importance of prayer to God for patience and perseverance, and how He is pleased to bless endeavours to return to a right way. Several spoke of the goodness of the Lord in bringing them into such a Home, where they had been blessed in body and soul. They then all contributed, delightedly, yet with tears, to present Jane with a text-book, that she may now in prosperity be led to look daily to Him who had been her only helper.

We trust and believe that no one who enters our Dormitory Houses passes out of them without having heard something of the love of Christ. Never until the poor sinner gets the sight of a Redeemer, who can love *her*, though she come to Him "just as she is," will she begin to loathe her sin, whether of immorality, or violence, or excess. And the moment she has *really seen* that sight of a Saviour's love *for her*, will be the moment of the new birth of her soul. She can no longer willingly grieve *that* Saviour.

The main reason of our value for the work of these particular houses is, that we believe that, in a poor and humble way, there is conducted within their precincts the truest BIBLE MISSION, and much of the unseen work that the angels watch for in this world, and for which they give praise in the courts of heaven. It is theirs to count "every sinner that repenteth." They see, therefore, what every Bible is doing—what all God's "living epistles," who have received the word into their hearts, are doing—at whatever point the love of Christ is coming into contact with the heart of man, or woman, or child ; they note it, and carry the record above. This is the kingdom of God *they* care for—the kingdom of God in the heart of the sinner ; and "it cometh not with observation" except theirs. When

the Lord whom we seek shall suddenly come to his temple, it will be a temple of living stones, each one of which will have been long and silently preparing; and at his coming it will be found in its place. "He came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance."

Having now some idea of the individuals who formed that tea-party, it may be further mentioned, that they had insisted on contributing towards a parting memento to the Lady-superintendent of the house on her departure for her country home. A tiny silver cream jug, and a beautifully worked *sachet*, were the chosen memorials—to her alike unexpected and welcome as tokens of real, grateful love. She presented, as her parting gift, a Bible to all who had kept their places a twelve-month. And after much true and sweet feeling expressed on both sides, they listened to some graphic sketches by Mr. Smithies, the Editor of the *British Workman*, on the consequences of sobriety and of drink, with a hearty response to their entire truth. The audience knew by experience *both* sides of the question.

The number of persons admitted to PARKER STREET during the year 1864 has been 303—160 servants with good characters have obtained a situation from this Home; 40 have obtained places who were paid for by ladies; 70 helpless ones have obtained situations. Besides these, 7 were sent abroad, 4 sent home, 22 discharged as unsatisfactory.

THE DUDLEY STREET HOME.

This house is less occupied by servants than by poor sempstresses. Still, however, in the year 1864, 38 servants with character left it for service. 42 cases were paid for by Societies, and the best of them sent to service. 25 were also paid for by Societies, till transferred into hospitals. Employment was found for 22 poor needle-women, 1 was sent abroad, 7 secured constant employment as charwomen, and 19 were discharged as unsatisfactory.

When one remembers that this very house was the original cradle of all our Missions, and that it was redeemed—at first at "Marian's" desire—from its occupation as an over-crowded lodging-house—eighteen persons sleeping in a room, and the

cellar three feet deep in filth; and that it has now for five years been yielding fruit of the character described in the foregoing few pages—we do not think it will lack its annual help from its old friends.

The original letters of the inmates to both Matrons, dated from their places of service, alone testify abundantly to the good received from their admission into houses where prayer is wont to be made.

FINANCIAL SUPPLIES.

WE have placed the Dormitories first on our list for once in the year, but trust that our friends will *also* not fail to notice that our receipts for general purposes are £949, *far less* than than they were in last March, £1156; therefore we are £638 behind the receipts of this time last year, and with more work in hand. Are we to reduce it or go forward?

THE OPINION OF SOME COUNTRY FRIENDS.

“MY DEAR MRS. R.,—I cannot forbear writing a few lines, to tell you how *very glad* I am that you purpose to persevere in giving the readers of the MISSING LINK MAGAZINE the usual interesting details of the saving power of the WORD OF GOD, brought home to the sinner’s heart by God the Holy Spirit. It is these which give to your readers a feeling of sympathy and interest in the great work in hand, which they could not have from a mere general statement of good having been done, just as we are far more deeply interested in the fact of a single individual, whose sufferings, wrongs, and ‘hair-breadth escapes,’ in any great public calamity, are laid before us, than we have in the general statement of the *general calamity*, although affecting some hundreds or thousands. We cannot help it; we are so constituted. The little warning, or affecting, or soul-stirring incident, which comes out in the history of an individual, is brought home to ourselves far more forcibly and impressively than they could be by a simple, statistical sort of statement that such and such numbers (more or less) were

hopeful subjects, or had been altogether brought out of darkness into light.

"The heart is more *moved*, in reading Scripture, by the history of one man's conversion—by the story of Saul the persecutor, and of Paul on his way to Damascus, etc.—than by the statement that 'there were added to the Church daily such as should be saved,' and like passages, though referring to large bodies of people. The MISSING LINK MAGAZINE would lose its greatest charm to me, and I doubt not to a great many more, were these affecting and deeply-interesting records of individual cases left untold; and I fear very much interest in the work, now felt, would be greatly cooled and damped, *without* these living pictures, brought before the eye of the mind as they at present are. That our great Master may continue to bless his 'Word' and work, and all who assist in this great 'labour of love,' is the sincere prayer of, yours very truly, "A. H."

Another friend thus writes:—

"You will kindly excuse me troubling you with a few remarks on 'What is the use of a magazine to the Bible-woman's Mission?' in your MISSING LINK MAGAZINE for March. I cannot see how friends are to be kept interested in this glorious work except by your recording *facts*. I cannot sympathize with those dear workers who refuse to tell what the Lord has done for them.

"If the work of conversion belonged to man, he ought to be backward in speaking of it; but as it is God's work alone, we are but used as the instruments, and we do but magnify the grace of God when we record what He is doing. Facts touch the heart. There is no need for the Lady or the Bible-woman's name to be mentioned—better not; but the dear friends who are helping on this work by their money and prayers, nothing but facts will satisfy. I feel sure the nearer we live to God, and the more He honours us by using us, *the more we shall be humbled in the dust*, nor dare to take any glory to ourselves, lest He cast the poor instrument aside, and use it no more.

"I should like to tell you of the conversion of an old man and his wife, at the advanced age of eighty-four, through our

Country Bible Mission. I hold a cottage meeting at one of our Bible-women's houses every Sabbath afternoon. Those who are anxious about their souls, and the careless also are equally invited by the Bible-woman.

"The first time this aged couple came, I shook hands with them on leaving, and inquired if their souls were saved. The old man replied, 'Oh yes, ma'am, thank you; I am very comfortable. I am not afraid to die. I've always been to church, and I've never injured anybody; and I don't see what more I could do.' And looking at his coat, he said, 'I think, ma'am, perhaps if I gave this coat away, I should then be *quite* right for heaven.'

"I said, 'Dear aged friend, if that is what your hope rests on, let me tell you, with all affection, you are as far from being saved as you possibly can be. Nothing but simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ can possibly save your soul.'

"The next week, on inquiring how he was, he replied, 'Oh, ma'am, I'm miserable; I hardly had a bit of sleep all the week. What you said about my not being in the way to heaven has made me wretched. Only to think that, after all these years, that I've been a trying to get to heaven, and then for me to be lost at last!' And the tears ran down his cheeks, when, in agony, he said, 'Oh, ma'am, if I ain't in the right way, do tell me how I can get in.' I told him, by the help of the Lord, I was going to speak to them about the 'new birth,' from John iii., and that Jesus was willing to save him before he left that room.

"I shall never forget the intense earnestness with which he listened to every word. At last he exclaimed, 'I see it! I see it all quite plain now. I've been trying to be right ever since I was confirmed, in 1816, and I've read the Bible through and through, but I never saw it as I do now. Oh, bless the Lord, He's opened my eyes at last; it's quite plain to me how I'm to be saved; it's because Jesus Christ died and suffered instead of me, and as He has fulfilled God's law, He can free me, and I'll ask Him, for you say if I will only call on Him, He'll be sure to do it.'

"He fell on his knees, and cried out, 'O Lord, please to save me; you said you would, if I'd come. I know I don't

deserve nothing but hell, but I am come for my sins to be washed away in the blood of Jesus;' and almost in the same breath he exclaimed, in such a joyful strain that brought tears to every eye, 'O Lord, I'm saved! I'm saved! my sins must all be put away, for I've done as you bid me; I've been asking to be saved, and you said you would, on no account, turn any body away. Oh dear, it's made me so happy already. Bless the Lord, bless the Lord! only to think that I've been living till I'm eighty-four, and never knew the way to be saved before.'

"I cannot tell you, dear Mrs. R., the thrill of joy that ran through our hearts as we heard this aged friend praising God for his great deliverance; we thought we must have caught a little of the joy there was among the angels above over this 'lost one being found.' Who would not magnify the grace of God, in saving, at the eleventh hour, this poor brother?

"His first concern, after he knew he was saved himself (for he did know it—he believed it simply because God said it) was about his poor wife, who was far more dull of understanding than himself, and could not read. He wanted to know if she could see it as he did, because he could not bear to think of going to heaven alone; but, poor creature, it was all midnight darkness to her.

"The next time we met, the poor old man looked so happy. He said 'Oh, ma'am, I cannot tell you how happy I've been all the week.' 'Yes,' said the old wife, 'I'm sure he has too, for he has been singing in the night about Jesus dying for him. I wish I was as happy as he.'

"The old man chimed in, 'I may well be happy when I know my dear Jesus shed his blood for me, and He's saved my soul; but oh, ma'am, do pray for my wife, and try to explain it to her, for I cannot go to heaven without her. I've been praying many times a day for her, and telling her, as well as I could, what you said, but I cannot make her understand it. What must be done? I cannot go to heaven without her.'

"Some days after, I went with the Bible-woman to see these dear friends. We took that promise in Matt. xviii. 19, to the Lord, and entreated Him to save the poor wife. That

morning He heard our cry, and before leaving we had reason fully to believe she too was resting on the rock, Christ Jesus.

"The joy of the old man was unbounded. He said, 'Oh, ma'am, I was an hour on my knees crying to God for this yesterday.'

"The ignorance of the poor wife was so great that it was a long time before we could at all make her understand the way of salvation. How we did bless God that the gospel was so very simple, that the weakest intellect might receive it; and though we felt her faith was but as a grain of mustard-seed, yet she was as safe as the promises of God could make her. It is now about a year and a half since these dear ones were brought into the fold; they have been rejoicing in Jesus ever since. It would gladden any Christian's heart to visit them. The old wife can tell you the reason why she is so happy is because Jesus died for her, and that his precious blood has washed away all her sins. The old man has been ill for some few months. It is a trouble to him he cannot get to our meetings, but he says he prays for us many times a-day, and he blesses the Lord for ever sending the dear Bible-woman to see them: he says she was the first who spoke to them of Jesus, and it was through her they were led to attend our little meeting, where his blind eyes were opened. 'Oh, ma'am, how can I ever praise God enough for ever sending that dear friend to our house? I should never have gone to heaven, for I did not know the way, and now I'm only waiting for my Jesus to take me home.'

"I have many similar cases of which I could tell you, of dear brothers and sisters who have been saved through this Mission, and have died blessing God that ever He had sent them a Bible-woman.

"May God raise up multitudes more Bible-women, and may He rouse up more professing Christians to think of their responsible position and how they can be at ease when multitudes are perishing for lack of knowledge.

"R."

And yet another friend writes:—

"Permit me to make a few remarks in reply to the question of 'lionizing the Bible-women.' From debility and suffering, I

am no longer able to take an active part in the Lord's vineyard, and often ask myself why the Lord leaves me still a cumberer of the ground. His answer is, 'Pray for those who are actively engaged;' and during my sleepless nights I am thus enabled to employ my time.

"The Bible-women occupy much of my thoughts. My very limited income ought to prevent my subscribing for the MISSING LINK MAGAZINE; yet I feel that the mind requires food for prayer and praise as much as the body sustenance. Therefore I delight in getting the monthly numbers, and I send them about as missionaries for the good work. An old captain living opposite gets it to read; a sick lady, nursing her dying child; an old woman often has sat by my fire, and listens to some account of a poor Irish woman, who, while she listens, wipes the tears from her eyes, saying, 'May the Lord bless those good women in all they are doing.' I have last year's numbers ready for a family to take on board the ship in which they sail in two months for New Zealand. They promise to lend them on board to the passengers, and also, when they reach the shore, to those they expect to meet. Thus you see that the Magazine, even in this one instance, is of use; and who can say how many more of its numbers are not equally doing some silent work, which may bring glory to the Saviour?

"So I hope, dear madam, you will not be induced to give it up. Surely no one would argue, that because *some* make a bad use of printing and writing, they should be disused. The objections you mention in the March number have also been made to me; and admitting that a few among the hundreds of Bible-women and ladies might feel elated, yet 'what are they among so many?' The Lord did not cast away the eleven disciples because there was a Judas. The apostles made honourable mention of the women who assisted them. If any one feels such thoughts arise, let them cast them away as suggestions of Satan, and let the Lord's work be magnified; for *it is His work*, and as such *must prosper*. And let nothing hinder you from working while your strength remains. 'God forbid that I should sin against the Lord, in ceasing to pray for you.' (1 Sam. xii. 23.)

"A. F."

“SWEEPED AWAY BY THE RAIL.”

FROM NOTES BY A PIONEER VISITOR.

MY DEAR MRS. R.,—I should like to introduce you to some of our poor friends in Agar Town, and relate to you a few of the incidents of a happy day spent among them, in visiting with our Bible-woman, who stays to the last by all that remains of the neighbourhood. She is, indeed, much beloved; and her gentle, prayerful ministry has resulted in great blessing.

It is difficult to find one's way amongst these relics of streets; all the bricks and mortar, and men too, seem absorbed in the immense railway station now fast rising up. You find rows of houses cut in two; in some places only bits of them left; one or two houses standing alone, still inhabited; many with the windows (six and seven panes) patched with brown paper; fit abodes for the gipsies, dust people, and costermongers, who still remain here as long as they can. It is actually proposed to carry a tunnel for the noisy trains under the quiet tombs of old St. Pancras' burying ground; even the dead must rest above the rushing tide of life. How thickly-populated is that grave-yard; and the great question concerning all the sleeping multitude is surely whether they rest in CHRIST as their Saviour, and whether their “life is hid with Christ in God.” The only place that stands undisturbed as yet is the T—— Arms, with its outside summer drinking-garden. It is said that when the temporary church stood near this house, the landlord bribed the men with beer to get it out of the way quickly; but *his* trade will vanish at last in its turn.

Being puzzled to find my way, I said to a woman, “Is this Agar Town?” “Ah, ma'am,” she replied, “it *used* to be; I don't know what it is now.” Even our clergyman and his lady say they have enough to do in their new church and house and congregation further on, and can no longer visit *us*. They are departed, after twelve years' labour. And Miss Agar, of Agar Town, who remembers its site in her childhood as a space of green fields, and who has known it all through its history, till it became the dwelling-place of more than three thousand people, she too is “swept away by the rail.” Being the first person interested in the spiritual and temporal wants of the people, she early saw the need of a Bible-woman, and offered to superintend one; so doing, until her own house and grounds disappeared in the general wreck. She has the joy of thinking that,

although the last flock of mothers is now scattering far and wide by these changes, they will carry to other places some of the seeds that shall spring up to everlasting life.

Having stayed a little in Mrs. T——'s neat, pleasant parlour, we set out, and came to a cottage where a poor old man was sitting by his fire, too great a sufferer, from rheumatic gout, to move from his chair, his joints much swollen, and all his limbs in pain; but he knew, he said, it was all in mercy; God afflicted him to bring him nearer to Himself. I read to him that beautiful tract, "Such a Saviour," which delighted him. "He is, indeed, a precious Saviour," he said; "I do trust in Him; I love to hear reading and prayer." We directed him to look for pardon simply to the blood of Christ, and to trust Him as "a little child," and seek Him in prayer himself, which he said he often did. "Ah!" he said, "I shall read that beautiful tract again directly you are gone, and my old woman will be so glad to read it too."

In the next house was a nice clean woman, busy washing; but God had lately taken her baby, and tears soon flowed when we spoke about his goodness; told her a poor mother in one of our meetings was, like her, weeping for her little one, and "would not be comforted," when the time came to repeat a text all round the class, and a rough, strong woman, sitting next to her, said, in a loud voice, "Jesus says, 'let the little ones come unto me.'" This happened to be the word for her, and led her to rejoice in Jesus, and to murmur no more about her dear lost one.

Then we called on the woman who so kindly brought Mrs. T. to that neighbour who died so happily, saying she saw the angels (see our January number, "By Night and by Day"). She said, "I shall never forget the *wonderful* faith and the *blessed* death of that neighbour, converted and saved, and rejoicing and dead, all within a week, *without a doubt* or a *fear*." I said, "Now, after seeing that, has it so strengthened *your* faith, that you can lean with perfect confidence on the Saviour?" "Well," she said, "I have not got nearly *up to her yet*, but I *do* believe in Him, and I *have* sought Him, and read his Word and prayed, more than I ever did before." Go on, then. "They that seek shall find;" "I will give them living water."

We then passed on to the cottage meeting. The room full of women, and some standing in the passage. All earnest to listen and hear what we had to tell them of Jesus and his love to sinners. The blessing of coming to Him *now*, "just as we are," and never

resting short of his forgiving love. They all seemed deeply moved.

The last visit was to an aged Gipsy woman. Her daughter, who was at the little meeting, led the way, carrying a large Bible, that we might read to her mother, now ninety years of age. The house was well protected by dogs; an old blind mastiff lay at the top of the stairs, and a very fierce dog at the bottom. However, the daughter drove them away, and got us up the old stairs; and in a bare room, with the window hung about with rags, to keep the draught out, we found our aged friend seated on the foot of her bed, close to the little fire; a cat beside her on the bed, and also a dog.

She had something superior in her manner and bearing. Her short but erect figure; her nice venerable face, and head with a clean shawl pinned over it; and her large, full eyes had not *quite* lost their brilliancy. She welcomed us very kindly, and seemed very fond of Mrs. T. We each sat down on an old box near her, and it was nice to see the pleasure of the daughter that we had come. The mother had gone into the workhouse, but this daughter and another were so unhappy till they got her out; they said they would keep her.

"Ah!" said she, "I used to be strong and could do anything. When my old man was alive we travelled up and down the country; but I can't travel now." "You would like soon to travel home to God, would you not?" "Oh, yes; I hope so. I love to hear about him, and to hear his Word read, though I can't read; but I could listen to it all day." I read to her John: "I am the good Shepherd," etc., and added, "You are one of those dear sheep that He loves so much, and seeks after them when they wander and sin; and if they will only turn and love Him, and believe in Him, and trust Him, He forgives them *all*, and says, 'They shall never perish;' 'I will give unto them eternal life.' Can you, dear old friend, believe in and trust Jesus?"

Clasping her hands earnestly together, she said, with *much expression*, "I *do* believe in Jesus; I *do* trust Him." "Then you are saved. He says so; *all* that believe in Him have life; and He cannot lie. He is God. And you're not afraid to die?" "Oh, no," she said, "I am not." After prayer with her, she seized my hands in hers, and exclaiming, "God Almighty bless you and keep you, and all the Bible-women." May He answer the aged Gipsy's prayer!

Some curiosity has been expressed to learn how Agar Town first sprang into existence; the same tale may now be told of more than one such suburb of London.

The first houses were commenced in 1841. Each tenant was allowed to choose his own style of building, provided no room was smaller than ten foot by twelve, or less than eight feet in height. A garden of considerable extent at the back, and a smaller one in front, made these residences most desirable, and the land was at once taken by small shopkeepers, that their families might have the advantages of pure air, within an easy distance of their own business.

But in December 1843, and January 1844, NEW OXFORD STREET had been built as a commencement to the improvements of St. Giles's; and a mass of the poorest inhabitants were deprived of their homes, and sought refuge in Agar Town. Willing tenants were found happy to rent a single room at 2s. 6d. a week, and the advantages of such high rents, induced the first inhabitants to underlet their own houses and build others on speculation.

In April, 1847, the temporary church was finished, in the hope the poorest classes might attend its simple service, as they objected to the well-dressed congregations of the neighbouring churches. A Sunday and boys' School, and Scripture-reader, gradually but surely began to induce the late inhabitants of St. Giles's to respect the Sabbath and its services.

But in 1850, the commencement of the terminus for the Great Northern Railway, destroyed the dwellings of numbers of the poor, who were yet obliged to keep near to their former habitations on account of their work, whilst employed on the new buildings of the railway. A fresh influx of bricklayers, plasterers, etc., poured into Agar Town, until the population numbered 5000 souls. It is especially amongst these that the Bible-woman has in later years been so greatly needed, and has so effectually worked. A school, church, and a permanent church, were built in turns, and both have been levelled to the ground, to make room for the works of the Midland Railway.

AGAR-TOWN DISTRICT OF BIBLE AND DOMESTIC FEMALE MISSION.

BEGUN IN 1860, AND HAS BEEN AT WORK FOUR YEARS.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.
By special donations	21	11	0	Salaries	143	2	4
From General Fund	120	17	8	Rent	33	19	0
By Bibles	45	8	0	Expenses	12	2	5
By people's payments	110	14	0	Clothing	87	17	8
				Beds	16	14	6
				Aid and loan	4	14	9
	<u>£298</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>8</u>		<u>£298</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>8</u>

IS THE MONEY WASTED?

"It is waste of money and waste of time to send Bible-women into districts where other Christian agents are at work."

This objection has been so frequently advanced against the labours of our honoured Bible-women, that an examination into its *value* may neither be "waste of time nor waste of money." Let us take a district worked by various Pastors, their Curates, or Aids, a City Missionary, Scripture-readers, and staff of Lady District Visitors. The superficial observer will probably say, "Surely there is no want of a Bible-woman when the machinery is so complete?" We will enter into no argument or comparison concerning classes of workers, but merely state what daily experience proves.

The Bible-woman, because she begins with presenting the message from God in his own book, and because she is a *woman*, and a *poor* woman, has in *every* district a special field of usefulness. Let us follow her for a few hours in her district. With the book in her hand, which her first care is to supply to every family or individual, by calling for their weekly pence, she knocks at a door and is told to "Come in." She finds that a poor, weary mother has increased her family, that her husband has gone to his daily toil, that the only nurses are a few noisy children, who prevent her getting the rest so much needed to recruit her strength. The gentle tones of the Bible-woman's voice hush these clamorous ones. Such of them as have played truant because "Mother's in bed," she makes tidy and sends off to school. The fire needs her willing hand, to supply the necessary fuel to make the "cup of tea," or basin of gruel, for the invalid. After other little necessary acts of kindness, she urges the poor mother to compose herself to sleep for an hour without fearing that the little ones may set themselves on fire, or pull down the pan of water. The *kind* Bible-woman, who has won the affection of the children, sits beside them, tells them "Mother is very bad, and wants to sleep, and if they will be still she will make them some pretty things." With scissors and paper the wondrous dolls, horses, and cows are manufactured. The poor mother in the meantime has had a *quiet*

hour, and what mother, be her position what it may, does not know the *value* of that *quiet hour*. This is not all; the *first* object of the visit has not been accomplished; the message has not been delivered. She asks if she may now read a few verses to her. The kind act just experienced, and the hour's repose, incline this woman to listen to what she before might have only called "cant talk." This reading is followed by a simple prayer that the Spirit may water his own seed, and restore the mother to usefulness in her family, and make her care for their souls. This is succeeded by a warm grasp of the hand, and a hearty "thank you" from that mother, and *she* will not say, "*It is waste of money and waste of time to send Bible-women into districts where other Christian agents are at work.*" We need scarcely add, that *every* district furnishes many such cases, and many other precious opportunities of sowing the seed in hearts which are burdened with the cares and toils of this life when in health.

"Phoebe," perhaps, then calls at many houses, and comes to another room, in which are a Christian woman who cannot totter from her seat for age, and her widowed daughter, who with hands crippled from rheumatism, is struggling to earn a few pence, by driving the "everlasting needle," to support her aged mother, herself, and a daughter of her own, who is afflicted with epilepsy. One more daughter she has, a girl of seventeen, who has worked early and late to contribute to the maintenance of this *poor* but *decent* family. Hard work has told upon her youthful constitution, and she lies prostrated by the bursting of a blood-vessel in her lungs, and has to be "sat up with" during the night. The quick eye of the Bible-woman discovers the scanty stock of coals, and the comfort a "night light" would be in the darkened room. Out of her *own* little store she procures the boon, and draws from this family not only "many thanks," but heartfelt expressions of gratitude to their Heavenly Father for sending her to *feel* for them. Further help as needed will come from her lady.

She passes on to another room occupied by another aged woman and her daughter, the latter supporting herself and mother by laundry work. Hard labour and scanty supplies

have laid the "bread winner" upon a bed of sickness. Her only attendant is her mother, feeble and childish with age, increased by sitting up *fourteen* nights and days "to watch her child." Great was the joy when the Bible-woman showed her happy face in that room of distress. The patient required little in a burning fever, but the poor old woman had been many hours without even the "cup of tea." Speedy help was given, the bed changed, the ashes that had risen up to the bars removed, and the room "set to rights." At *midnight* "Phœbe" might be seen on her way to that dwelling with hot tea and toast to refresh and comfort the kind "sitter up." During her daily visits she has had constant opportunities of cheering that sad room with the words of her Master, and of seeing those hearts filled with gratitude to Him who had "neither left nor forsaken them."

As this useful servant of the Lord passes from room to room collecting the pence for Bibles, the true "Educators of the people," her attention is arrested by a miserable, scared-looking form peeping out of a half-opened door. The kind "How do you do?" of the Bible-woman, induces her to open her door a little wider, and to say, "Will you come in?" The woman with whom this wretched *outcast* lodges has gone out, and she feels this an opportunity not to be lost of telling how weary she is in the way of her vices. The twinkle of her eye and the quiver of her lips are not unread by the Bible-woman, as she speaks to her of Him who came "not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." The *early* lessons of a pious mother had not been drained from her heart; her sin had found her out, and she pours her sad, sad tale into the ear of one of her *own sex* who *can feel* for the *fallen*. She is pointed to Him who "came to seek and to save the *lost*," and is assured that He will *not* cast *her* out. Her case is laid before the Lord; the ice-bound heart is thawed; with convulsive sobs she exclaims, "Thank God *I am cared for*." A copy of "The Sinner's Friend" is left with her, and ere long she is placed at honest labour, and with this new opportunity of rising above the depths of her degradation, through the affectionate efforts of the Bible-woman, she also rises in *newness* of

life. It is well known that this class is not a *small* one in *every* district, and who but a *woman* should hear their history?

As Phœbe descends that staircase, a woman calls her in to speak to her, as something has told her "she is a *woman* as can *feel* for her." She bitterly complains of her "hard lot," the brutal treatment of her husband, and the "awfullest children that ever a poor woman had." The practised eye of the Bible-woman soon discerns the *drunkard's* home. With judicious remarks she shows how her "hard lot" is, in part, if not altogether, self-imposed. She invites her to the Mothers' Meeting, where she may have the company and sympathy of others treading the rough road of life, and where, by the payment of a few weekly pence, she may have their tattered garments replaced by comfortable clothing. Many such have been persuaded to attend these meetings, and their pence thus rescued from gin and beer, have procured their families clothing, bedding, and other comforts. The hour's reading at these meetings has been blessed in numerous instances to the mother, husband, and family. Our mission can look upon hundreds of families *now* in comfort, who regularly attend God's house, and pursue their daily toil with changed hearts and mind. The *usefulness* of Mothers' Meetings will only be known when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed; and to induce women to attend these meetings, where the voice of God is to be heard in the *simple* teaching of His Word, is no small part of a Bible-woman's work. Ah, the thousands of mothers assembled at our 200 Mothers' Meetings held weekly in this mighty city and elsewhere will not say, "*It is waste of money and time to send Bible-women into districts where other Christian agents are at work.*"

A young man, a lodger in one of these rooms, accosts the Bible-woman, and tells her he is going to have "a jolly time" on Christmas-day, for which he is "saving up." Phœbe's eye is kept upon *that* young man. A few evenings after, she enters the room to read to his landlady; she observes his attention, and after some observations, she says to him, "The weather is very cold and wet; you want a pair of new clogs (strong boots) to keep your feet warm and dry." He looks at his feet and says, "I think I do." "Well, then, why not buy

a pair with your money you have 'saved up?' How much wiser it is to put clogs upon your *own* feet, than on the publicans' feet." This was a *new idea* in his mind. The clogs were purchased, and that drunken spree frustrated. The young man has since paid part of his weekly wages into the Mothers' Meeting, for clothing, to go respectably dressed to church.

Once more we see Phœbe on her way to the house she loveth, with a little girl by the hand, whose affection she has won during her visits to her infidel parents. This child requested to go to church with her, as she "would like to *see a church*." The parents not opposing, she starts off under Phœbe's care. All is new to the little girl, who on her return spake with childish liveliness of what she had heard and seen, begging her parents "only to go to that nice place." They have not yet yielded to the importunities of their child, but a subdued feeling is manifested, tracts are read, and they show a readiness to listen to "the Truth."

Cases might be multiplied, to show that a *Bible-woman* has a *work* to do in *every* district. These are evil days, perilous days, the latter days, when the time is emphatically short. Let not God's people con over *their rights*. "Educate the poor," is the cry of the day. Let *all* welcome those workers into their districts, whose aim is to elevate the poor from the depths of misery, to the heights of enduring happiness.

The true mission of all good women is with the Bible; to introduce *that* should be their first errand, and a thousand doors will then open for them to carry the blessings of civilization to poor women, in a way that poor women only can.—M. S.

THE WHITECHAPEL TEA-PARTY.

REPORT BY ONE OF OUR PIONEERS.

DEAR MRS. R.—I went down to Whitechapel, and arrived at the St. Jude's Schools just as our large party, upwards of eighty mothers, were comfortably seated round two very long tables abundantly supplied with cake, bread and butter, tea, and all requisites, looking so clean and nice, some with "Mission babies" in their arms, and all so bright and smiling. Some had "never seen such a beautiful tea before;" others said, "How kind of ladies to sit

amongst us, and talk to us. Ladies didn't use to care for the poor as they do now, since these Mothers' Meetings and good Bible-women came amongst us. We love our Bible-women; what should we do without them now?"

About ten Jewesses were present, some earnestly seeking Jesus. All Mrs. S——'s women seemed so pleased to see me again, though I had only once taken that meeting, and said they had never forgotten the story of the "Good Shepherd" and *his* sheep and lambs, would I come and tell it them again?

The clergyman and his lady, with the superintending ladies, were present. The room was beautifully ornamented with wreaths of evergreens and banners; such as—

"It is not the will of our heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish."

Another, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe."

"He that believeth in me shall never perish," etc.

Also, "God bless our Queen," "God bless the Prince and Princess of Wales," etc. We sang the usual grace, and after a prolonged and much-enjoyed tea, all was quickly cleared, and the incumbent, Mr. Strickland, addressed the mothers somewhat to this effect:—That he was delighted to meet these eighty or more Whitechapel mothers, the fruits of two successful Mothers' Meetings, gathered together by the joint labours of the Ladies and Bible-women; he told them what honour God had put upon them as women and as mothers—that the husband was very much what the wife made him, and that the mother had the forming of the future character and principles of her child; how she could, if a Christian, train it for God and usefulness; therefore women had the future prosperity of the nation very much in their power, for as they trained the child, such would be the man. "How responsible, then," he said, "you eighty Whitechapel mothers; supposing you each on an average have four children and a husband, what a multitude you represent; what a responsibility! What sort of mothers ought you to be? Every family is a little kingdom, the King, the Queen, the children, the laws to govern them and rule them. It is only from the Bible you can learn for time and for eternity. It tells you how to fulfil the duties of life. So now you see the value of this Institution, which is called THE BIBLE AND DOMESTIC FEMALE MISSION—the Bible the only guide for time and eternity, the only rule for domestic peace and well-being. I am sure I am very much obliged to the "Parent Society," and I know every mother joins me in this thankfulness—for extend-

ing a branch into Whitechapel, and giving us two good Bible-women to work through the length and breadth of the district. Now some husbands used to dislike Mothers' Meetings, and said the wives just went to pick holes in them. "Nay," said I to one man, "it is just the contrary, they are always mending holes." "Well, then, that will do," he answered. One man had a great dislike to his wife going, but by saving her pence and working hard at the meetings, one day she came home exultingly, and presented him with a well-made new shirt. "Well, my old woman," said he, "that is something! I'll never hinder your going to them meetings no more, and if any day she remained at home he would say, "What, *not* going to the meeting? I think you had better go."

Another man said, "It's a treat to put a clean shirt on now. Never no buttons wanting, and button-holes up to the mark! and always clean house, tea ready, smiling children, good-tempered wife." Such is a Christian wife and mother, who has learnt what the Bible teaches her at the Mothers' Meetings. Mr. S—— went on to urge them to come to church, for he would rather see one of *them* come in than Queen Victoria, though perhaps they might not believe him; but he did wish them to go on from mission-room teaching to the service of the house of God, and thus all prosperity was desired for the "Bible and Domestic Female Mission."

LOST, LOST, LOST, TO US!

OUR LOSS THEIR GAIN.

MOST often we try to include both HOME and FOREIGN articles, but we have frequently now to meet in sympathy around new-made graves. We cannot pass unnoticed the death of faithful workers, and grief for such is calculated to bring together in feeling mourners in distant lands. Will any like to follow a BIBLE-WOMAN in the last last day of her useful life in the mission at Camden Town?

Mary Anne Marshall was little known (says her superintendent) beyond her own humble sphere, but greatly respected in it, and deeply regretted in passing away from it. Quiet and unobtrusive as she was, the poor knew her, and many of our mothers bless God they ever met with her." "I took to her," says one, "from the first." "I and my husband feel as if we had lost our mother," adds a second. (This husband is in consumption, and I only

heard at our last meeting, since her death, how, from her own pittance, Marshall had often spared him a portion, besides lovingly leading him to Christ.) "We shall never have another Mrs. Marshall," is now the cry of those she served.

The last Bible-work she did was on the very day before her death, on the 16th January. She asked in the Mission-room, "Who will begin the year with subscribing for a Bible?" One or two promised her, and she also sold a fourpenny Testament. The women noticed that she seemed more happy and kindly even than usual.

The next morning passed in the fulfilment of her usual duties, and in the afternoon she walked some distance to take tea with a Christian friend, returning early to send a nurse, whose services were needed. She stayed at King's Cross Chapel on her way home, and thus spent her last evening on earth in the public worship of God. She took the omnibus to reach home, a little after eight o'clock, and getting out of it, found herself ill, and scarcely able to walk. A friend passed by and supported her to her room.

She was laid on her bed, and assistance sent for, but death had struck his dart. "I am very ill, I have done my work, I am dying," she said to her sister. "Oh, Jesus! pray, Jesus! pray, Jesus!" and with that loved name on her lips, her voice was hushed for ever. It was apoplexy; unconsciousness followed. Her beloved Lady was sent for, but only to see her passing through the valley, and entering, as she knew, the mansions of everlasting love. A four years' intimacy of Christian work had never been broken by an unkind word. This dear Bible-woman had given herself to God as a child in a Sunday school, and from her youth upwards had had work given her to do. She had been a comforter of many in their dying hours; and when she was carried to the grave, how many were the tears that they should see her face no more!

CAMDEN-TOWN DISTRICT.

WAS BEGUN IN 1859, AND HAS WORKED FIVE YEARS.

RECEIPTS.	£ s. d.	EXPENDITURE.	£ s. d.
By donations	48 17 9	Salaries	128 16 0
From General Fund . . .	127 12 2	Rent	41 4 7
By Bibles	31 19 10	Expenses	17 13 2
By people's payments . .	124 11 0	Clothing	126 1 9
		Beds	12 0 6
		Soup	3 10 2
		Aid and loan	3 14 7
	<u>£333 0 9</u>		<u>£333 0 9</u>

“ Before they rest, they pass through the strife,
One by one—
Through the waters of death they enter life,
One by one.
To some the floods of the river are still
As they ford their way to the heavenly hill ;
To others the waves run fiercely and wild—
Yet all reach the home of the undefiled,
One by one.”

And a dear SUPERINTENDENT has followed a Bible-woman, to whom, in the wisdom of Him who never errs, fourteen wearisome months were appointed to precede the entrance to the kingdom, after an active, loving life devoted to the service of others.

The perishing poor of Newport Market District had, for many years, looked up to Mrs. Fletcher, as one who cared both for their souls and bodies. Love to Christ was her actuating motive, and to bring sinners to love Him her life's employ. As soon as she heard of the first “missing link” in St. Giles's, she longed to have a Bible-woman also. The first Mothers' Meeting she called together in June, 1859 ; and to the last week of her life she manifested the greatest interest in those mothers, and loved to know from an affectionate co-helper all the details of the district. Her last message to them was as follows :—“Tell them to love Jesus, to seek Jesus, to trust Jesus. He alone can save them. What could I do without Him now?”

Her own experience throughout her illness was not of the bright and glowing description which might perhaps have been expected from her very cheerful piety, and long and manifest devotedness to the service of God. But this had partly a physical cause ; a racking cough had always to be kept in check by anodynes, which often produced a reaction of morbid depression ; so that she once said she had not the joy of knowing that she had personally been the means of the saving conversion even of one soul. Yet how surely was it testified that many a soul has been saved through other instruments of good raised up in her neighbourhood, who would never have worked there but for the earnest and self-denying exertions of our deceased friend. Since her death, one at least has borne very interesting testimony to a blessed influence upon her, and it comes from a person over whose case Mrs. Fletcher had, for many months, wept and prayed. She had been the child of pious parents, but for years had been sinning against light and conscience in following the occupation of a Fortune-teller ; and from the wicked dealings with

her cards she earned the money she spent in drink. When brought to see her guilt, and even to confess it, she had occasioned much anxiety by partial return, in hours of temptation, to her bad ways. At such times of backsliding she would be missed from the mission-room. Many a letter has been penned to her by the hand that now lies still in death, which would draw forth such answers as the following:—

“DEAR MADAM,—At present I am weak; I cannot bear the jeers and remarks of those around me. Oh, how I wish to be with you to-day! But take no notice of me, for it may draw on me more remarks and insults. Only pray for me.—Yours respectfully, M.”

Many were the devices of this dear Superintendent to secure for this awakened one the means of an honest livelihood, and to stock a little shop for her. However patience might be exhausted with backslidings, interest never abated; and for many months past this individual may be spoken favourably of, in all respects, though her pecuniary circumstances are still low indeed, and her health seems to suffer at present from her change to temperate habits. During all the hard weather of this winter, she has attended both Mothers’ Meeting and Bible-class regularly; and a few days after Mrs. Fletcher’s death, she placed in the hand of her fellow-labourer the following note:—

“DEAR MADAM,—You are next to her that is gone in my gratitude and love. Accept these poor verses as an unworthy effort to show how deeply I feel all that she was to me.

“Dear, departed, and ever-kind friend,
Could thy spirit now hear my poor voice,
Thou wouldst know that by thee the message was sent,
That told me to hope and rejoice.

“Can I ever forget that dear sunny smile
That dried up the penitent tear,
And with news of much comfort my sorrow beguiled,
And told me a Saviour was near.

“In the words of that Saviour you bade me to go,
Though burdened with sin and alone;
‘I will not condemn her,’ was said to the foe—
Let the guiltless now cast the first stone.

“Dear spirit, ah! sure you’re permitted to see,
And to you the blest knowledge is given,
That others as vile and as hopeless as me,
Through thy efforts may meet thee in heaven.”

The brother of this person, seeing the improvement in his sister's deportment, soon expressed himself in the most grateful terms, and promised to come to the Mission-room; but, as proved by his own statements afterwards, *not* because he honoured the truths there taught, for he was a scoffer, and had no inclination to change his course. His first attendance, however, put a check upon his tongue, and he could no longer blaspheme. Now he has become truly converted, attends our Fathers' Class, when business permits; and though much tried as regards this world's concerns, he is rejoicing in Jesus as his Saviour.

By such facts as these does our dear Friend, though dead, yet speak amongst us.

NEWPORT-MARKET DISTRICT.

BEGUN IN 1859, AND HAS WORKED FIVE YEARS.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.
By Donations	156	0	7	Salaries	166	0	10
From General Fund	205	9	7	Rent	96	7	4
By Bibles	21	6	6	Expenses	47	11	0
By people's payments	261	3	0	Clothing	178	3	8
				Beds	11	15	3
				Soups	6	6	10
				Aid and Loan	137	14	9
	<u>£643</u>	<u>19</u>	<u>8</u>		<u>£643</u>	<u>19</u>	<u>8</u>

In the midst of her usefulness, when planning fresh means to bring glory to Him, and in the very prime of life, God has seen fit to call his faithful servant to Himself. Her work was done; and released from the suffering body, her notes of praise are surely now rising high and clear among the ransomed round the throne.

"They are gathering homeward from every land

One by one,

As their weary feet touch the shining strand

One by one.

Their brows are encased in a golden crown,

Their travel-stained garments are all laid down,

And clothed in white raiment, they rest on the mead,

Where the Lamb loveth his chosen to lead,

One by one."

THE "LOST" AND THE "FOUND."

"If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost."—2 Cor, iv. 3.

THROUGH the continued reports of our Bible-women and their Ladies, we are enabled to realize what is from time to time passing in their many lowly Mission-rooms; and they love to tell us of the triumphs of the word of God when the message they bear has been accepted, and has carried sunshine into dreary homes, and gathered the heirs of salvation out of masses of misery and poverty. However feebly struck, this note is the first note of the "New Song" of the Lamb, hereafter to be harped by all the choirs of heaven; but sometimes, aye oftentimes, a wail of sorrow speaks of the hardness of heart of those who will *not* listen to the voice of the Redeemer of the world.

In a district not far from Belgravia, there lately lived a poor man who led a very bad life. There are few streets composed of poor houses in which a flaring gin-shop does not lie "like a gate of hell," to use the expression of a Bible-woman, to tempt the weak and idle to enter in to their destruction. Into one of these in his street (we will not give its name), this poor wretched sinner turned perpetually, to drown the memory of his guilt and cares. Very often the Lord sent His servants to warn him and to entreat him to repent of his wickedness; but alas! he loved his sins, and would not have Christ Jesus to reign over him. "I have spoken to him," says the Bible-woman of his district, "till the tears have run down his face; and he said, 'I will turn, and try and live better;' but, alas! he never asked of God for grace and strength; and often, as soon as I have left him, the devil has come and rooted up the good seed, and he has been found an hour afterwards drinking at the bar of that public-house.

"One of our dear mothers often warned him, and tried to win him to better ways, and she so far succeeded in her efforts as once to get him to our prayer-meeting, and there I saw him weep for his sins; but he went on sinning against light and knowledge, and it is a shame even to mention the depths of wickedness into which he fell again and again.

"I met him one morning, and he said he had been warned in

a dream that he was soon to die, and that 'it was time to repent and prepare, and that he must begin at once, for the devils were waiting for him.' He said it was such a dreadful dream, that he could never go to sleep again in that room. I pressed home the warning, and entreated him to consider the *love* that had sent him that dream, and I begged him never again to enter the doors of that gin-palace; but he said he must try to forget his misery; and at once he began to drink again, and drank for two weeks very hard, caring for nothing that could be said to him.

"At last he became so ill that the publican had him carried to the hospital. The doctor said, 'It is only the drink; take him home, and put him to bed;' which was done, but in that bed he could not rest or stay; he dragged himself up again, and went once more to the public-house, and walked up and down outside; his eyes rolled, and his looks were frightful. Again he entered the house, and asked for a piece of bread, but the landlady said, 'You shall have something better than that,' and went to fetch brandy. While she was gone, there were three or four women in the tap-room with him. One of them had often been to our meetings; to her he said, 'Oh, look at the devils; look at them, the devils! Oh!' And then his tongue came out of his mouth, his eyes started, and, with a look of intense terror, he fell on one side, and breathed no more.

"The landlady brought the brandy, and seeing him dead, fell down in a fit, and was very ill for days. Not long before, I had been urging her to give up the house, and turn to Christ, but she said 'she could not.' I had asked her, 'What will it profit you, if you gain the whole world, and lose your own soul?' and I said, '*You will not go alone to hell.*' She said, 'I don't mean to go there;' but I answered, 'You are on the road, and are leading others with you. Pray, pray, give up this house.' Then she went in at her door, and left me; and, alas! one soon did pass that way to hell, as far as we may sadly see; for 'he that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.'

"I believe," says the Bible-woman, "this very dreadful death has been the means of good to several of the people. They are afraid to drink so much; and one man and his wife have been

teetotallers ever since, and are often seen at the house of God. I do pray that we may never have another death like this in the district; and that all who have heard, and all who may hear of it, may take warning. We have had many persons happy on their dying beds, and leaving a bright testimony behind them that they are gone to be with Jesus."

THE FOUND.

"This thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."—
Luke xv. 32.

If the loss of a soul by its own infatuation is a sermon to a street, there is also many a sinner converted from the error of his way, whose life, past and present, is a sermon also. We have several Bible-women in the neighbourhood of St. George's in the East who are sharing vigorously in the work which God is causing to be done among the poorer classes there. Some notes kept by one or two of these have of late been peculiarly interesting, and a City Missionary of the district voluntarily came to tell us that he thought the blessing of God upon our Mission was abundantly proved in the case now recorded.

Our friend, the Bible-woman, says:—

"While canvassing for Bible subscribers, in November, 1862, I was led into C—— Street. When I came to No. 7, there were five poor outcast girls with nine sailors at the door. I held out my precious Bible to them, asking them each to pay for one for themselves. They laughed aloud, saying, 'They neither wanted me nor my Bible.' I answered, 'You will want it before you die,' and passed on.

"I often went by that house afterwards, and knew it to be the terror of the street; yet every time I passed the door, my soul yearned after the conversion of the man and woman who kept it. I had come to live there myself, four doors from them, and the man was a great nuisance; he used to stalk up and down often with a broken poker in his hand, and was proud of showing his waistcoat pockets full of ill-gotten gold. He took delight with the sailors of his lodging-house in creating noisy

brawls in the street, and rejoiced to insult and distress me, *because I was a Bible-woman*, with his horrid language and taunts, under the windows of the Mission-room.

"Then I thought I would tell the Lord about it, for I had no rest for him by day or night; and I put the name down on my list of petitions to be spread before the Lord, and entreated Him in His great mercy to open to me the door of that very house with my Bible, that I might deliver His message *there*.

"I began thus to pray on the 23rd of October, 1863, and ceased not in secret to put up the prayer. That day twelve months, one Sunday night, in 1864, the poor woman, who was the head and leader of everything wrong in that house, came out into the street, and looked up (as she said afterwards) at my windows, but it was so late at night, she felt ashamed to knock,—knowing also how they had both behaved to me; so she went away. About two o'clock next day, a poor Roman Catholic mother, who attends my class, came and entreated me, if I could, to go and see the poor man of that house, who seemed to be dying. 'Come, and bring your book; they won't hurt you now,' she said. So I had the answer to my prayer.

"I found the poor man stretched on his bed, with a countenance full of blank despair and dread. He said, 'I was afraid you would not come to one so bad as I am.'

"I answered, 'Jesus came into the world "to seek and to save that which was lost," and as I love Jesus, I must do the same. I must seek to lead you to that Saviour, Jesus.'

"He was, to all appearance, in the agonies of death; the poor woman who passed for his wife was pouring hot water from the tea-kettle, and without lifting up her face, for shame, she asked me, 'Is it not written somewhere in your book that a sinner can be saved in the ninth hour?'

"'It is written,' I said, 'that even at the eleventh hour God called some into His vineyard; but it is a sad thing to put off being saved to such a time, and to very many the hour of salvation never comes; for when they would repent, it is *too late*,—they are cut down in a moment.'

"The palpitation of the poor man's heart at this time was terrible, and he could not speak a word; but at last, when it

ceased a little, he cried out, 'Oh, what shall I do? I am such a sinner! I *shall* be lost! I can see nothing but black clouds and dark figures rising up before me! It is all misery, misery, misery! Lost! I shall be lost! Is there any hope for me? I am a dreadful, daring backslider.'

"I answered, turning to the 5th of Romans, 'Here is your hope, "Christ died for the ungodly." While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Then (1 John i. 9), "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." He is,' I added, 'such a Saviour, that He is more willing to receive you than you are ready to come to Him. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; and by His stripes we are healed."'

"He burst into tears. At once God owned His own word, for it sank into and penetrated this hard man's heart. Then I prayed with him, and left, saying I would soon call again. He continued constantly anxious for pardon, and often sent for me, crying out, 'Oh, what shall I do to be saved?' I could simply answer as before, 'Believe! only "believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou *shalt* be saved"' (Acts xvi. 31), by His precious blood alone.

"Jesus, it is Jesus only,
Can do helpless sinners good."

"I was then sent for to read and pray with him just before he went into the hospital, for he had locked-jaw, and it was thought that every day would be his last. I stopped with him till the cab took him away. At five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, a cabman came from the hospital to fetch me to him again, as he was thought to be dying. As well as he was able, he bade them fetch me; they wanted to fetch the clergyman, but he said, 'No; fetch, quick, her that has told me all, and led me to Jesus.' When I had stepped into the cab, one of the poor mothers handed me my Bible, and said, 'He says, "Bring your book."' All the people, even the cabman, looked very solemn, for that house had been the terror of the street.

"When I reached the hospital, I found him neither able to sit nor to lie, and nearly suffocated, but he said, 'Read! read!' so I chose that lovely portion, the ciii. Psalm, 'Who forgiveth

all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases.' He told me to turn to the people, and read to and warn them. Besides the sick around us, there were his friends who had brought him to the hospital. All were silent, and listened. He said, 'The devil does not trouble me now ; I feel safe while you are here.' I told him again to look only to Jesus.

'None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.'

"After a few more words of consolation, which the Spirit of God gave me, to the poor dying ones stretched on their different beds in the ward, I left, with the full permission of the porter to come again whenever I wished it."

To this interview succeeded many others, and at last our friend was able to say, "If ever there was a brand plucked from the burning, it is this man." In endeavouring to give the details of the case, the quiet little woman, whom no human judgment would have selected for such a Mission, now writes of him as follows, and the case has been attested by numerous investigations :—

"Poor O—— is now at home again, and seems fast hastening to his home above. As I enter the house, once the pest of the street, I find it turned into a house of prayer. I see the lion changed into the lamb. Once he had such a fierce, downcast look,—now there is nothing but meekness and patience ; and, as far as his strength will permit, he speaks to all who come in, telling them what the Lord has done for him. Yesterday he said, 'If the Lord had not heard my cry for mercy, I should now have been in hell ten weeks ; but He *did* hear, and He *has* redeemed me, through His precious blood, and I cannot go wrong, for Jesus is always looking at me ;—and oh, it is such a look !' And he is often found crying over his Bible like a child. He tells me he had a praying mother, and was himself a Sunday-school teacher until he was sixteen years of age, and had even led his brother into the right way, who had remained steadfast, while the elder had fallen into the depths of sin."

The report continues—

"Week after week, with two or three of the Bible-women, my friends, I have watched and prayed and read with this man.

Very long he seemed at the point of death. Meanwhile his poor companion began to see that the word of God was also sent to her. She could read, which the man could not; and as the house was now cleared of all its bad inmates—never again to receive them—although all their present subsistence thus departed—he has kept her constantly reading to him, always, however, preferring the Bible-woman's reading if he could. Sometimes he would say, 'It is good to hear *you*, because you go on at it. She stops so, poor thing.' Then the woman answered, 'I cannot tell how to get along; what I read knocks me right down, for it shows me all my sins.' Sometimes he will call out, 'Sing for me! praise the Lord for me! When you are on a bed of affliction, think of me. I tell you, I feel the Lord is training me; He is teaching me; He tells me secrets; He talks to me in the night; He gives me patience; He comforts me; He makes me resigned to His will. When you come to die, He will do all this for you. When I am gone, tell every one what I was, what I am, what the Lord has done for me; tell all you know—it will do good. He has saved poor me—I know He will save others. I hope we shall meet in heaven.' And again he said, 'Do not lose sight of poor Harriet. She was a great swearer, but now she has given it all up.' One day, when taking some meat for the cat, a strange cat seized it from her, and scratched her hand. She forgot she had promised the Lord never to swear again; and when the poor man heard it, he shed tears for nearly an hour. The woman was so shocked at herself, that she took no dinner or tea that day.

"Again I was sent for. I went, and found him propped up, warning and beseeching five sailors to turn from their evil ways before it was too late. Then he looked at me. He said, 'Tell them about Jesus.' I turned at once to the 3rd of John, and read it, and entreated them to give their whole hearts to God. They promised they would. Truly we had a precious time, for the Lord was there to bless us.

"The poor woman has had a most interesting letter from her friends. For nine years they have lost sight of her. To them indeed she is now 'the dead alive, the lost one found.' Her poor father beseeches her to let him see her once more, and tells her where she may find all her friends.

“She said to me, ‘It takes a long while to repent, when I have been so bad.’ I told her ‘if she took a long while to come to Jesus, it was not so with Him, for God was waiting, Jesus was ready and willing to meet and receive the returning sinner. God forgives like a God.’”

And now it seems, though health and strength can scarcely return to this poor man, yet that he will live a while to praise the Lord. He is considerably recovered; is married to Harriet, who, in the midst of her sin, had been truly attached to him; and though they have, since their conversion, known the depths of poverty, they gladly prefer it to their former gains.

Our Mission has helped him a little, and one or two respectable lodgers have taken the place of the depraved. He will soon, we hope, be able to go into a better house, and let to respectable persons; and in that house, on the lower floor, will be found (D.V.) our Bible and Domestic Mission-room.

We cannot but be thankful that they deeply feel themselves to have been “such vile sinners.” The husband now often gets the wife down upon her knees, telling her to keep on saying “Lord, help! Lord, help!” Both of them are now so very grateful for what has been done for them. They have evinced it since the Bible-woman herself has been ill, often coming to see her, and trying to bring *her* comforting messages from the word of God. Mr. O. desires when she returns from her rest in the country to help her visit some of the sick, he says he will gladly help the Bible Mission in every way he can; he would like to collect sailors that the Bible-women may read to them God’s Word. And he will now have no trashy papers about his house.

His great desire is that he may bring some to Christ. He has been able to go down to the docks again; and instead of enticing men to evil, he goes now to tell them of the love of his Lord and Saviour, and some who have known him of old are listening. “I had almost tasted death,” he says, “and felt the horrors of its sting. Then I ‘cried unto the Lord, and He heard me,’ and by His help I will serve Him all the days of my life.” Here are truly “brands plucked from the burning.” “To God be all the glory.”

FINANCIAL SUPPLIES

Received for the Dormitories this month, £74 1s.; for the Mission, April, 1864, £60 9s. 5d.; April, 1865, £915 8s. 3d.

WHEN expenses are exceeding receipts, economy requires to be more carefully studied. To each of our own Lady workers a copy of every number of the *Missing Link Magazine* is presented this year, in order that it may be read by herself, and lent, if she pleases, in channels likely to promote the increase of Funds for her own district, and for the further purpose of affording hints in the form of narrative which may conduce to improvement in the plans or habits at present adopted.

There is one point which deserves distinct mention. In almost every Mission, among the Incidental Expenses something is set down for cleaning the Mission-room after the classes. If it is a large room, it has large windows, and they must be cleaned too; a shilling, eighteenpence, even two shillings sometimes goes out in this way weekly, for *clean* the room must be; and the Bible-woman, weary in her walks of love, has often not strength left for this frequent hard labour, which, however, would be light *if divided*, and we really think in many a Mission would be offered as *a labour of love* from the mothers themselves, if it were known to be acceptable. Even *a shilling a week* mounts up into *two pounds twelve shillings a year*; and in *two hundred* districts this becomes an annual expense of more than five hundred pounds. The poor so often say, that rather than go without their Bible-woman, they must contribute to retain her comfortable services *themselves*, that we think, if kindly proposed to them, the Mothers' class would gladly arrange among themselves for the cleaning of their Mission-room, if the materials were provided; and we believe that this humble work of love would again react on the cleanliness of their own homes. It would, in most instances, seem to be desirable that this proposal should come from a poor mother who determined to set the example, and she would assuredly be blessed in her deed.

THE GIPSY TEA-PARTY.

DEAR FRIEND,—I lately had the pleasure of being present at a tea-party, given by some kind ladies and friends to a large number of gipsies, gathered together by their much-loved City Missionary, Mr. Burns, from the distant outskirts of London. I know you are much interested in these ancient wanderers, still loving, like their forefathers, to dwell in tents, and would have thought it a gladdening sight, on entering that large schoolroom, to see a long and well-spread table surrounded by (I suppose) about sixty gipsies, men and women, their black eyes sparkling with a brilliancy peculiarly their own.

Several of the women possessed no small share of beauty, and all had sought by their neat and respectful appearance to do honour to the kind entertainers, who were personally waiting upon them. Some *baby* gipsies were present, and the roving mothers seemed as loving and as tender as their more settled sisters.

Men and lads, and wild, rough boys were there too, enjoying such a tea as some of them said they had never seen before, with their skins brown as the earth they wander over, and their wondrous thick, black, matted hair, which had never known brush or comb. We sang the grace, and all went on happily till a certain kind lady began to address them, drawing a contrast between the word of God, "the good news," and the certain happy good future it revealed to all who believed it, and the lies the gipsies went about telling concerning fortunes that they knew could never come true. She was right, and meant well, but spoke without tact; and a bright little gipsy, in a scarlet cloak, fired up in a rage, and said, "Many told lies, and fortunes also, besides gipsies, and she was not coming there to be told she was a liar."

This brought the lady's address to a conclusion, and Mr. Burns soon, by a few kind words, put all right again. Soon after this, a young gentleman accused one of the matted-haired boys of stealing his pocket handkerchief, which caused a tremendous burst of indignation. One handsome old gipsy, with her black bonnet and scarlet roses inside and feather, in a large cloak, scolded very much, and all desired the boy to give

himself up to be stripped and searched immediately, and thus prove that they were an honest people, and the dear lad an honour to his parents. Well, this, too, proved an unhappy mistake, and Mr. Burns again poured oil upon the troubled waters, and the rest of the evening was peaceful and joyful.

The tea finished, we all rose and sang the hymn—

“O for a heart to praise my God!”

and a gentleman read Luke xi., and Mr. Burns offered prayer. All behaved very reverently. He addressed them nicely on having no continuing city here, and drew a contrast between our city of London, with its sins and sorrows, and Jerusalem the golden, with its pearly gates, where no sin, no death, no sorrow shall ever enter. He called their attention to the words, “He that hath ears to hear, let him hear,” and “What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” and then, “What think ye of Christ?” Are any of you saying, I wish I knew Him? Think of His words, “Lovest thou me?” Who here is able to give Peter’s answer, “Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee”? He then counselled them, in the words of the hymn, to seek each night to “pitch their tents a day’s march nearer home.”

Another lady friend then rose and made an address on the free salvation offered in Jesus without money and without price. She was very studied in her attitude and manner; and as she kept her eyes shut all the time she spoke—the “windows of the soul”—her words fell rather powerless. But now a fine old gipsy woman, with a beaming, happy countenance, very clean and neat, having on a dark dress and a large shepherd’s-plaid shawl, rose and asked to tell her dear friends what the Lord had done for *her* soul. “Since I have been a widow,” she said, “I have brought up nine children; but oh, what mercy God has shown to me! In His infinite love He brought me to Jesus! And Jesus, the blessed Jesus, has brought me into His fold. He has made me, as you see, friends, a happy woman. I cannot read the Bible, but I love to hear it, and follow what it tells me, and you know what a sinner I used to be. Ah! Selina (speaking to a woman across the table), you know how we used

to go on sinning together, telling fortunes, and telling lies, as the lady said, but I would not do it now, Selina. Oh, give it up, and join me. Come to Jesus, just now, just as you are, every one of you. Have you looked to Him? Have you asked Him to forgive you? "Just as I am" I go to God on my knees night and morning, and I long to speak a word for Jesus. I know you have never heard a gipsy woman speak like this before. O friends, seek Him! seek Him! there are but two paths, one leads to heaven, the other down to hell; for Christ's sake, turn to the Lord; oh, for Christ's sake, turn now."

This poor woman had such evident love in her heart for her people, such a touching manner, and clear, fine voice, that she riveted all ears and eyes also, and reminded one of the woman of Samaria: "Come, see a man who told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?"

I conversed with many of these interesting people. Several seemed seeking the Lord. One old man of seventy-four, already very happy in Jesus, said "he prayed constantly to Him; the name of Jesus was so sweet to him, that it seemed to make his heart jump, and he thought he could be cut in pieces for Jesus."

The editor of the *British Workman*, Mr. Smithies, now very humorously addressed them: told them the story of the two Scriptural bears; viz., Bear and Forbear; how they had cured a man and his wife of quarrelling, etc. Then another on the power of silence, when two are disposed to quarrel, or if a bad-tempered neighbour comes into your house.

A gentleman from Sheffield spoke to them on the blessing of temperance, and how a poor drunkard had been brought to God by the piety of his little daughter.

After one more hymn and prayer, this happy gipsy tea-party was brought to a close, and I am sure all went home grateful for their kind friends and good missionary, and hoping it might not be their last gathering in the name of the Lord.

This party was far more interesting than I have had memory to portray, but you will get an idea of it.

Mr. Smithies gave each of the gipsies a *Workman's Almanac*, and told them to fasten them to the walls with shoemaker's

wax, and read and learn the text for every day. These almanacs are very attractive, having a large picture of the heads of animals in the centre.

Our correspondent was present, at the invitation of the Missionary, who has peculiar tact in dealing with this singular people, and has been made useful to very many of them. At the time they are in London in the winter season, it is thought possible for the Bible-women of each district to be introduced to those who have been brought to listen, and to invite them to their Mothers' class, and that much good might follow. There appears to be already kindled among them a spirit of hearing, and perhaps this recital may induce an interest in the gipsies in other neighbourhoods.

There is a district at the extreme N.W. of London, between the Kensington Potteries and Wormwood Scrubs, where forty or fifty families of gipsies are frequently encamped. It is a Slough of Despond in the winter, all puddle, swamp, and quagmire, and in a moral aspect not more inviting. Yet a good Bible-woman would find plenty of work there; and we believe the right agents have been brought into the neighbourhood, if the support of a Bible-mission could be promised.

CLERICAL WITNESS FROM WHITECHAPEL.

The Rectory, Whitechapel.

MY DEAR MRS. R.,

It is not without great regret that I am obliged to allow another year to pass without sending you the contribution which hitherto we have been able to transmit. But the friend who provided the first payment for our Bible-woman four years ago has been removed by death; and the excellent nobleman, Lord Aberdeen, who afterwards generously assisted us, has also entered into his rest. So that for nearly twelve months we have been enabled to contribute almost nothing to the funds of your mission from Whitechapel.

But though I have no cheque to enclose in this note, I can-

not help expressing my most sincere thanks for the services of the three Bible-women who are labouring in my district among a population of 16,000 souls, of whom three-fourths at least are poor. I do not think there is a single house in any of their districts to which they have not access, and the more they are known, the more are they valued and beloved. And I am quite sure that by the various operations carried on under their management; viz., Mothers' Meetings, Bible classes, improvement classes, and last, not least, quarterly tea meetings, very great good, through the good hand of God upon them, is being done to the poor people socially, morally, and spiritually. I have not mentioned their visiting from house to house, and daily converse with the poor people and their families; but when one thinks of the strange isolation in which these generally live, having little intercourse with their neighbours, and none at all with persons in better circumstances; and how they are shut off from all kindly and elevating influences; it is easy to see that the visit of a kindly and sympathising Christian woman, whose sole object is to win them to good things, will soon be welcomed, as a gleam of sunshine, to enliven and cheer the whole family. I am unwilling to enlarge, because you are necessarily familiar with the work of all the three who labour in St. Mary's, Whitechapel; but I must say we value them very highly for their works' sake. Two things especially have delighted me: one is the gentle tact and womanly sympathy which they have manifested in going in and out among the poor, endeavouring to carry out the principle, "*Honour all men.*" It is to this that their influence is mainly due. Another thing is the readiness with which they have co-operated with the lay agents, City Missionary, or Scripture-reader, who visit over the same ground. There has been no sort of jealousy or jar of any kind. They have worked in full harmony as fellow-helpers to the truth.

I can only hope that your resources may enable you to continue such valuable agents in this part of London, notwithstanding our inability to pay our own way, as we originally undertook.

There are large districts in London where the wealthy have

all congregated ; just as there are localities where, as in White-chapel, the poor are massed together. But the poor of London belong to the people of London, and not to that particular parish which contains the houses in which they are compelled to lodge. It is not from choice, but necessity, that they remain in such dingy hovels ; they would far rather live in Belgravia, or at Streatham, but where are the poor men's houses in such neighbourhoods ? I earnestly hope the time is not far distant when the rich districts will hold out the hand to our poor ones, and supply the means (we can find the agents) for helping and Christianizing the fine old "English hearts and hands" we have here.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

JAMES COHEN.

A SPEECH AT THE LONDON DIOCESAN HOME MISSION.

"In a speech at the recent meeting of the 'London Diocesan Home Mission,' which came into existence the same year that the first Bible-woman began her work in St. Giles's, the Rev. Canon Boyd gave a history of a day lately spent by him in a parish in the east of London :—

"At eleven o'clock in the morning, he went on a tour of visitation, accompanied, through the kindness of the Rector, by a SCRIPTURE-READER. They came in contact with poverty, but it was very respectable poverty. They found five or six families occupying the same house. Some of the inmates were needle-women, working for the cheap shops, and one of them stated that the jacket which she was making could not be finished in less than a day and a half, and that the remuneration for her labour would only be one shilling and ninepence, out of which she had to find needles and thread.

"From two o'clock until four, he went along with a BIBLE-WOMAN and a CITY MISSIONARY into various courts and alleys, where he found a population that he could not have believed existed in the city of London. The people were all trying to do something for themselves, but they were all in the most squalid

condition of poverty. One of the courts was peopled entirely by Irish Roman Catholics, and he never was more struck with anything than by the kind and affectionate manner in which the Bible-woman and the Missionary were received amongst them. The Missionary had seven hundred and thirty families in his district, and seemed to know every one of them, and likewise their condition. On inquiring of him if he were in the habit of giving money to these people, the reply was, 'All we give is a ticket worth ninepence when they are in extreme distress; and during the last three years I have only distributed nineteen tickets.' It was plain, therefore, that it was his message that made his presence acceptable, and that the poor people were not actuated by any mercenary considerations.

"Mr. Boyd's next visit was made about ten o'clock at night, and he confessed he was most irregularly occupied until two o'clock in the morning. He wished to see London life as it was, and was told that it was necessary he should be protected, and he was therefore accompanied by a pair of police sergeants and the inspector of lodging-houses. They went together into three theatres—a penny one, a sixpenny one, and a shilling one. In one of them he found about one thousand four hundred people, and was bound to say that he did not find anything offensive. The people were well-behaved, and the performance appeared to be of a more modest character than was sometimes the case in some of our most fashionable theatres.

"They afterwards went into ten dancing-rooms, and these were the most extraordinary places he ever visited. They were filled with people, many of whom were drinking, and others dancing. He saw nothing improper; but when the dancing-rooms had disgorged their occupants, at one o'clock the streets exhibited all their horrors. Then it was that the inebriated and excited population were turned loose into the streets, and then the terrors of the night began. These were the sort of persons with which the district swarmed, and he did not believe that any one of them ever entered a place of worship.

"He had stated these facts for the purpose of showing the necessity for such an institution as the Diocesan Home Mission.*

* And surely we may add for "BIBLE-WOMEN" and "CITY MISSIONARIES."

It was impossible for the regular parish ministers to penetrate the dwellings of such people. *They can only be reached by the Missionaries and the Bible-women.* He trusted the operations of the Missions would be extended day by day, until these men of God could penetrate the darkest recesses, and until every one of these wretched beings could be brought under the sound of the everlasting gospel."—*Extracted from the "Record" Newspaper.*

NOTES OF A DERBYSHIRE BIBLE MISSION.

"DEAR MRS. R.,—I think I need not apologise for troubling you with a short report of our Bible Mission here, as this work must be interesting to you wherever it is established.

"It is now a year since our first Bible-woman commenced her work; and though at first we had some opposition to encounter, it has since almost died out, and she has met with much to cheer and encourage her. At the beginning of her work, she met with a case that, as she said, 'lifted her up' more than all the opposition had cast her down.

"She had, after many ineffectual efforts, gained access to a lodging-house of the very worst description, where she found a poor man very ill, and as ignorant as a heathen. She visited him daily for weeks; the room was often full of poor lost creatures, and men of the very lowest class; and it was sometimes a great trial to her to read and pray before those who would scoff, for she was then quite new to the work; but she had the inexpressible delight of leading this lost soul to the feet of Jesus. So much did he value her visits, that he would send for her, if she was later than usual; and when she took him any little thing, perhaps a cup of tea or sago (for he was very destitute), he would say, 'I don't send for you for what you can bring me; I don't want anything but you to come and read and pray for me.'

"He urged his wife and children to leave their wicked life, and give their hearts to Christ. When he was dying, the Bible-woman said to him, 'Now that you are in the swellings of Jordan, can you still feel that Jesus is with you?' He answered, 'I can.'

"This is but one out of many, I believe, who are now in glory, that have been led to cast their souls on Christ by her visits during illness; and, if I may judge by the good attendance at all our meetings, and the earnest attention they give to what is said, with often the starting tear and hearty 'God bless you,' when they leave, the living feel the blessing too.

"In this first Mission-room we have now three weekly meetings, with an average attendance of thirty at *each*, though of different people; we have more than a hundred mothers who subscribe for clothing, etc. We have a girls' class of about thirty, and I have sixty names down as attendants at the Bible-class: I like this best of all, and am very hopeful that God will bless His word to many souls. We have two other rooms, and Bible-women, in the town, both working quite as satisfactorily as my own, considering the time they have been engaged; but we sadly need Lady helpers. We are about to place a fourth Bible-woman in another part of the town, and shall be glad, if friends increase, to have two or three more. Those who say Bible-women are not needed are only those who do not visit amongst the very poor. I suppose this town is better visited by Clergy, Scripture-readers, District visitors, Bible collectors, etc., than almost any other; we have earnest-minded, hard-working Christians, both clergy and laity, thank God, amongst us, but our Bible-women find abundance to do without interfering with any one else; each is looked up to as a mother in her own district,—the poor send for and come to them on all occasions for help and advice—not *relief*, for we do as *little as we can* in that way. We should never get the class we do to our Mission-rooms without the Bible-women; and these are the only places of worship the very poor, or even the poorer class of working-people, ever go to, until they have learnt to love spiritual things. What they would do without their Bible-women *now*, I cannot think.

"I hope you will not think me troublesome in writing, but I could fill quires of paper with telling the benefits I have seen arise from these Bible Missions.

"I should like very much to know how you conduct your monthly meetings for prayer; we have made a few attempts,

but I am sorry to say our Ladies do not get over the shamefacedness of praying before each other, or else they do not feel the need of help as I do : however that may be, I cannot get them to come regularly. Can you give me any hints or advice?

Yours very truly, M. J."

REPLY TO QUERIES ON SOCIAL MEETINGS.

A reply to this query of our kind correspondent may supply an answer to other friends. We in London are of course much interested in the success or non-success of our country friends in Bible-missions ; we hold no official relation to them ; but one chief purpose in keeping up the circulation of this magazine is that it may serve as a "Link" between town and country work, and bring forth in each number some fresh proofs of the power of the word of God, and of the way in which *women* may lovingly minister it to needy and thirsty souls.

With regard to the social meetings of this Mission in the Metropolis, they continue in their quiet and regular course. At the monthly evening prayer-meeting of the Superintendents, the PASTORAL element prevails, and we seek and secure many precious words of exhortation and encouragement, mingled with short and earnest prayers offered often by lay brethren.

There are those among our Ladies who can freely exercise the gift of prayer with and for their female fellow-workers. To others, "having gifts differing," this will always, from want of early habit, remain a difficulty, especially with their equals. There is no position in which they are more likely to cultivate this gift than in taking a Mothers' class. By many who never deemed it possible that they should do more than *read* a prayer, it is now found a privilege to pour forth before God the wants and cares of their poor friends. The most successful Bible-women are always women of prayer, but they differ as much as the Ladies in the power of praying with numbers of their co-workers. Nothing is forced in our quiet meetings. The Spirit of the Lord often gives unexpected utterance ; and many who would never dare to break the silence of a general meeting are yet among our most devout and prayerful workers.

The monthly meeting of the Bible-women is always opened by a pastoral address, and prayer for the first hour. Afterwards they take tea, and have an hour's cheerful converse with each other. They then re-assemble for another hour or more, and topics suggested by the last month's history of the Mission are brought forward and prayed over, most often in a way that smooths difficulties, brings all hearts together, and sends many a tired or depressed worker once more on her way rejoicing.

We are scarcely able to judge of possibilities in country towns; but when we have heard of scattered and quite unconnected Bible-missions studiously kept separate by the spirit of party, we always lament it, and think it need not be so. All true Bible-missionaries might meet for pastoral exhortation and prayer at stated seasons, and it is very needful that they should do so. It prevents the over-growth of secular work, and recalls *the first intention* of the mission, which is to carry a message from God to the outcasts, one by one, and patiently to win them to listen to it; then to bring them to the Mission-room for further instruction in the Holy Scriptures and in their domestic duties; further, to lead them to the house of God, where they may be built up in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ, and made wise unto salvation.

A COUNTRY TOWN BIBLE MISSION IN LEICESTERSHIRE.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The question recently alluded to in your interesting periodical has occupied my thoughts in common with those of some other correspondents: "*Is it well to publish instances of usefulness which have occurred through the instrumentality of this Mission?*" Increasing experience has taught me to answer the question, to my own conviction, in the affirmative; and I feel as though I can safely say, *It is well*. The sympathy and encouragement derived from reading of the success of others in the same work of faith and labour of love, have often proved refreshing as cool waters to the thirsty soul; the heart yearns for good tidings of the labours of those engaged in similar efforts, and those who are dispensing money supplied by others feel a thankful sense of relief when they are enabled to show the happy results of such benefaction.

A lady called upon me only this morning, kindly to ask if she could further assist in collecting for the Mission. She said, "I am asked a great many questions about the Bible-women by my subscribers, What good they are doing? Where are they working? and so forth; and she added, "People always like to know where their money goes:" that is precisely, I think, what one feels, viz., that friends who contribute may reasonably expect to see or hear of the fruits of their contributions. How, then, can this be done, except by some such medium as your Magazine? With regard to the benefit or injury felt by parties spoken of, may we not safely leave it? *Can* a heart, changed and sanctified by Divine grace, feel any unholy elation when used as an instrument by the Divine Master? We have often heard it remarked that the most learned man is the most humble one; and as in philosophy, so in grace.

The more that is done, the more does the spiritual eye discern that requires doing. Had not the conversions and good works of the early Christians—the first believers—been placed upon record, where would have been our profit from the book of The Acts of the Apostles? (See Acts xv. 12.) The more the Lord uses His people for His glory, the less do they feel of *themselves* in it, for they behold His power at work, and not their own. I have sometimes thought that a few particulars of the Mission in our country town might induce the commencement of similar ones in other places.

Do you know any Lady who dreads the little trouble attendant upon preparing for the annual Tea-meeting in her Mission-room? Let her be encouraged. That very meeting may be eternally blessed to some poor sin-weary soul. At our last tea-festival but one, a woman who had been almost teased into attending it by the Bible-woman, lived to declare that it was the happiest day of her life. This woman had a son, in whom she felt a mother's pride; he was engaged in a public office, and had married a young and comely woman. A system of peculation having been discovered to exist in that office, a detective was employed, and by the aid of invisible ink, the fraud was traced to the door of this woman's son. He was tried, and sentenced to penal servitude. His wife just survived to bring her first infant into the world, and then expired with it. Dejection struck the mother's heart, and she became one of the most forlorn and melancholy objects. To whom could she tell her troubles so well as to the friendly and sympathising Bible-woman? After roaming about in search of rest for her agonized soul for many months, induced by the Bible-woman, who thought the scene

might cheer her, she came to the Tea-meeting. She described herself as going up the stairs "as heavy as lead," and thinking there was nothing for *her* in such a place as that. Her weary eye at last rested on the wall, where hung, in large letters, the text, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "*Rest!*" said she to herself, "that is what I want; but how am I to *come*?"

After tea, the first speaker addressed the meeting from the very words; he unconsciously unfolded to her soul the way of salvation; she saw Jesus as her Saviour, and rejoiced in spirit, and, in her own humble words, went downstairs, after the meeting, "*as light as a feather.*" Her mental sufferings had, however, undermined her health; she fell ill; but the precious words upon the wall were ever with her, and she died full of hope and peace. Ere her death, her new influence was felt in her family, and especially by one of her sons, who soon followed her to heaven.

Do you know any Lady whose heart a little fails her as she stands up for the hundredth time before her women, to read or speak to them, and feels that she is *not* one of those, alas! who "play *well* upon an instrument"? Let her not despond, but take courage from the experience of a Scripture-reader. The reader at the Mission-room has certainly not the *least* responsible office there. She interests her women perhaps for an hour—with God's blessing, a happy hour, reaching forth to a happy eternity—an hour that may bud and bloom in heaven. Droop not, sister, but read on; you may meet your listeners before the throne of glory. Miss — had often invited her women to speak, to inquire, or to make remarks, while she read to them, but could never obtain much from them, probably because they were more afraid of each other than of her. "Ah," thought she, "I fear no one is getting any good. I hear of nothing going on; it does not touch their hearts."

After a time, good accounts were brought to her of a certain Mrs. T., whose wide-open blue eyes she had observed fixed upon her evening after evening. This woman had lived, to use her own words, "in hell," with her husband, for nine years, and had suffered every kind of cruelty and indignity from him. The Bible-woman found her deep down in the ranks of poverty and degradation. She led her to the Mothers' Meeting. "It was so new and so delightful to her, and so just what she wanted, that she used to count the minutes till you stood up to read; it was *marrow* and *fatness* to her." Those are her own words. Now, dear Mrs. R., our

reformed characters do not all become happy and then go to heaven. No, this poor woman is well in health, and happy in mind. She "walks in the light," and among the seventy or eighty women who attend our room, there is not one more attentive to the reader, more respectful in her behaviour, more punctual, notwithstanding her circumstances, or more exemplary.

And I think we ought never to despond because we do not see *immediate* fruit from our labours. The seed cast into the ground lies *silently* there, and comes up by degrees. We sometimes hear, months or years after the sowing, of the fructification of the seed. One of our Bible-women was sent for to the bedside of a woman in her district, not long ago, and, drawing a little crumpled packet from under her pillow, containing a few coins, she said, "Take these; I have been saving them up towards building a new Mission-room." (Poor creature! she had hardly bread to eat.) "Through the merits of my Saviour, I am now going to glory; all I know I got at the Mission-room, and this is all the gratitude I can show you." And another, who had found salvation at the same place, was discovered pointing a dying neighbour to the Lamb of God.

"But time would fail me to tell" of the numbers of cases of persons, both men and women, saved from sin and sorrow here, and from the wrath of God hereafter, by the instrumentality of this Mission; and think you not that they who kindly open their purses and help us to conduct the machinery of our work, must be gratified to learn that they have aided to rescue many a soul from death and to "hide a multitude of sins"? May our eye be kept single! "UNTO THE LORD, and not unto men," is our motto. To Him be the glory for ever.

The tiny little seedling which, by God's help, we planted five years ago in L—, has been ever since acquiring strength and proportion. We have now twelve Mission-rooms, or Mothers' Meetings, open every week; we have ten Bible-women, sixteen cottage and prayer-meetings, and last year the Bible pence of our poor amounted to £106 7s. 9d., and their pence for clothing to £429 17s. 6d. Many have been induced to unite themselves with various religious societies, and to become regular attendants on Divine worship. Several have become staunch teetotallers (and oh, the sin of drunkenness in this town!), and others have been rescued from the "paths of the destroyer."

Does any one feel discouraged at the idea of beginning such a

work? *Let her begin*, however humbly, in faith and dependence upon the Giver of all good, and fruit *must* appear, sooner or later, to cheer her soul, and bring honour to her Master.

I remain, dear Mrs. R.,

Yours faithfully,

A. C——.

THE LITTLE SALOME.

DR. PERKINS, of Ooroomiah, to whom we owe the institution of the work of Nestorian Bible-women, and whose kind letters keep us acquainted with their proceedings, has forwarded to us the following touching memorial:—

Our Bible-woman, Sarah of Amadia, has sent us a sketch of her little daughter, lately deceased. It will give you a glimpse of childhood among our pious Nestorians, and further illustrate the feelings of a Nestorian mother. She says:—

“Our darling daughter, Salome, died lately, at eight years old. From infancy, by the look of her bright eyes, it was clear that she possessed remarkable vivacity. She was very nimble on her feet, active, and joyous in journeying. Last year we came all the way to Ooroomiah, where our friends reside. On those difficult roads, both in going and coming, Salome walked three-fourths of the way. She was very sorry when it was necessary to ride. She was greatly delighted with the journey, with the strange and wonderful sights on the summits of the lofty mountains. She would say, ‘Mamma, look; glory be to God! How lofty are these mountains! How grand and dreadful the precipices! Mamma, is God, who hath created them, greater than they?’ When we escaped from fearful dangers, or were safe across the waters of the rushing rivers, her lips were full of praise to Him who had delivered us from these perils. Three times the dear child was saved as from the brink of the grave. Once her foot slipped on the cliff above the river Zab. She went down some way, till suddenly she grasped by roots of grass, which saved her. Another time she fell from the back of a mule, her head striking against a rock; but the Lord had mercy on her. A third time the animal ran

suddenly under a low tree ; she instantly saw her danger, caught with her hands with all her might, and was left hanging on the branches, while the beast went on. She thus, in those journeyings, learnt much to fear and love Him who had so often appeared for her deliverance.

“Once she said to me, ‘Mamma, Christ is our Saviour in these terrible roads, or we should have died. Praised be His name!’ She was quick of understanding, and anxious to join in whatever business or labour was going on before her eyes. She learnt to sew and knit and spin very well for a child of her tender age, and comb the wool, and milk the sheep, and sweep the floors, etc., etc. When she wanted to pound the wheat, I used to say, ‘Salome, wait till you grow up ; you are small yet, your strength is not sufficient for that.’ Methinks I now hear her sweet and tender entreaties : ‘Dear mamma, let me learn quickly, that I may help you!’ She was passionately fond of flowers, and would say, ‘Mamma, see what beautiful things God has made for us.’ She was apt to learn ; she began to read when four years old. She was never satisfied to read a lesson or a hymn, unless she could comprehend the meaning of it.

“She was greatly delighted to learn the narratives of the Holy Scriptures. When she was in the presence of deacons and other persons, with joy she would answer questions in Bible history ; she would recite the story of Joseph and his brethren, in which she delighted more than in any other lesson ; and they would marvel at her life and quickness, and say, ‘Verily, she puts us to shame, who are so old, and have read so long, and do not understand it so well as she does.’ She had committed to memory quite a number of hymns. She had acquired no evil habits, or words unpleasant to hear, though she had associated with many little companions in the different places where we have lived. She had taught the Lord’s Prayer and verses of hymns to the little girls, her companions, in the village of Daisy, where we now reside. Respecting her little brother Johnnie, who had gone before her, she talked much—as being in heaven, mingling with the blessed band before the throne of God. Very soon after his death, she learned that sweet hymn, ‘Before the throne of God in heaven.’

“ During last summer, her health was very good ; there was no sign of illness about her. Blooming and joyful, as though destined to live long, we had great hope that she would be to us a dear helper ; but, praised be the Lord, He had other thoughts. His will was not our will, nor His counsel our counsel. He willed early to release her from a world of sin, from the temptations of the devil, to rejoice and sing in the ranks of those dear children who chant before the throne of the Lamb. There is not much to write about her sickness ; for after a few days of chills and fever, she laid herself down upon the bed of death, silent and unconscious till the last, because her violent disease had its seat on the brain. We had deep grief in our hearts those five last days, that there was no opportunity for her to converse, nor answer our questions, that we might know where was her distress, and what were her thoughts about her soul. She could only ask for ‘ Water, water.’ Then came forcibly to my mind how many foolish children delay repentance and caring for the soul till the last hour, when they know not in what circumstances they may die.

“ It was on the 22nd of August that we looked upon her face and motionless body, and knew that the shadow of death had settled over her. Both families—we have two helpers in Amadia—assembled, crushed and stricken, to behold her for the last time. Oh ! she could no longer even ask for water. Twice she said in a clear voice, ‘ Mamma, mamma !’ Again she once raised her emaciated hands towards heaven, as though beseeching for help ; evincing that the ‘ river of death ’ is fearful to cross. At last, two hours before midnight, our darling breathed her soul into the arms of her Saviour, about whom she had so often loved to learn. That same night, to assuage our grief, we sang those hymns which Salome had loved so well, and we gave thanks to Him who had given her to us, and who had again taken her away.

“ The next day we carried our dear one to the house of all the living. She was buried on the mountain-slope, over against the village, where all the people of Daisy are buried. The dust returned to the dust as it was, till the day when our Lord Himself shall raise it up, with the myriads saved through His blood.”

By the last mail, Dr. Perkins had to tell us of a yet severer loss to the Nestorian Mission, in the death of Dr. Wright, their "beloved physician," by typhus fever, in the month of January.

BIBLE-WORK IN SYRIA.

NAKLE, our earliest missing link with the daughters of Syria, is now regularly established in the large and picturesque village of Hasbeiya, on the slopes of Lebanon. It was completely destroyed at the time of the massacres, but the widows and surviving inhabitants are gradually returning and building up their desolate houses; a large field of usefulness is therefore opening to her labours. Her daughter is engaged as a teacher in the new and flourishing girls' school, began about a year ago by Mrs. Bowen Thompson, now numbering eighty-four girls. Our friends have lately visited Hasbeiya, and learnt how much the labours of Nakle were valued. Mrs. T. writes, after visiting these women:—

"Next day, Augusta gave a treat to the widows and other poor women of Hasbeiya. A kid was ordered for the occasion, with plenty of bread, rice, melons, and grapes. At first they said, how could they come and feast in sight of the Seraglio, where their husbands were murdered; but afterwards, the novelty of a hot supper and the honour of coming to see the English prevailed, and by four o'clock many a poor woman was seen toiling up the slope of the mountain, perhaps leaning on the arm of another almost as helpless as herself; while others trusted to a stick.

"The school children were also invited—not to feast, but to sing—and oh, what a sight did this throng present!—some quite blind, some crippled by the Druses, some infirm from age. The children sang, 'Just as I am,' and other favourites. Then Seleem read and explained the parable of the ten virgins (Matt. xxv.). Some looked up with stupid wonder, others bowed their heads and murmured to themselves, as one passage after another came home to them."

At Baniyas, the ancient Cæsarea Philippi, a group of women came to our tents, and it was hard to realize the fact of such

utter darkness as theirs. They listened with eager wonder ; and when asked, Did they know what would become of their souls after death ? one poor old creature looked up with tears in her eyes, and said, " How should we know ? We only know we all die like sheep." She could scarcely believe that there was a state of bliss after death ; and when a young woman from Mejdél, whose brother had had a New Testament before the massacres, told her " if they only had *that* book, it would teach her that she could go to heaven, and wear a white robe," the poor old creature took hold of her rags, and said, " What ! I wear a clean, white robe ? "

They were much astonished at the way M—— went about among them to their houses, or in the streets of this once renowned city of Cæsarea Philippi. They said, " We see a great many Franjé (Europeans) come here, but they only do three things ; they go and see the sources of the Jordan, they bathe in the waters, visit the castle, and then they go,—but they never speak to us, or see our sick, or read to us out of their Book."

Our Bible-women are very grateful for the present of New Testaments and portions of the word of God in Arabic, which are eagerly received by Mahomedans as well as Greeks. Two copies were preferred to many other tempting rewards, by two dear Moslem sitters, or ladies, the young daughters of a Turkish governor. These dear children had learnt to read in one of Mrs. Thompson's schools, and were very fond of singing Christian hymns in the Seraigh, where, however, they were not approved of, and the girls were accordingly withdrawn ; but they rested not till they obtained their parents' consent to return to the school.

Should our friends be disposed to renew their gifts of needle-cases, Bible and housewifery bags, etc., and also the " Good night " dolls, for this year, we can assure them that these " carnal things " are among the many ways for winning Moslem and Druse, and other native races, from which they have been led on to desire and love better things than these.

Mrs. Thompson is about to visit England, and by or to her any parcels would be forwarded to Beirut.

OUR BIBLE-WOMEN.

OUR Bible-women.—What should they not be? What should they be?

“Send me,” says a friend applying for one, “a woman of deep and earnest piety, of meek and lowly spirit, with a heart full of faith and love towards God, and full of compassion and loving-kindness towards her fellow creatures: I should wish her to be cheerful but grave, zealous but prudent, patient but persevering, sympathetic but not over-sensitive; in fact, she needs to present a union of all the Christian virtues, ‘whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report.’”

But where are such women to be found? no church or congregation can produce them ready-made; and we confess never to have met with them, so we fear we shall never be able to comply with the request of those friends who wish us to send to them such a piece of perfection. No, our Bible-women like their other sisters in Christ are far from being perfect; they are of the earth, earthy; full of imperfections and failings, and if possessed of one of the Christian virtues in any uncommon degree, too often lacking in the opposite virtue in the same proportion. Their work will be the school for their training.

Amongst them are some, remarkable for their energy and zeal, daunted by no opposition, overcome by no difficulty: from the moment they enter upon their task they give themselves up to it, body, soul, and spirit; and their influence is felt at once by those amongst whom they labour.

There is no resisting them: when one means fails they try another; they will become “all things to all men, if by any means they may gain some;” with them there are no questionings of prudence; a soul has to be rescued; their hearts are set upon it; and they follow it in its downward path, follow into any depths of misery into which the poor sinner may have fallen; laying hold of her, and as it were “pulling her out of the fire;” having no rest until they have brought her to Jesus. Oftentimes we have stood looking on afar off, wondering what would happen; and have seen the mighty power of the love of Jesus

on the worst of sinners, and we have thanked God for Bible-women such as these, and ourselves have taken courage.

Others there are, our meek and lowly workers, with hearts all full of loving patience and quiet perseverance, found in the courts and alleys of our London streets, ever about their Master's business; but they are so unobtrusive, so in the shade, that if it were not that every now and then their work revealed itself, they would remain altogether unknown. These are the women who can work as by faith; alone they stand beneath "the shadow of the cross," their hands clasped in their Master's hand, their hearts strengthened with their Master's strength. May the Lord send *many more such* into His vineyard.

Then, besides these, we have some, unremarkable for any particular quality, women of good common sense, practical godliness, "homely sympathy," diligent, active, busy workers, the Marthas of the Church: and for these also we are thankful.

Such are our Bible-women: alike, and yet unlike; united as one, and yet distinct and separate; the servants of one Master, and yet serving Him in a varied manner and degree; doing one work, and yet each a different work, no one being able to do another's work. They are "earthen vessels;" nevertheless we would hope, the vessels meetened and sanctified for the Master's use; moulded after one Divine image, yet each having very distinctive features, as wrought in them by the Holy Spirit. Let us however not be disappointed if we find in each much that we could wish otherwise; let us consider their education, their circumstances and lot in life, and then we shall be constrained to feel and own that it is by the grace of God alone, "they are what they are." We must not expect to find in them every christian virtue, neither must we attempt to revolutionize their natural disposition; or tie them all down to one rule, for it would be a fruitless effort; nevertheless there are two requisites we think indispensable to one and all, and which if they have *not*, they can and ought to *acquire*; and without which they cannot be good Bible-women.

We mean Method, and Perseverance, in their work.

It was once asked of one of our best workers, "How do you manage to get through so much in a week?" Her answer was

“Well I hardly know, but I have a particular beat for every day, and while I am on that beat I am sure to meet with plenty of in-and-out work besides.”

This was the secret, and a valuable one too; every day should have its particular work; there should be collecting days, and canvassing days, sick-visiting days, and Mothers’ meeting days. The Bible-work would then be well done, the district would be well canvassed, the sick would be well cared for, and the Mothers’ meetings well filled. There need be no fear of monotony in this method; no, they would be sure to meet with plenty of “in-and-out” work as they go on their particular “beat.”

Suppose a Bible-woman starts on Monday morning to collect her pence from her Bible subscribers; she finds one of them in great trouble, a sorrow come upon her most unexpectedly; the subscription is forgotten (never mentioned), the word of comfort and help given instead.

It may be a little farther up the street she calls upon another of her subscribers, who opens the door, asks her in, pays her weekly penny, and then proceeds to tell her of the upstairs lodger, “who is very ill and would be so glad to see her.” A sad case is discovered of one to whom a few hours or at most a few days are left before she passes away from this world for ever. It was well the Bible-woman should have called on her subscriber that day.

Again, if only half-a-day in a week or a fortnight be given for canvassing, it will be found that not many houses in a street can be entered at one time, perhaps not more than six or eight; so that our district will not be thoroughly canvassed more than once or at most twice in a year: and how often from these canvassings have the strangers been gathered into our Mothers’ meetings, or the last hours of some poor lonely one cheered by the after-visits of the Bible-woman.

Only a little while since, a dying mother was found in the last stage of consumption, her bed drawn closely up to the window, so that she might look into the back yard. She was weeping bitterly, and when the Bible-woman inquired the cause of her grief, she pointed down into the yard where two little

children were playing and said, "I was thinking what would become of them when I am gone:" sad thoughts, rendered more sad because of the knowledge that their father was a drunkard. Had it not been for this day's diligent canvassing, this poor stranger had not been found, and she must have passed away into eternity with that burden of sadness resting on her soul.

Ought there not to be special days for visiting the sick, when other business should be put aside? does it not require a calm thoughtful frame of mind in the Bible-women to enable them to speak the words of sympathy and comfort to the suffering and the dying, to read to them God's Holy Word, and offer by their bedside the prayer on their behalf for help, succour, and support in their affliction? Is it not better also that these sick ones should have one day to which they can look forward when they are certain of one visit from perhaps their only friend? We do not say that this should be the only visit (no! as many more as they can afford to give), all we insist on is the one regular visit. The work of a district increases; it grows, so to speak, on a Bible-woman's hands, and if it be not methodized it cannot be accomplished; and one great advantage gained by this methodizing of work is, *that it will leave them no spare time for gossiping, &c.*, which tends to no profit; and may we not also add yet another and a greater advantage, that it is the *special work* that leads us to ask for *special blessings*, and do we not ever find that it is the laying of our work before the throne of grace, piece by piece as it is begun, continued, and ended, that brings the blessing down upon the whole?

Let every Superintendent seek to have method in her own work, and see to it that her Bible-woman has it also. The Bible-women have need also of Perseverance; to them as to every labourer in the Lord's vineyard it must be said, "Be not weary in well doing." It is the ever beginning afresh of the same work, the constant obtaining of Bible subscribers, the filling of the vacant places at the Mothers' meetings, the continued search after the lost sheep, the following them in their obstinate wanderings, the frequent falls, the bitter disappointment concerning those upon whom they had set their hearts, the constant sight of misery and wretchedness, that makes

their work so trying, and oftentimes so painful. They have need of perseverance, patient prayerful perseverance, and *we* whose privilege it is to guide and direct their work, should *encourage* them in these persevering efforts, should *strengthen* their hands and *cheer* their hearts, and *comfort* them by showing, (as perhaps they may mourn their fruitless pains taken for the many,) that if they have been the means of rescuing *but one here, one there*, they have not laboured in vain, neither have they spent their strength for nought. Very intimate and delightful is the intercourse of some of the Bible-women and their Lady Superintendents; neither party forgets her relative position, but they are true sisters in Christ, and they are truly sent *forth* "two and two," as the seventy disciples were in the 10th chapter of Luke, by the Lord Himself, "before His face into every city and place whither He Himself would come;" sent into the great harvest because the "*labourers were few*," a kind of exceptional and supplementary agency, meant for the exigency of the particular occasion.

These seventy were to pray for more labourers, they were to go their way as "lambs among wolves," they were to carry "neither purse nor scrip," their mission was to be a mission of peace, and their errand one of healing; and their message to the sick was to be "The Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you," and as they returned with joy to their Master, telling of devils cast out and victory over the power of the enemy,—“In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit and said, I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes: even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.”

The choice of the seventy disciples was the subject of a most loving and encouraging *Pastoral address at our last Bible-women's meeting*, which made all who heard it kneel and say, "Lord, who is sufficient for these things?" and at the same time look away from all their own infirmities and short-comings, to Him who "sends us before His face into every city and place *whither He Himself will come*."

SHORT'S GARDENS, ST. GILES'S.

MY DEAR MRS. R.,—

“Is poor Short's Gardens forgotten by all our friends?”

I really think I have sufficient ground for my fear that it may be so, in the fact that in place of five or six *large* parcels of clothing new and old usually sent during the winter, I have only received three this year, and two of these very small. I will tell you of two visits I have lately paid, that would be enough to remove the supposition that we are no more in need of such help.

I am going to take you to the *best* streets in “Ruth's” district. We will ring the lower bell of this nice clean-looking house; a wee boy comes to the door with head so closely shaved as to suggest unpleasant thoughts of prisons and reformatories; but you need not fear: *crime* is as unknown in this family as in your own. That boy's father was a most respectable and skilled mechanic, and all his connections bear the best of characters, for honest independence and industry. But mother is at home, and we have followed our little guide down to the kitchen; evidently two families live in this small underground space. Yes, it is not so clean as it might be. But the poor women are weak and ill, and a deadening despair paralyzes hand and head, when they look round on a room which no cleaning can make comfortable or home-like to *them*.

They are sisters, both quite young, both recently made widows; one has seven, the other four fatherless children. The close-cropped hair of so many of the pale-looking young ones tells, not of crime, but of fever. God's hand has been heavy on those families. They lived at some little distance apart. One of the mothers caught the fever, and with her baby and two children went to the hospital; three other children and her husband followed; then the sister who had looked after the home a bit while the mother was ill, had taken the infection to her own home, and the same week that made Mrs. M. a widow sent the brother to the hospital where he too died.

God's ways are mysterious: the two bread-winners died; the wailing infant, feeble children, and weak women, weakened by fever, bowed by sorrow, were discharged cured. This is only one of many such cases. More than usual nourishment is needed, and the sad women unused to bread-earning have to seek employment lest their children starve. Meanwhile that poor girl in the corner got a little place, hoping to gain a few shillings; but the fever, which had

hitherto spared her, now claims its victim, and with burning skin and glittering eye, she lies in that crowded apartment, the atmosphere of which is enough to breed more fever in even the healthy who come to live there.

Again, come with me to another *good* street. This time we mount many stairs to the attic. It is one of the most bitter days of our late spring, and the room we enter, though low, is certainly quite sufficiently airy. The door if made for its present position has become much too small, and the wind from the broken windows on the stairs enters at its will. Then the window of the room lets in so much of the wintry air that we cannot sit near to it though wrapped in our warmest clothing. Two broken chairs and a very small table are all the furniture, except a low wooden frame on which—just an inch above the floor, in the corner *least* exposed to draught, but yet opposite that terrible door, is a bed; on this sits a thin worn man,—coughing with that deep hollow sound which we who visit the London poor know so well. In a moment we see that the mother who came into our meeting so excited, and entreated us to visit her husband, only told the truth when she said he was dying fast.

He has been ill for some months, but they did not like to make their misery known. Lately the wife has been so entirely employed in waiting on him, that she has not been able to do the needle-work, which indeed she could hardly go out to procure. They have been industrious and respectable, and love each other with a love as holy, deep, and true as any wife and husband in the land. Everything which used to make this room a home, has been sold for food; and the wife in a flood of tears said, "I could not sell the bed, with him so ill,—we had better want bread; and after the bedstead was gone, he complained of being so cold on the floor, that I begged these bits of wood, and have nailed and tied them together, to put the bed on." But if the bed had been kept, sheets and blankets had gone. An old coat covered his feet, two ragged bits of carpet reached from his coat to his waist, another old coat was buttoned over his shoulders, into the sleeves of which I suppose he was too weak to thrust his bare arms.

Poor man, he might well call us God's messengers. He is still dying, but we trust in peace of soul, and his outward misery has been much lightened. But, dear friends, I want you to consider how many such cases, and even worse, Ruth has on her visiting list, and say, can you find nothing to send to 17, Sussex Gardens, W., for the poor in St. Giles. But there may be another reason for our being passed

over by our friends; they may think our work is not prospering, God has ceased to bless our efforts. Nay, but that would be a great mistake. Since this time last year we have had many sorrows and many difficulties; but through them all we have learned more than we ever knew of the meaning of those words breathed by the voice of God to His weary struggling ones: "As thy day, so shall thy strength be;" and that answer of faith from the believer's heart: "I can do all things through *Christ* who strengtheneth me."

Our meetings are so well attended that our large Mission Room, (where we can comfortably seat over one hundred,) has been often so crowded that I should not have known what steps to take. Early this winter, however, a gentleman offered me a second Mission Room if I could use it. Just then, hearing how our work grew, you proposed as an experiment, to give me for a time a second Bible-woman; at the same time the Home Missionary from the Diocesan Fund was placed in that part of the parish, and this clergyman's lady, accustomed to similar work in the country, gladly undertook the superintendence of the second Bible-woman, and holds a Mothers' meeting in the new room, which is henceforth to be called the Seven-dials Mission House. God's people will pray for this new outpost into Satan's territory. The Captain of our salvation leads us on, and His banner over us is love. Nor do we lack evidence that God the Holy Ghost is working with us.

But that my letter is too long, I could tell of many souls born again to Christ. Sometimes the echo of their joy sounds again in our hearts, and we tremble with great gladness. Anyhow the work is being done, and the day is at hand (nearer perhaps than we think) which shall declare it, *that* in which the Saviour shall make up His jewels, and our loved Missions yield their hundreds of gems to deck His kingly crown.

Seven years ago, on April 14th, seven women met Ruth and her Superintendent at tea, in a little back room, in Denmark Street, St. Giles; *last Tuesday*, April 18th, more than three hundred men and women met in St. Giles's School Room for Ruth's annual tea. See how God blesses the seed which is sown in faith, and watered by prayer.

Several friends having asked for a list of our loan stores, I here subjoin one, at the same time suggesting that these things being in constant use wear out, and new ones, or even several of the same kind, are never unwelcome in a district of 8,000 of St. Giles's poorest poor.

I may name bags of linen for mothers in their confinement, sheets, blankets, night-shirts, and dresses, a loose wrapping-gown, a knitted bed-rest (such as is used in some of the hospitals), with other requisites for the bed-ridden, a large arm-chair, a black skirt and large jacket body trimmed with crape for funerals, some sick-room comforters or large-text sheets, a screen which is a very great comfort to our sick poor, keeping off draughts or too much light from the bed or chair (for remember our friends are generally too poor for curtains of any kind, and often the bedstead is turned into bread); this screen is easily procured for 2s. 6d. The Bible-woman buys an old clothes-horse (it should be six feet high); this is the frame, and on it I nail an old muslin dress, which is covered by prints cut out of illustrated papers pasted over it; one leaf can be kept for hymns, texts, &c. I needed a screen in a hurry the other day, and could only nail on some sheets of brown paper, which in their poor rooms really looks wonderfully neat and "is such a comfort." Large-print Bibles and Prayer-Books are much needed for my Sunday class. I think it tells well for our poor that during the seven years of our Mission work I have only lost one bag of linen, two blankets, one sheet, and one night-dress; although lent so constantly; but enough of detail, though our subscribers I know will like it.

Believe me, most truly yours,

E. M. C.

THE COMFORT OF FAILURES.

WE do not often notice anonymous letters, but we have received one this month from a correspondent who signs herself "FAUSTINA," from which we desire in our editorial capacity to take any valuable hint it may contain; while we have too many tokens of the blessing of God on our use of the material furnished by each month's facts in this Mission, to alter, in any great measure, our usual course of narration. After some strictures on formerly printed articles, the writer remarks "that in the inspired narratives, instances of failure are carefully related, and even of sin among converts, as well as of success; as witness, the histories of Ananias and Sapphira, Simon the Sorcerer, Mark the nephew of Barnabas, and the Corinthian Church. It may seem strange to say so, but," she adds, "I believe that

it would give great comfort to many readers of the 'Missing Link Magazine,' to find in its pages some instances of ill-success and failure; for where is the labourer in the Lord's vineyard (however earnest and devoted), who has always found his or her efforts successful? And yet some humble and conscientious minds are often rendered sad by reading of what appears to them the *continued* happy results of the labours of others; and fear that there must be something radically wrong with their own work, because they cannot honestly say the same."

"Will you pardon me," the letter continues, "for asking whether the statements from the various Bible Missions, of conversions, &c., have always been thoroughly tested? Not for one instant would I suppose that any lady or Bible-woman would willingly put forth *untrue* statements, but we all know that fruit which in the beginning looks very fair and promising, does not always come to perfection, and that we often have to bewail many, whose course is far different from what we expected in the early days of their profession. Only *years* can in some instances be a satisfactory test of the result of work, and it is better to be silent than to judge too hastily. Moreover, the effect of these histories on the converts themselves is not likely to be beneficial; human nature *is* human nature; and even when renewed by Divine grace, there is much of the old leaven still remaining, which it takes years to eradicate, and it is easily stirred up by any exciting cause; surely then, it must peril the humility of newly awakened believers to find their histories put forth to the world in print; and besides this, to many of the persons described in the *Missing Link Magazine*, publicity is a *new* thing, and far more startling and attractive than to people of the upper classes, who have become used, so to speak, to a certain amount of it.*

"This Magazine is in the hands of most of the Bible-women, and without going into details of the danger to *them*, from reading of their own successes, I think there is often a risk, unless great discretion is used, of their making known, it may be almost unintentionally, the very things that should be most studiously kept from the poor whom they visit.

"Of course there is much truth in the observation, that many readers of the Magazine feel their greatest interest in the portions which tell of those details of work just alluded to, and that the 'Letters' would drop into mere abstract accounts, and descriptions of tea parties, &c., were all such details to be excluded; but though

* This we do not conceive to be the case, neither are the records ever given as "their own successes," but as the work of the Lord in their hands.

difficult, I think these objections may be met. Cannot a general account of Mission Work be given, without revealing the localities of districts, further than saying whether they are in town or country?

"Again, where it has pleased God to take to Himself those whose spiritual life has, by His blessing, arisen from these Bible Missions, then a large portion of the danger of publishing details of their history is removed; and we may hope that, judiciously given, such accounts would be productive of great good.

"Another way of occupying the pages of the Magazine has been suggested to me by the remarks of a friend, who for some years had the charge of a Bible Mission. 'When I began,' she said to me, 'to take the Mothers' Meetings, I was quite ignorant of the work, and wished much to have some help in conducting them, such as specimens of addresses, &c., which I hoped to have found in the *Missing Link Magazine*, but there was not anything of that sort in its pages.'

"No doubt the want of one worker is the want of many; and though personal experience is the best guide in such matters, new superintendents cannot invariably have this; nor can they (especially if living in the country) always have the opportunity of visiting a Mothers' Meeting before commencing their own. Doubtless this is the best teaching; but where it cannot be had, much help might be afforded by an occasional paper in the Magazine, as to how to arrange and conduct a meeting; what portions of Scripture to choose for reading, together with any secular details found by Lady Superintendents conducive to the general order and benefit of their Mission.

"It may be argued that much of this is to be found in 'Life Work,' and its companion volume; but surely eight years' experience must have brought out many new features in this great Christian movement, which it would be well to give to the world, for all who have had to do with it know how highly God has blessed both the work and its instruments. Doubtless we are not aware of much that it is daily doing amongst our overwhelming population, yet future generations will reap the benefit of these efforts; and though the names of many of our humble Bible-women may be utterly unknown, and their labours hidden from the public eye, yet to Him 'who searcheth the hearts,' all will be open, and He who accepts even 'a cup of cold water,' if offered in His name, will, in the last great day, 'give to every man according to his work.'"

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

It sometimes strikes us that among those born into the world, there are but two divisions of temperament: those who take the bright side of everything, and those who look upon the dark one. We come insensibly to class our friends in either rank, and often form our own judgment of their reports and their circumstances, less by their own showing than by their known habit of mind. Both sanguine and saturnine views are however probably very necessary to balance each other in the battle of human life.

We have an idea that our friend "Faustina" is one who does not prefer "the bright side," and is prone not to believe in it. *We do*; and really there *is* so much in this Bible Mission that *does* present a bright side, that we can only wish "Faustina" a further and deeper acquaintance with its everyday details. We believe a week's visiting with some of our good pioneers would convince her or him (for we are not sure that the paper is written by a lady) that we never tell a twentieth part of what might be told of the successes of this Bible-work. There is a strength of gladness given to those who go forth simply with the message of salvation to sinners, in God's own words, that is not easily cast down; and there *is* a willingness to listen, at this time given by God's Spirit to the hearers, that makes it a joyful thing to cast such seed into such hearts, "prepared of the Lord."

If the Magazine were chiefly composed of generalities, obituaries, and model addresses, we fear it would find but few readers. Yet we do not think it is lacking in the occasional introduction of either element; and with regard to hints for addresses in Mothers' Meetings, *every narrative presented* of God's work in a soul, to our apprehension, abounds in these hints if it be read thoughtfully. "Thus and thus God was pleased to work. Shall I then adopt this or that means for seeking the particular soul, concerning which I am anxious?"

The main purpose of this Mission is to seek souls *individually*, and of the Magazine to tell how they may be sought and

found. We did give a rare and beautiful specimen of an address intended for a Mothers' class, in the August number of last year's *Book and its Missions*. Its subject will be remembered, as entitled "Shadows—The shadows of the Bible." And the days of the beloved writer passed swiftly away, "as a shadow that declineth," before she could use those notes with her class; but its extreme beauty consisted less in its intellectual research than in its adaptation to the separate souls she sought for God, among her own mothers.

"What hints can you afford us for teaching in a Mothers' class?" was a query lately presented to one who is constantly accustomed to the duty of attending such meetings. "One of our ladies has been anxiously asking to-day, how it is that she can get no replies or remarks from her women; and she wishes to know the reason that she seems to make no way with them."

The following practical hints were secured in reply:—

"Our mothers want *sympathy*, and they want a quiet and kind sympathy, *with their ignorance*; I find we cannot be too simple with them. The words of any text we take need to be entirely broken up, and explained to them bit by bit. Mere addresses do them very little good; they want living lessons in Scripture, such as the Holy Spirit alone can enable us to give them. It is a great thing to know what they *don't* understand in the Bible, but they never tell you this before each other.

"I find I can learn much from *looks*. When there is a silent tear, and a look of response, I always meet it if possible by a private visit; but often it is well to sow the seed of the Word, and leave it awhile to spring, as fructified by the Spirit. I think a remark may often hinder as well as help, if made before the right time. These poor women have feelings quite as sensitive as those of ladies,—as easily hurt and crushed; indeed some few among them *are* ladies in delicacy of feeling.

"I get and keep up a knowledge of their several characters, aiding my own observations by the help of my Bible-woman. We both know their weak points, and where they are most easily tempted, and try to help and strengthen them accordingly."

"Do you think it as easy to work with one Bible-woman as another?"

"It depends upon the sympathy one establishes with *them*, which may be more or less. Some very good women, and earnest in God's work, are yet high-spirited and self-willed. The Master will soften them in His time; we can only deal with them by kindness. I think the ladies should not view their relation with their Bible-woman as that of mistress and servant; they are each co-workers with Christ, and this establishes their sistership, each co-workers *with Him*.

"One cannot lay down lessons for what shall be taught; we must be taught of the Spirit in the Word, day by day; one day's teaching does not do for another. God gives us one day's work at a time, one day's cause for prayer, and one at a time. The Great Teacher never requires of us more than one day's work in the day. If we undertake two days' work in one day, we lose our power for to-morrow."

After all, from the reports and investigations of all our workers, we cannot help summing up the evidence, that a special blessing is given to our Mission, as a BIBLE Mission. It is wherever entire prominence is secured to the Word of God, both in the visitation and in the Mothers' class, that we have so many witnesses of the Holy Spirit taking of the precious seed and causing it to bring forth fruit abundantly.

It *would* be very possible to meet the desires of our friend Faustina by many a page of "Hope Deferred" and "Disappointed Expectations." We do not say that we never will do this, but in the present number there seems no room for it. If any of us ever sit down, sad and weary, we know where to go for sympathy,—to Him "who came to His own, and His own received Him not;" to Him who is never suspicious and never unkind; to Him in whom all power abides, and in whose strength we shall rise up and go on our way again to-morrow, to find whatever be the hindrances in our path, and whatever our cares,—still, in this work of carrying the Lord's message, there is ever and always A BRIGHT SIDE.

POOR BURNT CARRY.

MY DEAR MRS. R.,

I have to-day, with Mrs. S——, paid a second visit to “the poor burnt girl,” and I could but praise and magnify our God “for the great love wherewith He hath loved her, even when she was dead in trespasses and sins.” The change in her is great and visible, since our first visits; she now loves to speak of Jesus, and her face is bright and happy.

Mrs. S—— found her out in this way: Some time since a letter was sent to the Central Mission by one of our friends, about a poor girl that had been burnt in prison, whilst waiting for her trial; she had lost one arm, and the other was useless. Mrs. S—— says, “This letter was given to me, and I asked a friend to visit her. She replied, ‘they were such a bad family, nobody could do them any good.’ Even the earnest Missionary added, ‘it was *no use* to try; they were *so bad*, father, mother, and children.’”

One of the girls, aged fourteen, is a sad cripple, besides the burnt girl; a boy has been in prison for two months, for stealing leather; the parents often drink. “Bad enough, I own they were,” says Mrs. S——, “but that hammer that is to break in pieces rocky hearts, *can* reach these worst ones.” The Word *has* reached that poor burnt girl; and a work of grace is going on in her soul.

She could not read, but is now learning fast, and I believe will prove a great blessing to her family, if her life is spared. She is very anxious about them, and prays much for them; and often speaks to her father and mother when they drink or say bad words, about the hatefulness of sin, and that it leads to hell; they listen quietly to her, and all are amazed at the changed character of poor Carry, who even they themselves thought so vile; only fit to be turned out of doors.

All the family are much changed since Mrs. S—— has so faithfully visited, read, prayed, and talked to them: the mother is looking respectable, and now attends regularly one of our Mission classes, and the children are sent to school.

Carry has been a good-looking girl, rather tall, with a nice face, and full dark eyes with long lashes, and is now nineteen years of age. Her sad downward history is this: her parents sent her to be servant at a coffee-shop, where she often had to wait upon the customers who frequented the house, her age only seventeen; she became bold by their notice, and went home one day beautifully dressed; her mother, knowing she had no means to buy such a dress, asked how she came by it.

Very pertly she replied, "You mind your business, and leave me to mind mine."

She came home no more, but was tempted by a young man of twenty-one, to leave her situation and live with him; he told her he was a cabman; and she soon found he was a thief, and lived by shop-lifting and house-breaking. Every now and then they went for a few days' pleasure. He took her to Brighton; and one day they went for a trip to Woolwich; they entered a coffee-shop to dine; he saw a valuable and curious clock where they were sitting, and said, "Carry, I'll have that clock."

"No, not now," she replied, "not when I'm with you;" but almost in a moment he had the clock down, and disappeared out of the house; she ran away as fast as she could in another direction, but towards night both were apprehended on board the steamer coming to London, he having the clock in his possession.

They were placed in Newgate. He is just liberated after a year's imprisonment, but she has refused to see him, and sent her father to say she will never have anything more to do with him. While in Newgate, Carry one night was alone in her cell; the warder brought her as usual the last thing, a basin of gruel and a match to light her gas: both were put through a hole in the door. She lighted the gas, and in placing a tin shade over it, did not perceive that her shawl was on fire, until she was surrounded by the flames.

She screamed, but some time elapsed before the warder came; he threw her on the floor, and covered her with a large rope mat, and then threw a pail of water over her. She was fearfully burnt, especially her body and arms, and the dust out of the mat settled into and aggravated the wounds; six half-

quartern loaves a day were used for poultices, and for ten weeks she had to be nursed night and day, either by her mother, who was sent for, or one of the female prisoners.

She was then allowed to leave Newgate without being tried (punished enough), and was received into an hospital, where her right arm, mortifying, was amputated at the shoulder, and the left arm being stiff, the surgeon broke it at the elbow, that she might feed herself; it is a poor shrivelled thing. The burns all over her body are now healed, but she is a complete wreck, a victim of sin, folly, and suffering, and is besides just recovering from a fever. The Lord has indeed laid His hand upon her; but when we said, "Carry, would you rather be as you are? or go back to your times of sin and folly?" "Oh!" she said, "I would rather be as I am; I know I love Jesus, and He loves me now;" and her happy expression spoke her words true.

"But you cannot now make your own living; can you trust the Lord with all your wants? do you believe He will take care of you?"

"I know He will never let me want; I can and do trust in Him." I spoke to her of the great love of Jesus in forgiving her sins, and that He says, "I am the good Shepherd: the good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep."

"Oh, how beautiful that verse is! will you mark it?" I did, and she is trying to learn a verse every day. A friend sent her a book of texts, and Mrs. S—— gave her one of those nice Scripture rolls to hang up, which pleased her much. The mother and all say what a blessing Mrs. S—— has been in this (till now) dark house; and poor burnt Carry truly believes that the Lord will keep her from falling. I believe she is His, and that He will. We united in earnest prayer, that she might be made a blessing to the rest of her family, and that all might soon see and rejoice in that Saviour whom she gives such happy evidence of having found.

May 8th, 1865.—I called again to see poor Carry, and took her from the Mission a nice warm flannel petticoat; not finding her at home, I was told she had gone to visit her dear teacher at the Ragged Schools, who has taken a kind interest in teaching her to read and write, in which arts she is making good progress.

On our entering the school, she seemed much pleased to see us; she was clean and neatly dressed, and her countenance expressive of peace and rest and joy; she said how she had missed Mrs. S——, who often read and prayed with her, and wished I would come, which was promised. All speak of her as being entirely an altered girl, and no one doubts that a saving change of heart is begun in her by the Holy Spirit; her soul thirsts after God, and she loves the services of His house, and the society of His people; wherever there is a prayer meeting, she will, if possible, be found at it; and she is earnestly pleading with her father, mother, brothers, and sisters, and trying to bring them to Jesus. It is a severe cross she has to bear, a babe in Christ, standing alone, surrounded by unconverted relatives; but she says, nothing shall by God's grace turn her from her Lord; that she is quite happy in Him; He has saved her, and forgiven her all her many sins.

Last week she was deeply tried; a wicked brother-in-law met her in the street. "Come," said he, "Carry, have a glass of gin?" "No!" she replied; when he abused her sadly, reminding her of her former wicked life, and that she was no better than he was. "Come, girl," he said again. "No!" answered she, "I should be far worse than you if I went, now that God has taught me different;" he then struck her violently, almost knocking her down, and cruelly abused her, but Carry remained firm; and she says, Jesus helps her, and His grace is sufficient for her. Poor thing! her body is indeed crippled and maimed from the sad burns: one arm taken off at the shoulder, the other much injured, but her soul seems to grow day by day. She is modest, respectful, and grateful; and in the midst of deep suffering and poverty, we believe, is "a chosen vessel of the Lord," ripening for the kingdom of heaven.

The following letter has been received from Carry, written by her friend at the Ragged School, entirely at her dictation.

"MADAM,

"I wish to thank you for the things you so kindly sent me, as I was so in want of them; my father and mother have a heavy family, and they cannot afford to buy me very much, as they have another cripple at home beside me, and I feel I am

a very great burden upon them ; but I trust in the Lord, that He will help me, and I am happy to tell you that I have found Jesus, and I cannot tell you how unhappy I was till I found Him.

“One year and a half ago I was going on in my sin; I knew nothing at all about Jesus, but now I am so happy that I know a little about Him. I do long to be able to read His Word, as I am no scholar; but I trust in the Lord, that with His help I shall be able to learn to read it. How nice it will be for me to read it to my father and mother, as I am sure they will listen to me! very often now I talk to them about it, and they listen with the greatest attention. Oh, how I wish they would think of it more! I pray night and day for them; I feel very unhappy about them, and about my dear sister. They do not yet know how precious the Word of God is. One time I knew nothing of Jesus; I used to go on in my sin, and think there was no God, and did not care for nothing. Oh! to think that I was not cut off in my sin. I do long to know more of Him; I like any one to come and talk to me about Him, that I may know more about Him. I have many temptations to draw me away, but I look to Jesus to keep me. I can say the verse Miss R—— asked me to learn, “I am the good Shepherd,” &c., and the 23rd Psalm.

“Signed,
“CARRY.”

Again we transgress our cautious friend's injunction, to report no *recent* facts. We do it in this case, hoping that some *kind heart may care for this helpless one, and possibly suggest some method by which Carry might earn an honest living.* She will soon be able to read, and might, with a little timely aid, perhaps be kept from the Workhouse, and become a helping teacher in some Ragged School, where she could tell the children of the Saviour she has found in the midst of her affliction.

Our Mission is frequently requested to follow, with its loving care, the salutary discipline used in prisons, when the term of imprisonment expires. It was thought in a former case referred to, that the reference to discipline had been exaggerated, and the word “irons” used where “hand-cuffs” should have been

substituted. Due prominence was however given to the reclaiming and evangelizing influences, which the loving heart of woman has long exercised *in the prison*, after the example of Mrs. Fry. Poor Carry's suffering arose from accident, which might have happened anywhere in a closed room, where the cries were unheard.

THE SONG IN THE VALLEY.

STOCKHOLM, APRIL, 1865.

MY DEAR MRS. R.,

As you are already interested in the Lord's work in Sweden, I think you will be glad to recognize the fruit of the Spirit, as exhibited in the accompanying original Letter. It was of course written in Swedish, but I have translated it as literally as possible, that it might not lose any of its freshness. The writer is dying, or perhaps already dead of consumption. She writes from the shores of the Wettern, to a dying friend in Stockholm. Many of the Lord's people here have been refreshed and strengthened by a perusal of this Letter, and I have thought that if you could give it a place in your periodical, many in my dear native land might enjoy it also.

Copy of a Letter written by a dying Christian, on the shores of the Wettern.

"And God said, Arise, go up to Bethel, and dwell there."—*Gen. xxxv. 1.*

DEAR SISTER,

Why have you taken flight from these parts, and pitched your tent yonder? And why did you not, on your way, pass through our town, that we might have received you, and seen your face? It was not good medicine for your invalid friend: she felt the worse for it for a long time after; but in fact she can never be restored: yet I will not say farewell to you, for we shall soon meet again. I shall shortly set out by an express train for the capital in the east, the golden city of the New Jerusalem, where the inheritance of Israel lies. Into this city, I, a wretch, shall gain admittance, and that speedily, for only the last station, the Valley of Death, remains. Its deep darkness shall not hinder me; for the Lion of the tribe of Judah has gained the victory there, and has established the light of His own resurrection, as an eternal comfort for the weak ones who are to pass through it. It is a strange song that the death-sick wanderer

sings, while drops of cold perspiration break out upon her brow from suffering, fears, and agony. Oh! it is my wonderful King, who is Himself the subject of every note in my poor soul. See, it is that God became man *for me*—it is that He died *for me*—and that He is also risen *for me*. How shall I forget this? How be silent about this wondrous fact? for it was He who came and gave it to me. I should have ever remained away from Him, but was not allowed; for He came: and see—this truth is breaking upon me, that I am saved *by grace*.

This much I will tell you, my beloved C——, in our last words on earth before the message comes; we shall meet again after a little while. My Christmas candle* is already lighted for me—my Christmas joy already come—my beautiful gift is of an unspeakable brilliancy. The Son of God, the Son of God, has bought me, therefore I rejoice. I have a genuine coin which is current by land and by sea, in all heaven and earth: nay, hell itself knows my money. My joy is great, but my joy is not in my heart, but in *my Treasure*. My flesh the worm will have for food, but my joy is in the life, and the life is the Son of God; so high do I soar. My new Zion is of pure gold, and lies in the midst of glory. The King's Bride looks very miserable, and her old tabernacle is already worn out. It is not easy to think any great things about this vile body; and unless it were written, if I had not the word of God for it, then my happiness would be the most dreadful illusion in the world, but *it is written* that the Saviour came to save sinners, and among them even the greatest wretch may be included.

Do I need much? then I have a great salvation; and therefore I can sit in the dark Valley of Death, and sing of the victory which Jesus has gained for me.

Thanksgiving and praise in eternity! Peace be with you! Thank you for your love. Write to me, but delay not. Amen. Thanks and praise. Hosanna in the highest!

Your poor Sister,

AUGUSTA K——N.

JERUSALEM AND THE JEWS.

THE main subject contemplated in the *Missing Link Magazine* is, as it was in the late *Book and its Missions*, "BIBLE

* Alluding to the custom of lighting many candles on Christmas Eve in Sweden, and giving gifts to every one.

WORK AT HOME AND ABROAD," which we still find it convenient to consider and class under five fields of observation. The Heathen, where the Book is not; the Roman Catholic countries, where its circulation is forbidden or restrained; the Mohammedan, where a False Book has reigned in its stead; the Protestant countries, whence it goes forth to all the rest; and lastly the Ancient Churches who first received the written Word of God, and have continuously preserved it.

Among these, of course the Nation of Israel stands pre-eminent; we are happy to see the following remarks concerning them in the pages of the *British Standard*.

"There is no more unquestionable axiom in our language than that 'coming events cast their shadows before.' The most notable event of the ancient world, was incontestably the destruction of Jerusalem and the dispersion of the Jews; a people still found through all the earth, and counted by millions, and, for their numbers, possessing a larger amount of wealth than any other class of human kind.

"Now we hold, that the most notable event of the latter day will be their restoration to Palestine, and the rebuilding of the CITY OF DAVID. The memorable speech of a son of ISRAEL to whom it was proposed, on behalf of the power that now claims and controls Judea, that the Jews should purchase it, deserves to be kept in lasting remembrance. 'No,' said the noble descendant of ABRAHAM, 'Jerusalem, Judea, are ours, and we will never buy our own; but wait till the God of our Fathers, having chastised us for our sins, shall see it meet in His mercy to forgive us, and restore our inheritance.'"

It must indeed be obvious we think, to all observers, that Jerusalem and the Jews are now making further demands, almost daily, on the world's attention. At this era of their history, at the end of five-and-twenty centuries of their out-casting, while scattered through all countries, their number is nevertheless reckoned at from seven to ten millions: no fewer than in the days of their glory. Their riches are so great, that there can never be a war in Europe without their consent and assistance from the treasures of their coffers; and they have formed in Paris, since 1860, a *Universal Israelite Alliance*, to facilitate communication among their people in every quarter of the globe.

Meanwhile, many causes have conduced to turn attention to their once glorious City. A resident there, comparing it with what it was seventeen years since, remarks, "Jerusalem was then poor and miserable, the houses mean and dirty, the streets narrow and crooked: now they are wide and straight, and alive with the busy hum of traffic, beautiful gardens, fine churches, synagogues, hospitals, hotels, and stores, are everywhere met with. Russia has noble buildings overlooking and commanding the city, and the rich men from Constantinople, Bagdad, Damascus, Egypt, England, and France, have each for their own purposes contributed to beautify the site."

The ill-treatment of Jews by Mohammedans has to a great degree ceased, and the great amelioration in their condition, throughout the world, during the last few years, would seem to indicate their restoration to be very near at hand.

At the same time the private enterprise of travellers, and the interest of Biblical research, and it may be added the sufferance of Moslem authorities, hitherto unknown during all the ages of their rule, has permitted the investigations of those competent to judge concerning the present state of the Mosque of Omar, built on Mount Moriah: within its outer courts, as has been very recently discovered, the real site of the Holy Sepulchre is also comprehended.

The site of the Ancient Temple is fixed, beyond all possibility of doubt, through the recent discovery by Signor Pierotti, of the complete water system of aqueducts, drains and reservoirs, excavated in the solid rock, and still existing as entire as when all were in daily use at the period of the Jewish commonwealth. These have been unaffected by the demolition of the structures above, except as partially blocked up by the falling in of the *debris* of the ruins. See "Dr. Whitty's Water Supply and Sewerage for Jerusalem."

So much for the ancient foundations.

It will be a new and interesting fact to many of our readers, that they may obtain the map of a proposed Railway, between the Mediterranean and Damascus, by way of Jerusalem, based on the first actual survey by Dr. Charles Zimpel. It is published by G. J. Stevenson, 54, Paternoster Row. Dr. Zimpel

has been chief engineer to various railway companies; he accompanies this map by a pamphlet, showing the proposed course of this railway. The present road from Jaffa (Joppa) to Jerusalem is by ascents and descents, forty-two miles in length. It can only be passed by horse, mule, or ass; and camels are used for the transport of goods. It is passed with difficulty in the rainy season, and often leads along the bed of winter torrents.

The height of Jerusalem above the sea at Jaffa is 2,600 feet, a circumstance unfavourable for a railway in a mountainous country, but this engineer has remarked a valley near the city, called Ismael or Surar, which leaving the mountains by a very wide gorge, opens into a broad valley, and carries the winter torrent Surar into the Mediterranean.

Dr. Zimpel tells us that the first eleven miles, from Jaffa to Ramlet, would be a straight line, the plain of Sharon would then be entered, and afterwards the line would by a double curve enter the valley of Surar. A serpentine course would further conduct to the plain of Rephaim and the gardens near Jerusalem. A turnpike road has already been constructed by a French company, from Beirût to Damascus, of a length of sixty-four miles. It has been open for a year.

Is not the time approaching when it is to be said "Prepare ye the way of the people; cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people"?

"Behold, the Lord hath proclaimed to the end of the world, Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh; behold, His reward is with Him, and His work before Him. And they shall call them, The holy people, The redeemed of the Lord: and thou (Jerusalem) shalt be called, Sought out, A city not forsaken." (Is. lxii. 10—12.)

A VISIT TO THE NAHR-EL-KELB.

THE following interesting notes have been received from Mrs. Mott, the sister of our friend Mrs. Thompson, whose Bible and Domestic Mission among the suffering Syrian women have long interested our readers:—

“Before sunset we reached the sublime and romantic glen of Nahr-el-Kelb, on the Dog River. Here we found our tents pitched; and the next day we were joined by dear Mrs. T——; we had likewise the pleasure of seeing the American consul, who had brought some friends from Beirût to the sculptures of this far-famed spot. The Sabbath spent at Nahr-el-Kelb was by no means uninteresting, and I trust it may have been profitable.

“A beautiful orange grove lies a little way up the glen: thither we wended our way, along the narrow banks overgrown with reeds, ferns, and mosses, sometimes so narrow that there is scarcely a footing, (it is part of the old Roman aqueduct,) till at last, after crossing the river on the slippery stones, and scrambling up the bank, we seated ourselves beneath the very loveliest and most fragrant of arbours, formed by six large orange trees. They were laden with a profusion of the golden fruit, hanging in clusters like grapes, amid the shining leaves; and on one of these clusters were no less than fifteen oranges, being three less than I counted on one cluster on a large orange tree in Seville. Here then we sat, intending to spend a quiet morning with our Bibles, in this secluded spot.

“But we had not been reading long, when several peasants came round, and one after another became interested in the absorbing subject that was brought before them. Some few could read. A young man approached, and some one observed, ‘That is the priest’s son; I dare say he can read.’ He replied with a look of sorrow and simplicity, ‘I know no more of reading than the oranges which hang over your head.’ Yet the famous Jesuit college is almost within sight.

“Those who were able now read several chapters aloud; and afterwards, as we had happily a fresh supply of the tracts of the Parables and Miracles, all we had were given as far as they would go; and the others were directed to come to our tents in the afternoon. Conversation of the most interesting kind likewise passed with a merchant, a very gentlemanly young man, who had been educated at the Jesuits’ college, and who has been for some time entirely convinced of the errors and impositions practised by his Church.

“The Nahr-el-Kelb is the object of attraction to nearly every visitor to this part of the Holy Land, and few return to Europe without seeing this very interesting spot. It is a romantic stream, flowing from two sources on the snow-crested Djebel Sunûm; these sources are called the Fountains of milk and honey, ‘Niba-el-Lebn and Niba-el-Asil.’ Djebel-Sunûm ranks as the second highest peak of the Lebanon range.

“The Nahr-el-Kelb is a rapid stream, and dashes along the glen from the very heart of the mountain, till it mingles its clear cold water with the bright blue Mediterranean. The banks are verdant with foliage, and on either side rise bold, abrupt craggy cliffs, crowned by an ancient convent on the left, while the old Roman aqueduct, supported on tall graceful arches, is hung with wreaths of the loveliest creeping plants, which twine round the long pendant stalactites that hang from the arches; this imparts a unique and romantic beauty to this glen.

“In the times of the Romans, this aqueduct conveyed the waters of the Nahr-el-Kelb to Beirût. It would be a great boon if it were repaired, and restored to its former useful service. Our excursion the following day, up this glen,—now far and away over the hills, and now down again by an inclined plane of about 200 feet, till we again strayed beside the bright clear stream; and then again up to a source of the clearest, purest water I have ever seen; and then our visit to the dark and deeply hidden source, in the gloomy cavern,—was one of the most charming I have ever made; indeed, our whole party were equally enchanted: the pine forests were redolent with aromatic fragrance.

“But it is not only the romantic beauty of the Nahr-el-Kelb which attracts the eye, and lures the foot into its hidden recesses. Its chief attraction lies in its unique and splendid assemblage of Pharaonic, Assyrian, and other entablatures, and finely chiselled inscriptions. These reminiscences and mementos of by-gone ages are unequalled. The Egyptian, the Phœnician, the Assyrian, the Babylonian, the Persian, the Roman, the Greek, the Turk, the Arab, the Frank-pilgrims of every tongue and clime,—have scaled the wonderful pass of the Nahr-el-Kelb. There countless hosts have passed for thou-

sands of years, and left behind those unequalled entablatures, bas-reliefs, inscriptions, and hieroglyphics, which tell the tale of days gone by. Some of the figures which are the size of life are perfect; others faint, defaced, or obliterated. Here are the cartouches of Sesostris and the warriors of Chaldea. Here again inscriptions in Persian, Greek, Latin, and Arabic. From sacred history we learn that five Assyrian monarchs traversed this pass, either to invade the land, or to pass on to Egypt, viz:—Pul, Tiglath-pileser, Shalmanezzer, Sargon, and Sennacherib; and it appears to be the opinion of the learned, that each of these monarchs successively put up one of these tablets, to celebrate his own passage. The Egyptian tablets are supposed to go back to a period of 3,000 years, and the Assyrian to 2,500.

“Nor must we forget the Roman tablet by Marcus Aurelius, by whose command the Roman road through the craggy pass to the sea-shore was made, and the fine aqueduct erected, which supplied the ancient city of Berytus with the limpid water of the Nahr-el-Kelb. We likewise find the name of Agrippa, who took the city of Berytus, and gave it the name of Colonia Julia Augusta Felix Berytus.

“There is yet another tablet, or rather a modern inscription on an ancient tablet; it bears the names of Napoleon III. and his general, Beaufort, the latter of whom probably visited the spot. It records, that the French army came to the help of Syria, at the time of the massacres in 1860. But we do not find the name of Queen Victoria, nor of her gallant sailors who saved the widows and orphans, and the other fugitives, whom they carried through the raging surf to England’s noble ships, till they could bring them safe to Beirût. But the name of England, if not graven in stone, is graven in Syria on many a heart.”

MRS. THOMPSON’S SCHOOLS.

Mrs. THOMPSON is now in England; come to ask help for the thirteen schools she has established, during the last three years, for the Syrian women and girls at Beirût, and on the Lebanon. She has

more than six hundred children under instruction, and her success is a conclusive answer to those who would object to combine Christianity with secular education in Mission work. It has been perfectly astonishing, when it is considered that the prejudice of the Orientals is not against Christian education, so much as against any education for women at all; but Mrs. Thompson is proving to them that educated women make better daughters and more valuable wives; as the following fact will evidence:—

The Rev. H. B. Tristram says—

“To be taught to read the Bible in Arabic and English has been the first employment of the pupils, whether rich or poor. A large proportion of the scholars in Mrs. T.’s various rooms are the children of the wealthiest families in Beirût, who pay for their education at a liberal rate. All the races of Syria are here represented, the Jewish, the Greek, and the Moslem. There are classes of married women who come to learn to read, and have the Scriptures constantly read aloud to them, while they learn to embroider in gold, or to cut out and make their ordinary clothing.”

“Without underrating other efforts,” says Miss Whateley, “I think no one has been so quickly blessed as Mrs. Thompson.” Is this not surely owing to her beginning her efforts in every direction with Bible lessons? “I feel,” adds Miss W., “that Mrs. T.’s establishment in Syria ought to be enlarged as she desires, to enable her to have a regular Training School, whence teachers may be sent to all parts of the country, ay, and to poor dark Egypt also.”

OUR OWN FINANCES.

WHILE we gladly present the claims of other Institutions to our benovolent readers, we must not neglect the statement of our own affairs. Our total receipts for the *seven* months of our present year have been £6,847; our expenditure, alas! we have not been able to reduce below £7,113. Our monthly receipts for the corresponding months of 1864 were £7,260, and expenditure £7,539. More economical arrangements have been made in various quarters; concerning rent of Mission rooms and cost of clothing clubs, which has enabled us to venture on sixteen new districts, notwithstanding an income lessened by £400. Eight districts on our last year’s list have for the present ceased working.

OUR FRIENDS IN SCOTLAND:

OR

NORTH AND SOUTH.

WITH our new title of the "Missing Link Magazine," and hope of a more extended circulation in the hands of new publishers, we have had a distinct desire that the cheap little publication might become a "Missing Link," freshly forged, between the set of workers in London who originally attempted this double agency, and those many many circles in which the experiment has been repeated with various degrees of success.

An interesting private correspondence develops the fact, that this same effort is undertaken from diverse points of influence; and, consequently, the results are very different.

A friend in Scotland, who has recently paid visits to some of our districts in London, sends us on her return the following letter. We are sure she did not send it for publication, but we think it asks some questions that need to be asked, and may elicit some replies.

OUR FRIEND SAYS:—

"THE enclosed paper on Bible-women speaks for itself, and will prove to you that I made no rash statement when I told you that *our* Female Missionaries in the north were not exactly like your 'Bible-women.' I think it is a pity they are not called Mission-women. They are really doing good work and service in their districts, as appointed by various congregations; but I believe that there is an under-lying class of the population yet unreached by them, and that the field for the true BIBLE-WOMAN, with us, yet remains to be tilled.

"Do you not think that giving the name of 'Bible-woman' to *any* kind of female Missionary agent, is a great mistake? which confuses those wishing to set themselves apart for Bible work, and those willing to send them forth, and that so by degrees the distinctive character of your early London Mission is lost.

"I have been thinking much, since I saw you, of the interesting discussion at the social meeting of your Lady-Superinten-

dents, and of the pastoral exhortation so earnestly given, that the Bible alone should be read at your 'Mothers' Meetings.' As I listened, I entirely agreed with the speaker; but on reflection I have seen a difficulty. Were not these Mothers' Meetings originated to improve poor women in their home duties? that they might learn to be clean in their persons and houses, and shown how to make a little go a long way?

"Do you think it infallibly follows that a woman becoming a Christian becomes at once a better house-keeper? If the Bible alone is used in the Mission-Room, when could the instruction on common things come in? I really ask for information, and thought you might perhaps treat us, in the Magazine, to the description of a model Mothers' Meeting, which might be of use to all workers, without giving personal offence to any."

The paper enclosed in our friend's letter contains so many excellent hints for the direction of the Scotch Mission-women, of which their southern sisters may be glad to avail themselves, that we offer no excuse for its re-print.

It commences as follows:—

"'BIBLE-WOMEN' have been heretofore represented as the 'Missing Link' which connects those that are ready to perish with those that are ready to save them; or, more specifically, those mothers and daughters of the humbler classes who have most need of help, with ladies who are most desirous to aid and encourage them to help themselves. The following is a brief sketch of this department of Christian agency, in its prominent characteristics:—

"I. DUTIES.—A primary part of the Bible-woman's duty, especially in England, is to take with her a few specimen copies of the Bible, suitable both for the old and the young, inviting purchasers, and receiving pre-payments in small weekly instalments. A still more important part of her duty is to make those Bibles, which are too apt to lie unopened in many families, to be appealed to in matters of daily interest, so that the voice of God may be heard, not only in the few verses which she may read in the course of her visits, but in connection with the toils and trials of every-day life.

"The proper province of the Bible-woman, indeed,—that which distinguishes her from Home Missionaries,—is to act the part of a true "sister of mercy" to those whom she visits; sympathising particularly with poor thriftless mothers, and, without any officious inter-

meddling, teaching them 'how to mend' their 'ragged homes;' not being so ready to find fault even with the most faulty, as to encourage them to do better; and when she has gained their confidence, showing them how to turn to the best account their tattered wardrobe, and their scanty fare, or the means of procuring it, and so to 'tidy' their houses, as well as their children's appearance and their own, as to give even to a wretched hovel, until they can get a better, something of the air and aspect of a home. This is the distinctive office of a Bible-woman,—to be pre-eminently the *Mother's Friend*; pointing out to her, in a simple and unpretending manner, from the lessons of heavenly love in God's own Book, how to perform the duties, and how to endure the trials and temptations of her daily lot, for the sake of Him who gave Himself for us; and on suitable occasions praying with her and her family, that they 'may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.'

"Another department of her work, which is scarcely less indispensable, is to strive, in a gentle, genial, and motherly spirit, to inspire *girls who are rising into womanhood* with a taste for industry, cleanliness, order, and good company, so as to preserve them from the temptations of a life of idleness, and to give them an aptitude for household work; and if she has at all succeeded in this object, she will do her utmost to obtain for them such situations as they are qualified to fill. The discomfort and mismanagement that are so often to be found in the dwellings of the poor, and the complaints so frequently heard, in other circles, of unqualified servants, have been traced to the fact that so few girls of the lower classes, particularly in large towns, are trained at home to the discharge of those domestic duties which are afterwards to devolve upon them. Yet these young women are scarcely to be blamed for not knowing what they have never been taught; and until the industrial training of girls becomes an integral part of their school education, or is as generally attended to at home as it is now generally neglected, it will be necessary for the Bible-woman to make her services conduce to this end as far as possible.

"II. QUALIFICATIONS.—This sketch of the Bible-woman's work will serve to indicate some of the more essential *qualifications* required in candidates for this office.

"1. First of all, there must be a constraining sense of that 'love of Christ which passeth knowledge,' prompting to unwearied service and self-denial for His sake. This will be satisfied with nothing less than the salvation of the soul, but will count nothing insignificant

that may prove subservient to this great end, although it should serve only to remove dirt and discomfort in the first instance, or to allay the poor drunkard's thirst. Her zeal, therefore, must be 'according to knowledge;' and it is most desirable that she be 'not a novice,' or a very recent convert; that she 'have a good report of them which are without,' her character and conduct being above suspicion; and that her attire and demeanour be in keeping with her vocation and her special aim. This suggests, as a second qualification:—

"2. Sound judgment, or good common sense,—knowing when to be silent, as well as when to speak; also what will be a word in season, and how to say it, not in a sanctimonious or artificial, but in an easy and natural tone; making her visits neither too hurried nor too protracted, allowing opportunity for easing a burdened spirit, but not for conversation degenerating into gossip; and convincing all that while their visitor is no simpleton, to be readily taken in or imposed upon by false pretences, neither is she a tale-bearer or revealer of secrets, unfit to be entrusted with their confidence, nor will she be enticed to take any part in their quarrels.

"3. A quiet, business-like way of pressing on from one duty and from one person to another, without either trifling or bustle, and without loss of time or of temper. This should be associated with a fair measure of bodily vigour, such as to enable her to spend four or five hours a day in her district without much exhaustion, so that every family may be visited, if possible, once a month; also with some knowledge of sick-nursing, and of all ordinary household duties, not from mere theory, but from personal experience.

"4. In a word, a kind, motherly, cheerful disposition, with a face that can smile, as the true index of a loving heart; having a genuine interest in those whom she visits, and the power of engaging their attention; and being consequently a real favourite with children, who are commonly good judges of this part of the character, if of no other.

"There cannot be a greater mistake than for one who has failed in finding employment elsewhere, or to whom the ordinary duties of her station have become irksome, to betake herself to the work of a Bible-woman, primarily as a means of support, or as a relief from harder work. It is likewise a mistaken kindness on the part of some good people to recommend for this work ardent but untried young converts, who have need to learn for a season in silence before becoming teachers of others; or individuals, in regard to whose past

lives, or the training of their families, there are causes of offence. Those who are sent to "mend homes," would require to have their own well kept.

"III. MOTHERS' MEETING.—The supporters of Bible-women have usually found it expedient to devolve on a committee of Ladies the general oversight of this Domestic Mission, and these meet periodically to hear of its progress, and to devise means for promoting its efficiency; but, in almost every instance, they have found it necessary to elect a Lady-Superintendent to take the immediate charge of each Bible-woman's work, although at the Mothers' Meetings two ladies are often required, the one for the more secular department, the other for the more spiritual. These *Mothers' Meetings* are usually held on an afternoon early in the week, say from three to five o'clock, and are dismissed in time to let the wives get home to prepare for their husbands' return. A supply of cloth of various kinds, such as may be most in request for every-day use, is procured on the best terms, and is submitted for selection at, or very slightly under, prime cost, by the Lady-Superintendent or her assistant, who keeps in a book prepared for the purpose, an exact account of the quantity purchased by each, and of the weekly deposits received; and while the Bible-woman under her direction passes quietly from one to another to render such help as may be needed in shaping and finishing the several articles on hand, the Lady, after conversing with some of the mothers individually, reads aloud, from an interesting and useful book, passages fitted to cheer and guide all in their daily duties and trials; and the meeting is closed—in some cases it is opened—with a brief and appropriate portion of Scripture, briefly but earnestly and affectionately applied to the heart and conscience, and with a short prayer, commending all present, along with the members of their families, to God and to the word of His grace. A rule now invariably acted on, to the effect that no article is to be removed until it is paid for (as in the sale of Bibles), is of essential benefit to the mothers themselves, while it serves well-nigh to refund the original outlay for 'cloth, and thus far to make the system self-supporting. Should the Ladies judge it to be needful, and the Bible-woman have time and turn for it, an *industrial class for girls*, which commonly meets twice or three times a week, in the evenings, is conducted in a similar manner, but, for the most part, without the aid of the Lady-Superintendent, except that she bears the necessary outlay, purchases the cloth, &c., and may visit the class occasionally.

"IV. LADY-SUPERINTENDENT.—The province of the *Lady-Superin-*

tendent, as will be inferred from these details, is to preside at the Mothers' Meetings, and, when practicable, to pay an occasional visit to the women at their homes; but more especially to meet with the Bible-woman alone, at least once a week—should she be inexperienced, still more frequently;—to receive, in most cases, written notes of her work, more or less copious according to circumstances, and, in all cases, a minute verbal report of the cases visited by her, and consult how to help without pauperising them;—to take charge of any sums the Bible-woman may have received for Bibles or articles of clothing, or of any deposits by or for the young in the 'Penny Savings Bank' (if it is judged proper to foster habits of providence in this manner), and to lodge them in the Bank; to repay these deposits whenever they are required, possibly with a small addition by way of interest, if they have lain for some months, and are called up only at a time and for objects for which they are really needed; and taking care that every account be satisfactorily settled before the summer recess. The Lady-Superintendent will not confine her intercourse with the Bible-woman, however, to strictly business transactions, but, as a Christian friend and sister, will do what she can to shed light on her path, to sweeten as well as to lighten her toil, and, by the assurance of her sympathy and prayers, to make her feel that she is not alone in her labour of love, and that she may daily hear the voice of the Master saying, 'Fear not, for I am with thee.'

"NOTE.—*The number of applications received from all parts of Scotland for some brief outline of the work of Bible-women, has led to the compilation of these cursory statements and suggestions. The writer trusts that this paper contains a correct representation of the leading facts on the subject, and that it may serve some useful purpose in the mean time, if it were only in the way of calling forth a more adequate description of this recent but interesting and important branch of Home Mission work.*

"A. M."

"5, ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH, 1865.

Another paper from Scotland came before us not long since, headed:—

"GLASGOW ABSTAINERS' UNION, BIBLE AND DOMESTIC
FEMALE MISSION;"

And its first page indicates that the accounts of our Bible Missions in London had led the directors of that Union to appoint six female Missionaries, to promote the work in which

they were engaged; and that they were ready to give account of their four years' proceedings.

The instructions given to their Missionaries were as follows:

"You see your field of labour; go in amongst the poor people and, by every means in your power, do what you can to help them to improve their condition. Endeavour to reclaim the drunkard—to reform the vicious—to make the thriftless provident—the comfortless home happy—and help all to a home in heaven. Take the Bible with you. Take the Temperance pledge. Take tracts on cleanliness, fresh air, and kindred subjects. Take sound counsels in your mind—sisterly sympathies in your heart—and Christian principles in your soul."

Thus enjoined and thus equipped, they entered upon their labours, in which they appear to have persevered. The amount of Bible circulation is not mentioned, but in three years and a half £119 were deposited in the Penny Savings Bank, and during the same period £338 worth of clothing has been supplied; while sewing meetings, temperance meetings, meetings for worship on Sabbath evenings, Sabbath classes for children in the worst districts of Glasgow, varied by soirées, social gatherings, summer excursions, and New-year's breakfasts, show that every means had been tried to win the hearts, of the poor by acts of kindness. Added to which a special fund had been raised, (administered we observe by the Mission-women,) to give relief during the rigours of winter, to the more needy and deserving cases.

Perhaps not reckoning the six Missionaries last mentioned, we learn from the annual report of the National Bible Society of Scotland, that Bible-women to the number of thirty in Edinburgh and forty in Glasgow, are supplied with Scriptures for sale, from the depositories, at "encouraging rates;" and we have some hope that this article may elicit the account of the numbers of Bibles supplied to such agents.

DO WE WANT THE DOMESTIC AND BIBLE, OR, THE BIBLE AND DOMESTIC MISSION?

The two above communications would induce us to suppose, that while female agency and the native agency of the poor woman among the poor, is in the North adopted and considered

necessary for various purposes of domestic and social reform, the supply of the Scriptures in these smaller capitals of the kingdom is considered already almost adequate to the population, and that the "DOMESTIC and BIBLE MISSION" might therefore be the more correct name for their associations.

But we have as yet no cause in London to forego our principle of THE BIBLE FIRST. The more that female Missionary agency is multiplied, the more vigilant we feel must be our outlook on the work of those who ought really to *be* as well as to be called BIBLE-WOMEN.

Eight years have now passed by since the name was first given to one whose main duty it was defined to be, to offer Bibles for sale, in the lowest parts of London. It is not necessary to repeat, that much domestic good incidentally followed. The name of "Bible-woman" became for a time "fashionable;" and as all fashion passes away, it is now considered "quaint," but to us it remains sacred; and we know too well its meaning, and the blessing of God that has been upon it, for the sake of His own Book, not to make a life-long endeavour to keep it to its first intent.

Happily the day is come for the institution of Mission-women also; and if they *are* Mission-women, they must be attached to individual, congregational, or parochial centres: otherwise who will send them on their Mission?

Both descriptions of women are wanted; the need of the present time seems to be, to ascertain to which class they belong, and to let one help the other in acknowledged relations.

Suppose then these forty good workers in Edinburgh or elsewhere, and an attempt made at their classification, by those who have realized the benefit which the Bible-women at least derive, by working from a given and undenominational centre, not from the Bible Society, but from an institution founded on its principles, in which members of national and non-national Churches can work together to one certain point, without interference with each other's views on disputed subjects.

The first thing would be to inquire which of the women at present employed really *are* Bible-women, and which, on the other hand, are the Mission-women? The latter will be found

fulfilling certain prescribed duties in relation to particular bodies, manifold in their character, and largely relating to *temporal* necessities. The Mission-woman is sent successively from case to case, most often by the clergyman or his lady, and her sphere embraces the parish; from which, however, with her utmost exertion and devotedness, she can after all but take under her care a limited number of individuals. It is still usual to speak figuratively of so many thousand souls in a parish, not mentioning the bodies; but how many of these, would the head of the parish feel that he personally knew and watched over? even if he had half-a-dozen Mission-women under his direction, and the largest staff of actual district visitors usually attained? Remember there are thousands. Can he realize them individually—in hundreds—scores—or tens?

It is London that teaches us what infinite room there is for sub-division of labour in our moral wastes; but to return to the forty women. *How does the Bible-woman begin her work?* With the Bible in her hand, and the true love and understanding of it in her heart. She should begin at No. 1, in some poor street, and introduce herself by degrees, and in one way or other, to the occupants of every room in it, and she should have nothing to give them—nothing but a message out of that Book.

It is really wonderful how God does find entrance for her with His Word alone! her work is to sell all kinds of Bibles by penny subscriptions—also to get all sorts of shut and dusty Bibles opened—then when she has found a few poor women to listen to her *one by one*, she invites them to some small clean room on the district, to meet her Lady, who will tell them *more*, and whose mission will still be a *Bible-mission*. They must both keep to this. It is a great pity when a large clothing-club or any gathering of the people in great numbers, for temporal benefit, swallows up the first design of the *Bible-mission*.

A true Bible-mission should feed all good parochial or congregational workers with ever fresh material to work upon, retaining those it gains in small numbers, *i. e.*, in classes of twenty or thirty, till they have learned the A, B, C, of the first principles of salvation, and then draft them on, and go down again and seek after other lost and drunken ones. Of course it

is implied that the first company are passed on to those who are no less sympathetic with their ignorance, and who still go on to open to them further, the boundless treasures of the Word of God.

We find that a Bible-mission offers the best way to approach the outcast classes. "Come to church," or to chapel, is by no means the first thing for *them*—that follows in time; but it is the message of "*Will you not 'come to Christ?'*" delivered to each poor weary and heavy-laden soul one by one; that has received such blessing. In this way, cases daily turn up, requiring help to help themselves, that should arrive from other sources, and earnest District-visitors may learn much that it concerns them to know from the Superintendent of a Bible-mission, and which may enable them to obtain a happier entrance to individual cases, hitherto only known to them by a passing knock at the door. The Bible-woman, therefore, sets forth every week to *sell* the Word of God, which is after all "beyond price," to those who wish for *larger*, or for *reference* copies, as *this* field we are certain remains open everywhere; and then what use does she make of her opportunities of collecting this money? She sells a Book like no other book, which will have a Teacher of its truths, like no other teacher—even the Holy Spirit of God,—as surely as His teaching is asked for, by the humblest reader or hearer of its holy words. How highly privileged is the Bible-woman, to carry the messages of *love to the sinner*, which are in that Book! we poor human creatures only love what is lovely, but "*while we were yet sinners*, God loved us!" Does every one of those who are called Bible-women know, for herself, this Divine love? Well then she *must* tell it. She cannot help telling it with all her heart. She must begin at the beginning of her work, tell of the love of Jesus to the sinner, and *show it* to the sad and sorrowful in His Book; tell of the robe of righteousness; tell of the "bread of life;" and as surely as God raises up a poor Bible-woman to carry this message, as surely He will have prepared some poor wretched ones to receive it.

Now this would be the first talk to have with all the forty friends and workers, and then it would be seen by mutual con-

versation, how much work appeared as yet altogether unclaimed. The few only are called out at present from among the wretched many. We are often too late to overtake the neglects of past years. Let us thank God that individuals and congregations are awakened to a specific Mission for themselves, and it is certain these cannot interfere with one another's agencies; but is it too much to hope that in all large towns a Bible-mission might preserve its union and identity, although its Bible-women were provided for from different sources? Would it be at all possible to resolve upon a General Fund for them? perhaps *not*. Even if it were not, there might still be regular meetings of the Bible-women and their Ladies for pastoral exhortation and prayer; if only a dozen met, great strength and comfort would come from this arrangement. *Large* clothing-clubs should be the work of congregational agencies, for they are very apt to eat out the vitality of *Bible*-missions, and *Ladies* can best attend to these.

The agency really is spreading far and wide, without any *official* connection with London—God is spreading it—and into foreign countries also; but it is of such importance, that our women should be kept Bible-women in distinction from *Mission*-women, whose work is of necessity more secularized, and who go forth as the agents of *special* congregations. The right *commencement* has always such a blessing.

And, finally, we cannot help adding our own personal and ever-deepening conviction, that the BIBLE-WOMAN must really have a LADY who follows out a BIBLE Mission in all her meeting with her mothers. We have watched and compared for a long while the spiritual fruits of souls saved in the Missions where *the Bible and the Bible only* is read with a loving and living hold upon its truths, by the Lady Superintendent, and those which perhaps begin and end with a little of the Bible, but trust for their power of interesting the meeting, to tract, or story, or ballad.

At any rate a full hour should be secured for making all that we wish to impress, whether maxims of order, sobriety, or love, hang definitely on the thread of some portion of the Treasure of the Word. What "hid treasure" it is! how infinite the

number of its mines? cannot there come forth of it "things new and old? What is there *that is not there*? In the half-hour occupied by payments to the club, reading of any kind would seem impossible; but these can be greatly methodized. All that our Northern friends desiderate can be got out of the Bible, far better than from any "interesting or useful book." But who could venture to give the sketch of a model Mothers' Meeting? and if given, who would accept it? It suffices to draw attention to the question, Is our Mission the Domestic and Bible; or, the Bible and Domestic Mission? and which do we desire it shall be?

BURNT CARRY.

As some of our friends wish to know more of poor burnt Carry, we are glad to be able to tell them she is still earnestly trying and praying for grace and strength to go on in "the good and the right way;" she is always to be found attending the House of God on the Lord's day, and loves to meet with those who assemble for prayer and praise. A friend called to see her on Thursday last, at her father's house, but was told she had accompanied her mother to the Mothers' Meeting, held in a neighbouring street, by Miss C——, whose Sunday afternoon Bible class she has also of late attended. A little sister led the way to this large quiet happy gathering of poor women, and Carry came out to speak to her friend, looking so clean, and though very poor, neat; and her cheerful smile testified to the peace that, through God's pardoning love, now reigns within. She is beginning to read nicely for the time she has been taught by the kind teacher of the ragged school, and seemed to feel and understand the parable of the wise and foolish virgins. She is also learning to write with her one hand (the left); and we hope she may ere long make a ragged school teacher.

DISAPPOINTED EXPECTATIONS.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

You have asked me to give you some instances of failure. I am sure if, as Faustina suggests, we were to do so often, we should soon find a very decided failure in our funds.

Besides this, it is so much more difficult to write wisely and truly of failure, than of success. We know whence all success comes, and God's children more or less rejoice to acknowledge that it is He who enables them to will and to do of His good pleasure.

But failure, whence does it come? of our own sins, mistakes, shortcomings? not always. For did not our Lord Himself fail to save Jerusalem? and do not His tears on Olivet tell that, in some sense, failure meant to Him as to us—sorrow? And Christ failed to win Judas; but He set us an example that we should tread in His steps, as to the very last He strove to soften that hard heart by the gently-spoken “Friend, wherefore art thou come?”

And yet too often our failures mean lack of wisdom, through not asking it from the Father of lights. Or mistakes, because we were too self-willed to follow His guidance. Or, perhaps oftener still, negligence, idleness, selfishness. It is especially difficult to feel wisely about our failures at the end of the season, when mind and body are weary and exhausted, and we are apt to take a morbid view of everything. For, if failure be useful discipline, it is also a sore temptation. Moses felt the force of failure as a temptation to think of God as a hard task-master. (Numbers xi. 10—15.) Elijah's brave heart was so daunted by failure, that “he requested for himself that he might die.”

But I will give three or four instances, which I choose as being each the type of a different class of failure, and the worst and most disheartening of their kind.

In November, 1853, I began a class to teach reading and writing. It seemed welcome to the people. Sometimes as many as fifteen or sixteen were present. Those who came made good progress, and seemed delighted with their newly-developed

powers. But in March, 1854, the number fell off. I thought the time of year accounted for it, and closed the class. The next winter I was unable to undertake this additional labour, but last November I re-opened the reading class—at Christmas I closed it finally. We never had more than three, often only one, twice none! I wrote against it “a decided failure.” And yet as I think of that class, a sweet feeling of wonderful joy fills my heart; for *there I know* that two souls learned the love of Jesus. See how our God rewards work which we condemn as a mistake, and how He crowns an effort which we pronounce a failure! Thirty-nine hours’ work, paid by the deep endless joy of having been used as the finger to point to the living Word which roused and quickened two dead souls.

At Christmas, 1854, a young girl married. Her parents were habitual drunkards, her elder brother and sister serving long years in prison. Susan had been roused by the influence of our Mission, to desire a better life; marriage seemed her only chance. The lad she married, bore a sober, industrious character. I helped to furnish their room, and hoped they would be respectable. Alas! partly owing to the wrong-doing of one I trusted to help me in the matter, partly from untoward circumstances, those young people have taken step after step down instead of upward. I have tried again and again to raise them, but the effort only seems to sink them deeper. Our kind friend Mrs. S—— has done what she could; but the end (so far) is that not one of that family comes now to our Mission-room, and the only gleam of hope is that Susan runs away if she sees me coming.

In the winter of 1850, one who was living in sin, convinced by what she heard in our Mission-room, married. She and her husband became most punctual attendants at Bible-classes and services. I have frequently spoken to them of the Communion; I felt sure their change was real. In the summer of 1852, I missed them from church, called to remonstrate, and found they had gone to the open-air preaching in the park. That which is so useful in thousands of cases in drawing souls to Christ, was to them a snare. They learned to look for excite-

ment in the Sabbath services; their own church seemed afterwards dull and tame. They made questionable acquaintance in the crowds; the downward course began again; the old love of drink returned; they had got to look like respectable servants; but now, poverty, misery, and downcast shame, are stamped on every feature, and woven into every thread of their garments.

But ah! sadder than all, there is a woman now in the workhouse, with whom for four years I had constant intercourse; she helped me in my work, and often cheered me with bright hopeful words. We kneeled together to ask God's help, and took counsel how to raise the fallen and rescue the lost. She had been a drunkard, but for years had led a sober, godly life. The old temptation returned, at first carefully concealed, and only occasionally indulged. Soon she became reckless; two attacks of delirium tremens revealed to her friends the odious truth; and to redeem her, every means has hitherto been used *in vain*.

When "Faustina" wishes us to write of the faults and sins of our poor friends, or to be less hopeful about their seeming reformation, may we ask her *what good would be effected?* And as for directions for Mothers' Meetings, must not each Lady learn by her own observations, directed by common sense, and enlightened by the Spirit of God—which mode best suits her own mind and the need of those among whom she labours? If I venture to give any morsel of general advice concerning Scriptural teaching, I would say, *let it be as far as possible removed from a sermon*; rather let it consist of word-pictures; but above all things *fear to be lengthy*, and try and leave off so that the women should say, "I wish our Lady would be a little longer."

I wonder if you will think it profitable to print my "Disappointed Expectations."

E. M. C.

EXPECTATIONS NOT DISAPPOINTED.

No one could say that expectations were disappointed on the 21st of June, the longest day of 1865. It has come to a close, but it is a day that will live in the memories of many of our friends and workers, who once more shared the loving and Christian hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Ford Barclay.

As early as ten o'clock the station of the Eastern Counties Railway was the scene of a large muster of bright and cheerful faces, waiting for a special train, to convey 211 Bible-women to the country seat of their hospitable entertainers.

Many of the days of the invited guests are passed in narrow, close streets, picking their way among swarms of children grouped at every door-step, playing at hop-sotch with their bare toes on the pavement, until some ill-tempered lodger drives them away with a kick and a mouthful of bad words, when they adjourn to the gutter to squat and go on again, with occasional dead dogs and rats for toys, and mud, *ad lib.*, for pies. The children, after all, are the happiest things in the courts, they like their dirty streets better than their dirty rooms, and find less chance there of being slapped and scolded.

Some units among the scores of these are won to school by the Bible-women; but it is among many more miserable than these care-worn little children that our London-workers pass their lives, trying to cleanse the dirt and mend the vice around them. And when, as lately, for a day, they are carried away into a new world, where all is clean, green, and quiet, the change is great indeed! And if amid wickedness and angry foul-mouthed quarrels, they have been able to believe in God as a Father, looking down and caring for His creatures, on this one day of their escape they feel it all the more, and every leaf and butterfly, and little thing that others hardly see, reads *them* such a lesson of God's love and care, as makes them happy for months to come, and they go and take their enjoyment back again to their Mothers' classes, for they cannot be happy themselves without making their mothers feel it.

The shadow of the cool trees they seemed to enjoy as the thirsty man does water—as something they had been long look-

ing for and not finding. Hay had been spread for them under the noble oaks. Iced water, cool as from a glacier, quenched their thirst. They sat in little knots enjoying each other's company, or that of their kind Ladies, thinking of all God had carried them through since last year, and sometimes giving vent to their joy in hymns of praise; at others, watching with glee before a house of bee-hives, while pig-sties and cow-houses, white rabbits and flocks of ducklings, all came in for their share of wondering attention. For a time they were grouped upon the lawn, to be represented by the sun in photograph, and his beams were all day long shed over the fête from an unclouded sky.

We trust the presence of the Lord over-shadowed us also, and will bless those loving friends who afforded us such a day of refreshment and repose.

A TRAINING HOME.

IN addition to frequent applications for BIBLE-WOMEN from country friends, we are often asked for an introduction to persons of a more educated class, who have received a longer training for positions of usefulness, and are needed as paid agents, for the guidance of others. We are then very happy to refer them to the

NORTH LONDON TRAINING HOME FOR FEMALE MISSIONARIES, originally opened at Barnet nearly five years ago, and now transferred to the North of London.

It is under the Superintendence of the REV. W. and MRS. PENNEFATHER, who wish us to make the following statement:—

“Eighteen female Agents have already been sent by this Institution into different posts of labour, and ten are at present in the Home, working among the poor of London, in preparation for future usefulness. Of those who have gone out from the establishment, one is now in Syria and one in China; one has lately returned from India, in the hope of recruiting her health, and two are married to clergymen in Australia, where, we trust, they are still employed in the same service. Of those

remaining in England, five are working under the superintendence of parochial clergymen, and others, in connection with more private plans of usefulness. Among the temporary sojourners in the Home, who entered for a shorter term of training than the two years usually allotted to the candidates, we have had the daughters of three Missionaries in India, who have since joined their parents, and the daughter of one of the Spanish prisoners whose cause elicited so much sympathy in this country. During the past year we had the privilege of receiving into the Home a dear young labourer from Sweden, who was sent out by the Government of that country, to gain practical information among the various Schools and Institutions of England.

“This humble and comparatively private effort has hitherto been carried on with the assistance of a few Christian friends, who have been raised up to take a kind interest in its welfare; but the demand for woman’s help in the great harvest-field is so increasingly urgent on every side, that it has been thought desirable to strengthen and enlarge it.

“Letters requesting such agents, might be addressed to MRS. PENNEFATHER, 2, Mildmay Road, Mildmay Park, London, N., who will be happy to give every information respecting the North-London Training Home, and its Association for Female Workers.”

THE CHIFFONNIERS OF PARIS.

MAY, 1865.

“Lovest thou Me? Feed My sheep.” “Lovest thou Me more than these? Feed My lambs.”

It is pleasant to present to our readers, a journal received from one of our London pioneers, while in Paris. • She says, “I went with Miss M—— and my sister to visit the Mission established for the spiritual teaching of this peculiar but interesting people, and to be present at the Mothers’ Meetings, conducted in their own language, and by French Ladies and Bible-women.

“We found it a long drive; being held outside the walls of Paris, in a faubourg called ‘*La lumière du Soleil*’ (The light

of the Sun), a district inhabited chiefly by 'the Chiffonniers.' Their calling is, like themselves, singular; they traverse the streets of Paris after dusk, bearing a large peculiar-shaped basket on their backs, a lantern lighted, in the left hand, held close to the ground, in order to distinguish well the 'dust-heaps,' which are brushed out of the houses and shops by the inhabitants, in expectation of the accustomed round of these wandering scavengers.

"Each one carries in the right hand a long-handled iron hook, with which he most dexterously scatters each succeeding heap, and picks out of it pieces of paper, rags, old iron, &c., &c., and quickly throws each bit over his shoulder, into the basket behind; these people are clannish, live in certain localities, and associate little with other people; they look rather picturesque, with their bright lanterns; and it is interesting to watch their silent movements, as they glide along from dust-heap to dust-heap, and from street to street. They are chiefly men and boys, but occasionally among them you perceive a woman.

"But now for our Mothers' Meeting! This excellent work was begun in faith and hope about three years ago, by some devoted Christians here, to reclaim, instruct, civilize, and by God's gracious blessing to be instrumental in converting the wives and mothers—ah, yes! and the fathers and children also—of this poor sunken class of the Parisian population, who were described to the writer as being at that time in a state of almost heathen darkness; rough, wild, and so coarse and savage, that it was felt to be dangerous to speak to them, or go near their wretched dwellings. But the blessed promises of our Heavenly Father have again proved true to these devoted labourers. 'Cast in the net.' 'Seek, and ye shall find.' 'Sow beside all waters.' 'Faint not.' 'In due time ye *shall* reap.' 'My Word *shall* accomplish, *shall* prosper.' 'Other sheep I have, them also I must bring,' &c. And now they can praise the goodness of the Lord, for many souls rejoicing and believing in Christ Jesus!

"At first, a very few of these poor mothers were collected together in a small room, in one of their dirty hovels, dirty

indeed! where you see them empty the contents of their baskets, and sit all round, black as the ground, on the floor, sorting into heaps paper from rags, &c. They earn a good deal by the sale of the various assorted goods.

"The Mission met with a little opposition at first, from the Catholic Priest (these poor Chiffonniers are every one Catholics); he kept out of the way himself, but sent the police to enquire of the poor women who these Ladies were, and what they were? were they paid? and who dared to send them to teach there? 'Ah!' replied the poor women, 'we know not whether they are paid or not; but certainly it *was God* that sent them.' So grateful are they for this blessed Mission.

"The *little room* soon became too small for the increasing numbers; and now, three rooms are thrown into one, and a fourth forms a school for the infants, amongst whom a nice mistress is labouring. The large room, when not wanted for the Mothers' meeting, serves for the elder girls' Sunday-school, and as a preaching place on the Sabbath: all are nicely white-washed, and fitted with forms, tables, cupboards, &c., and here we were introduced to a most interesting gathering of about fifty mothers,—there are sixty-two on the books, and many others are visited.

"They looked so smiling, neat, clean, and industrious, almost all working, except those who had babies, who were kindly supplied with cherries or cakes to keep them quiet. The younger women wear pretty white caps, the old ones sort of turbans made by folded handkerchiefs; and as these are of various colours, it was a pretty sight. There prevailed a devout and deep feeling of interest in the meeting, and many of these women are considered happy believers in Jesus; they love their kind Ladies, and dear Bible-women, especially Mrs. P——, and would not willingly miss the weekly meeting, nor the evening prayer.

"A dear aged deaf woman said, 'I cannot hear a word, but I love to come!'

"Tears stood in many eyes, when they were kindly and earnestly spoken to of God's great love in sending a Saviour, His willingness to pardon, hear their prayer, and give them

that new heart, of which His Word speaks. After singing, prayer, reading and explaining God's Word, they were asked if any mother would like to offer up prayer, when a poor woman humbly but feelingly poured forth her heart in a way which seemed to comprise all their wants; another hymn of praise and a concluding prayer by the Lady, Mdle. M—— brought this most happy meeting to a close; and all, we think, found it good to be there. The poor Chiffonniers also brought to the clothing club—some as much as two or three francs; they take a pride in saving it, and bringing a good deal at once; and they appreciate the help that clothing procured in this easy way affords. It was interesting to see the same '*Clothing Book*' used as in London; the earnest Lady, not having a regular printed one, had made and ruled one herself.

"The story of Mrs. P——, a loving, devoted, exhorting labourer amongst them, is touching; the institution of these meetings is owing to her. *Would that some in England would follow her example!* She is the wife of a respectable workman, a designer, who is in receipt of good wages, and as she has no family, and is not from necessity obliged to work for her own support, after getting her husband's early breakfast till his return home for dinner at six o'clock, she spends each and every day in *voluntary service* for her Lord, for whom her love and zeal are great, and can easily be discovered in her good-tempered, bright, happy face. She is much loved by all these poor people, knows every one of them, is constantly going from house to house, and earnestly, with the two good Bible-women, seeks after the salvation of their souls. She seems to have much spiritual discernment of God's Word, and great power in explaining it to them, and bearing their wants before Him in prayer: as her husband is like-minded with her, they labour together on the Sabbath, in the schools and meeting.

"When one has witnessed the magnificent but fearfully superstitious and idolatrous worship here, continually practised in the splendid churches of gay, thoughtless, but dark Paris, the heart rejoices that this blessed Mission has been able to plant the simple truth; and though yet but as it were a seed-

ling, the earnest wish and prayer bursts forth, Oh, that it might speedily become a great tree, and cover the whole land ! ”

THE UNIVERSAL ISRAELITE ALLIANCE.

THE Universal Israelite Alliance in Paris is awakening to the necessity of education for its co-religionists. They summon the Israel of Europe and America who enjoy already such superior advantages, to the enlightenment of the Israel of the East and of Africa. “They are ready,” says their last report, “to be regenerated. The times are come when their long unfruitful intellects must be employed for the interests of our nation; and a mine of moral and intellectual riches will then be opened, by which all nations shall profit among whom the Israelites are incorporated.”

They are projecting schools both for boys and girls, indeed have them already in Morocco, at Constantinople, Smyrna, and Damascus.

A Protestant lady residing in Paris, who has joined this Alliance, thus describes its recent meeting.

“MAY 25th, 1865.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—

“I must tell you at once to rejoice. The annual meeting of the Universal Israelite Alliance has been held to night, at Herz’s Concert Room; it was filled to overflowing; about one thousand were present, and for the first time many Jewesses. Just before the opening, I carried your present, with a letter to the President, to the committee-room, and also the printed fly-sheet, (49th chapter of Isaiah, the Divine promises to Israel,) with another letter; and then went quietly back into the hall, to my seat.

“In five minutes a gentleman came down from the platform, authorising me to distribute the ‘chapter’ by the men at the door, in my name however, and not that of the Alliance; and he gave orders accordingly. Another came down, full of thanks for ‘Stones Crying Out.’ At the close of the meeting, the President read my two

letters, and showed the handsome book, his neighbour translating the title 'Les Pierres qui crient,' and adding, 'It is the confirmation of the history of Israel by ancient monuments and inscriptions.'

"The thanks of the Alliance will be returned to you.

"At the door, the eagerness to seize upon the 'paper' was quite amusing; and great disappointment was manifested when the supply was exhausted. And now let us pray that the precious fragments of their Prophet Isaiah may be blessed to many, and also that the curiosity excited by this very public call of attention to the valuable book may bring many to read that, and the Word of God to which in it points. I was astonished at the very simple and familiar way in which all this was done, in presence of so many.*

"In 1862, I was the only lady (continues our friend) present at the meeting of the Alliance, and about 150 Jews were present. Surely they are 'multiplied and increased.' They were exceedingly cautious, and avoided every allusion to a prophetic future.

"If I heard aright, there are now 3,900 members, 567 of whom are in Paris. Progress has been made in almost every branch 'with almost electric rapidity,' said one of the reporters.

"Much was said about woman, the women of the Old Testament, woman's influence, and how important to raise her morally and intellectually. And much was said about schools; ten new ones have been founded during the year, through the Alliance, and promising scholars are being educated with the view of becoming teachers in schools in the East.

"I believe that (perhaps unknown to itself) the Alliance is a grand portion of the edifice of the future; it is being prepared, but none yet see the exact spot it is to occupy. It never avows any idea of

* A second edition of "STONES CRYING OUT" is now ready at all the book-sellers, price 6s., in one volume, as the first edition, or in two, if desired, for convenience of use at the Museum, or suited for sending abroad.

The work has recently met with a favourable review in the JEWISH CHRONICLE.

"We might as Jews, have perceived in this volume divers faults, but we overlook them for the sake of the justice done in various parts to Israel; for the sake of the sympathy expressed for our people; for the sake of the glorification of the Bible, which, after all, is the book of the Jews, and only at second-hand that of the Christian; and for the sake of the light which the work throws on many obscure passages of the Word of God. We are pleased to hear that a second edition of 'Stones Crying Out' is about to appear, for it is an able presentation of most of the discoveries made within the last few years by the explorers of the East, as far as they are connected with the Bible. The book is in fact a small library in itself; skilfully grouping together, to the exclusion of extraneous matter, all those portions of the volumes to which it refers that have bearing on Scripture, and saving the Biblical student the trouble of picking out his own materials. We recommend the publication to our readers, hoping they will derive from its perusal as much satisfaction and information as we did."—THE JEWISH CHRONICLE.

political restoration, &c., but it may be used in that work some day, and I expect it will, however much some of them protest against this. . . .”

S. F. B.

SYRIA AND ITS ANCIENT PEOPLE.

THE GOSPEL IN HASBEIYA AND MOUNT HERMON.

*Extract from a Bible-woman's Journal; forwarded from
Mrs. Thompson.*

“WHEN I go round to read the Gospel,” says Nakle, “to my women, I see the work prosper, and they put many questions to me on spiritual subjects, without any fear or hesitation. When we are gathered together to read, some of the children of the Priest’s school will join us, and hear me read to the women in their houses. There is now more love and union in Hasbeiya between the people of different sects; they do not dispute about their differences in religion, some being Greeks, some Maronites, some Protestants, some Druses. All this is of God’s free grace.

“In February, we were reading, and the reading was this:— ‘As the Lord forgave us, so we ought to forgive others.’ There was one of the Druse women present, and she gave attention to the Word of God, and she was benefited. There was hatred between her and her neighbour, and after we had finished she went to her neighbour and asked her forgiveness.

“One day while we were reading there came in a Priest, and the women who were present were nine in all. I asked him, ‘Please sit down, and read in the Testament for us.’

“‘No,’ he said, ‘there is no difference if you read or I read: come, read on.’

“A wonderful word this for a Priest to say to any one: and to say this to a woman made me astonished, and I praised God in my heart.

“Another time we were reading the Bible, and the teacher of the Greek school came into the room where we were reading, and the chapter that I was reading was from the Epistle of Paul, where he says, to make peace with God. The man began

to help me in explaining it as much as he knew how ; he used to say, when I explained for them, ' All true, all true, for it is the Word of God ; ' we are very much interested in that man."

From this extract it will be seen, that it is the Word of God which is thus quietly finding its way into the desolate homes of the yet more desolate widows of Hasbeiya, through the unobtrusive work of the Bible-woman. Nakle el Reûs is a native of Hasbeiya, and is the wife of the agent for the Protestants. She is a truly godly woman. And she has been a very tried one. The Lord took four if not five of her children, boys and girls; but Nakle did not rebel, but bore her trial with submission. The people could not understand her, and thought she must be unfeeling, or crazy, because she did not beat her breast, and cry aloud, and tear her hair. Her step-sister who was in Hasbeiya, on one occasion, when Nakle lost a dear child, was struck with the heart-searching this trial led to, and the desire to trace the loving hand of God in this bereavement. Nakle told her, If ever I missed my prayer in the morning, I expected that God would afflict me, and I feared He would do it, in what I most set my heart on, my children.

Nearly all her children, when they reached the age of three or four years, got a fever in the head, and died soon after. No doubt these afflictions have been strengthening her faith. Indeed her faith is very strong, and she has great confidence in speaking for God. She is not ashamed or afraid of people, when she begins to talk about religion. It makes no difference to her whether she has a controversy with one Priest or ten Priests. She always has family worship at her house, morning and evening, and conducts it herself, even when her husband is present. She needs no formulas of daily devotion, but, like many of the Syrian converts, can pour out her soul in prayer without restraint or repetition. No doubt she is the woman specially fitted for the Bible-woman's work in Hasbeiya. She is not only a true Christian of some years' standing, but all know her to be converted. Nakle was formerly assistant in Mrs. Thompson's women's school in Beirût, and after that became her Bible-woman, till she went to Hasbeiya ; and we trust that wherever her lot may be cast, she may always be a Bible-

woman, and may be found standing in her lot, with many wise virgins by her side, when the long-expected Bridegroom shall come for them in His glory.

It is inexpressibly interesting to find how the daughters of Syria are being taught of God, from His own Word, just as in our Christian land. Amid much that is dark and lowering, how cheering are some of the signs of the times!

THE BIBLE-WOMAN AT BEIRUT.

MARCH, 1865.

I WENT down to the Khan, and saw some of the women there, they had been quarrelling; they told me that a man had injured them, and they had repaid him by leaving the Greek Church, and joining the Catholics. I told them they had gone "out of the frying-pan into the fire."

They said, "We wonder at this man, he was a great friend of ours: how he tried to injure us with all his might."

I told them that was not strange, as there was a proverb among the people, "Beware of him that eats out of the same dish with you;" and Christ was served in the same manner, for he that dipped his hand in the same dish, did betray Him. I told them it was the work of the devil, and Christian people ought not to reward evil for evil, but good for evil, for the sake of Christ.

The women said, "We did not wish to be at enmity with this man, but our husbands forced us to do so." I said to them, "Your husbands cannot force you on the subject of religion."

Soon after I paid them another visit, and asked how they were, and how they did as Catholics.

They answered, "none of us have gone to the Catholics, it was all talk." I read to them about Nicodemus, and then told them that each of us would have to give an account of himself and his own doings, to God; that God will not ask us to what Church we have belonged, but whether we sought to do His will, and be true Christians, worshipping Him in spirit and in truth: we spoke for some time, after which I left.

Another day I was reading to some women, and a woman

came and asked me if I had a book to give her. I asked her, "Do you know how to read?"

She said, "Yes," so I gave her the Testament.

I said, "Let me hear you read."

She then began to laugh, and said, "Wait, and I'll tell you the story about Mr. Robert S——. He came one day and gave me a little reading book, and told me I ought to learn to read that book, because if I did I should know about the salvation of my soul; and he went away. After a month he came again, and asked me, did you learn to read the little book I gave you? I said, 'Yes, and I want a Testament;' but I was laughing at him, because you see I can't read a word. Well, he gave me a Testament because he believed what I said."

I then told her that she sinned against God by telling all those lies. God has given us this Book and His commands in it, and it teaches us how to be saved. "I will tell you a story of a woman who did something like you. One day a Missionary went to see her, and asked her if she read every day; and she said, 'Yes; I read every day.' He said, 'Get the Testament, and let me hear you read a little.' She got it, but it was covered with dust; she opened it, and began turning the leaves, and found her spectacles, and exclaimed, 'I thank you for having come to see me, as it has been the means of finding my spectacles, which I lost long ago.' The Missionary said, 'By that you convict yourself of an untruth.' And now, my sister, we ought not to laugh at things which belong to our eternal welfare, for we shall be judged for it." I opened my Testament and read to her, and had a long conversation about it.

My husband was sick one day, and the above mentioned woman came to see him, and began to say to him, "I hope that the Virgin Mary may look upon you in pity and cure you."

He said to her, "I thank you very much for your kindness; but I beg of you to ask our Lord Jesus, who is God and Man, present everywhere, the Searcher of hearts, and who has created everything, who has given Himself as a ransom for our sins, as it says in the 1st Epistle of St. John."

My husband then showed her several texts, to prove that it is Christ alone who could cure the sick. He said, "We ought both

to love and respect the Virgin Mary, but we must not worship her nor swear by her name, as many of our brethren; but it is not their fault, for many do not know any better, but their priests ought to teach them. The fault lies with them, for they ground the people in the belief that it is right to worship saints, &c.; but the people are not blameless, for they ought to search the Scriptures for themselves, and not blindly to believe and follow the teaching of men."

"Listen to what is said in the Testament, the Virgin's own words, 'My spirit hath rejoiced in *God my Saviour*,' &c., &c., and this proves that He is *her God and Saviour*, as well as of the rest of mankind. Again, the Virgin says, 'He hath regarded the lowliness of His *handmaiden*,' &c. You ought to give more heed to the words she says of herself, than to the words that men say of her. She is now in the mansions of eternal life; but she cannot hear us, she cannot see us, she cannot help us, she is not present with us—but Jesus is always present with us. He knows the very secrets of our hearts, for He is our Creator. The Virgin Mary cannot intercede for us with God; but there is one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus, He who gave Himself a ransom for many."

The woman seemed much saddened, rose up, and said, "But she is the mother of God, there is no salvation in any other. Please don't speak any more on these subjects to me: if you had sixty Testaments to prove otherwise, I do not wish to be convinced." We spoke a little while longer, and then she went away.

Contributions for the London Bible and Domestic Female Mission can be received by the Hon. A. Kinnaird, M. P., addressed to the Bank of Messrs. Ransom and Co., No. 1, Pall Mall East; by Messrs. Nisbet and Co., Berners Street; by the Honorary Secretary, Mrs. Ranyard, 13, Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, London, W. C.; by Mr. Frederick Clarke, of the Book Society; and at the Book Room, Bazaar, Soho Square. Money Orders should be made payable at the Post Office in Great Coram Street, Brunswick Square, in the name of "Ellen Ranyard."

PRAY FOR CEYLON.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MISSING LINK MAGAZINE."

"CEYLON, FEBRUARY 11th, 1865.

"A FEW days ago, some copies of your excellent periodical came to hand, and afforded me very much spiritual gratification. The Missionary to the Hindus can fully estimate the toil and anxieties of those Christians who are endeavouring to reach the social diseases of your home population. The journals of your Bible-women, in particular, were read with deep interest.

"A few weeks ago, I took one of your numbers with me into the pulpit, and read several extracts. Every heart was touched. On the following day, a bright-eyed boy, of some twelve years of age, came to my study and said, 'My mother was at the chapel last evening, and heard you read about the Bible-women in England, and she desires that you would send her a few copies of the New Testament, and she will go round the town, from house to house, as those Bible-women do.' I gave the lad the books, and hope good will result. I send you one of our reports, for therein you will find a somewhat lengthy account of how the *native Bible-woman* works with us, and how she has to do battle with the deep-rooted prejudices of Hinduism. You and your friends will, I trust, give these native Bible-women the blessing of your prayers.

"I have been nearly eighteen years among this people, and am more deeply convinced than ever that the daughters of India must be more systematically cared for by those of their own sex. May the great Master bless your work and ours!

"JOHN KIHILL."

Yes, indeed; to "do battle."—It may perhaps quicken English Bible-women on their way, if they compare their easier task in our nominally Christian land, with that of these messengers of the Book to the Cingalese. We will cull from the journal sent, a few of the objections and hindrances, which may introduce us to our poor sisters of Ceylon.

The Bible-woman thus commences:—

"I visited six houses at Tallyally-cooritchy, in which were eighteen women and six children; many of these appeared quite un-

concerned; and, while reading, they now and then spoke of their house affairs. Some said, 'What is the use of reading to us unlearned people? It is not customary with respectable people to allow their children to learn?' Of the six houses I visited, the females of only one house heard what I read and said with attention, and said, 'What you say is true, but we cannot accept your religion; if we do so, we shall be cast away from our people.'

"In the evening I went to another house: the inmates on hearing me, said, 'What you say is all true, but we cannot help it, our hearts are bad! everything from the days of our ancestors has been so, and we cannot change now: having one father, we would not call another "*Our Father*," even though you try your utmost to make us do so.' Here there were seven women and three children.

"I went to another house, and when I asked them if I might read, they said to me, 'Because you are come, read on.' After they had heard, they said, 'It is like a story! we will not come to your religion; if we do, they would reproach us, and our relatives would not dare to drink water in our houses; besides, what necessity is there for us to come to your religion? You had better look after your own livelihood.' There were three women and five children.

"Another day I visited a house where were thirteen women, to whom I said I was going to read a few verses from the word of God. One of the number said to the others, 'Well, she (meaning me) says she is going to read something: come, let us see what it is about!' I read on with their permission, and they listened with deep attention. I exhorted them, and asked, if they had children, to send them to school. One woman said she had a daughter, but she cannot be sent to school, without first obtaining the consent of the father, who was not at home. The number of women thirteen.

"I visited three houses and read the Gospel. One woman was rather uncivil, and speaking to one present said, 'There are five or six women (meaning the Bible-readers), who have got nothing else to do but go about, each with a book in her hand. Have *you* no other work to do than to listen to the reading of these women?' So saying she went away, the others sat quiet. I spoke to them about their souls. Women seven, children two.

"I visited one house in the morning, and found four women, to whom, while I was reading the Gospel, the master of the house said, 'These (meaning the Bible-readers) are wandering about for their wages. Do you also wish to get wages?' 'Are you listening? Have you no work? Go and mind your business.'

"27th. Visited three houses in which were eight women and three children. In the first house, as I did not find it convenient to read, I spoke a few words from the Scriptures, and prayed. Went to another house, read and explained to them a portion of God's word, and one of the women, who heard with attention, said to me, "If your religion is true, why don't much people join you? See how the Roman Catholic people are increasing daily in number!"

They have several Bible-women in Ceylon; and, mingled with their accounts of difficulties, are others of a brighter character.

Another woman reports:—

"I went to a certain house towards Chundicully. I met with a sick woman, who gladly called me in, and wished me to read with great joy. I read to her and others near her the 5th chapter of Matthew, and when she heard the words, 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted,' she requested me to read it again, and while she heard it, lifting her hands to heaven, she said, '*God be merciful to me a sinner!*' When I left her she wished me to call on her another time. Some who heard me said, 'Your religion is the *daughter* and ours is the *mother*.'

"I visited two houses in which were four women and two children. I asked them if I might read to them a portion of God's word. They said, Yes. I read to them. They heard me gladly.

"I visited four houses, and found five women and two children. I read and explained to them a chapter. They heard me attentively, and wished me to explain it more fully. I did so, and requested them to send their children to school. They consented to do so.

"25th. I visited two houses, and found four women and two children; who after hearing me read and explain a portion of Scripture to them, said, 'It seems to us like a foreign language.'

"26th. I visited three houses, and found five women and three children; who after hearing me read, asked, 'Do you think that by hearing you read we shall come to your religion?' I told them that I did not come to compel them to come to our religion. I asked them to send their children to school, and by means of your children you will come to know the truth.

"27th. I visited two houses, found six women and two children. When I began to read they asked me, 'Why had I come?' I replied, 'To read and speak about your souls.' They wished me to do so. I read and explained. They heard me gladly."

The above details are sent from the Wesleyan Mission in North Ceylon; they are accompanied by interesting particulars from the Church Missionary Record. This periodical contains some interesting sketches from the journal of two itinerating Missionaries from the Central and Eastern Provinces. These friends of Jesus passed through dense forests, where, as they describe,—

“The monkeys sprang from branch to branch, making the wood rustle with their wild gambols, the wild-boar rushed in the jungle or darted across our path, as our footsteps roused him from his lair, or disturbed him at his evening meal, and the deeply printed footsteps of elephant, cheetah, and bear, showed how recently they had been there. Here is a beautiful small lake, which reflected exquisitely on its silver surface the herds of cattle quietly grazing on the green banks.

“Polannaruwa was for 500 years the capital of the island, until the middle of the 12th century, since which time it has fallen to ruin. In the days of its greatness it must have been a city of no ordinary magnificence or size.

“Immediately on entering the path which led from the water-side to the ‘bungalow,’ our guide called our attention to the remains of a Wihāri—about twenty stone pillars in parallel rows. Each had had a well-carved capital, but not one was in its place; all lay where they had been thrown, at the foot of the pillars. Near by was a splendid stone lion, only needing wings to make it a counterpart of those from Nineveh.

“We started early for the ruins, and after a walk of two miles, came to the Rankot Dagoba. It is much overgrown, but the spire at the top stands out clear above all. The Dagoba is about 200 feet in height. At the base are eight small chapels. Farther on was a building, the Jetawana Ramaya, which must have been very splendid, covered with carvings and images. Three of its walls are almost entire. On the fourth side are two lofty pillars, and opposite is an image of Budhu, fifty-eight feet in height, and built of brick. About a quarter of a mile farther on we came to the most curious monument of past greatness—the Gal Wihāri, which is hollowed out of the solid rock. The door is a well-cut arch, and has a pillar on each side, also cut into the rock; inside is a sitting image of Budhu, and outside, one of moderate size, standing, and by it a reclining image, the largest of the kind I think I have ever seen. It is more than forty feet in length, and is uncoloured—the plain stone appearing

throughout. As a general rule, these gigantic images are so daubed over with paint, that one may be excused for doubting if they are entirely stone.

"In the days of its greatness, the city must have been as remarkable for the beauty of its buildings as for their magnitude and extent. It is still visited by many pilgrims, who gaze with wonder and reverence on the massive ruins, and who bring their offerings from afar, to be laid before the various images."

Beside these ruins and elsewhere the Missionaries told to many listeners, "The story of Jesus." The date of the journals is July, 1864. They add, "The people asked anxiously for more books, and on receiving them began at once to read them. It was very interesting to see the avidity with which each sought to ascertain the contents of his own and his neighbour's books. Others came up, and stood round the cart while we plainly laid the Gospel before them. The Vidhân of the village was particularly attentive.

"We reached in the evening Kornegalle, thankful for the preserving mercy experienced during our journey.

"Our journey extended over twelve days, in which we travelled about 160 miles, mostly on foot. The number of people addressed was not large, being probably less than 150; but of these very few had ever heard the name of Jesus before, and almost all had listened attentively while we told them of Him."

At Nellore it is also said,—

"Another important agency lately introduced at this station is that of 'Bible-women.' Their duty is to go from house to house to read the word of God to their heathen sisters, who are yet 'ignorant and out of the way,' and who, but for this agency, would never hear of Jesus and the great salvation accomplished by Him. The journals of these women are full of interest."

The following extract is from the last report of the Jaffna Bible Society, which has lately applied to the parent committee for funds to establish this branch of Missionary agency.

"BIBLE-WOMEN.

"Within the past year, Bible-women have been introduced at the Nellore station, Jaffna, and so successful have been their labours in reading the Word of God to persons of their own sex, that 'the Missing Link' is thought to have been found. At other stations also such agents are now beginning their work. A communication from a native Minister refers to this agency as follows:—

"The Bible cause has put on a new aspect this year, by the appointment of women to carry the Bible from house to house, and read to persons of their own sex, who were hitherto beyond the reach of Missionaries and Colporteurs of the opposite sex. This is certainly very pleasing, and promises to further the dissemination of Christian truth with *unparalleled* success. I hope sincerely that all our Missionaries who receive aid from the Bible Society will follow the praiseworthy example set by the Church Missionaries, in appointing women to read the Word of God to their perishing sisters. In order to accomplish this, the Missionaries should concentrate their efforts towards the education of females, especially to afford sound Scriptural knowledge."

The Rev. C. C. McArthur says:—

"The readers and the Bible-women have their classes, and all are superintended by myself and the candidates for ordination. I have great confidence in the power of the Word of God, when read to the people in small groups. It is then brought into direct contact with the heart and conscience. God grant there may be many found at the Bible-readings, who are born again by the power of the Word of God. May His Spirit accompany the Word, and the dead and dry bones shall live."

A LETTER FROM DR. PERKINS.

OROOMIAH, PERSIA,
APRIL, 22ND, 1865.

MY DEAR MRS. R—,

We regularly receive *The Missing Link Magazine*, and nothing in the form of a periodical is read more eagerly throughout our Missionary circle. I do not think it will suffer at all from the change of its name; "Missing Link" has become a household word in almost all climes.

My associates all join me in thanking you for the £25 which you mention as appropriated for our Bible-women, and sent by Constantinople. This sum will support sixteen of them for a year, which is just the number now at work. I think I have before informed you, that they are employed half of each day (having families to look after part of their time), and labour here is very cheap. We are very happy to have this department

in connection with London. Most of these good women were educated in our Female Seminary, by our dear Miss Fiske, and all are very well qualified for their work. I will send a list of names and places of labour. Our Bible-readers during the past year have been supported almost entirely by funds which you sent us the previous year.

You mention Dr. and Mrs. Bliss. I remember her as a little girl, more than twenty years ago, the adopted daughter of her uncle, a very dear friend of mine. That uncle, fifteen years ago, sent to us the sweet and beautiful instrument, the seraphine, which our dear Judith played so finely, and Mrs Bliss, then Abby Wood, had used it several years in her uncle's family. The same loved instrument now stands in the room where I am writing, and I sometimes turn to it when wearied with work, and try to revive the notes that once echoed to voices now attuned to the harps of angels. It is a precious connecting link between earth and heaven. I am glad you see so many of our good American Missionaries, on their way to and from the East.

I think I hinted to you that a memoir of Miss Fiske is in process of preparation. Her pupils here, or some of them, are recording some recollections of her addresses in the form of letters to her mother. They are exceedingly interesting. Her cousin, the Rev. Dr. Fiske, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, has the work in hand. We are all very much gratified that your Bible-women in London have read "Morning on the Mountains; or, Woman and her Saviour in Persia," and are interested in it.

I will enclose a few scraps from our Bible-women. They labour faithfully, and report regularly. There is perhaps necessarily a sameness in the style of their journals, but I am more and more impressed with the value of this agency. Some of the Nestorian preachers have told me that the Bible-women accomplish more than they themselves can, in the same fields. Their humble work, as should be the case, is attended with little *observation*.

We have still cause to deplore the bloody war in our States; yet God, in His divine economy, is over-ruling this war for

immense good, not merely in the removal of the terrible scourge of slavery, but also in electrifying the Northern States, and especially the Northern ministry and Churches, with a spirit of benevolence, which the world has hardly ever seen; and with a deepening conviction in the truth of God's Word.

You may have heard the anecdote, that President Lincoln confessed to some Sunday school children that he never loved the Saviour till he went to Gettysburg, after the great battle, and saw how pious soldiers could die happy, trusting in Christ. The war has been God's chosen remedy for the removal of gigantic evils and the accomplishment of a vast amount of good.

May this find you well, and prospering in the work of the Lord. Wishing you every blessing, I am as ever,

Your Brother in Christ,

J. P——.

THE SMYRNA BIBLE-READER.

MY DEAR MRS. R——,

Last week we received your order for £12, which is indeed timely aid for our Bible-women, and I thank our friends from my heart.

The substance of their report for the last two months is, that not only have the number of the families increased to whom they have access to read the Word of God, but that some individuals seem to receive it as indeed to them the Word of eternal life.

I think I mentioned a widow woman who had been much interested in listening to the Bible-woman and had obtained a Bible of her own. This woman is more intelligent than most of her neighbours, and from her constant reading and speaking of the truths that have so much impressed her own mind, she has attracted their attention, and they come to her now very frequently while she reads to them, with deep feeling and often with tears, those wonderful truths, to which she says she has all her life-time hitherto been blind.

The Bible-woman adds, that when she goes to see her she finds her thus, perhaps with eight or ten friends around her,

and so absorbed in her reading and speaking as scarcely to notice her entrance; she often, however, sends for the Bible-woman, to explain to her many things she does not understand, and so also many other persons in that same neighbourhood, who attend these little meetings of hers.

Horepsima the Bible-woman said to her one day, "If you thus boldly speak these truths, what will your priests say to you in the Armenian Church?" "I do not know," she said, "nor must I care; for are they not God's truths? and I do hope *they* will also see them to be so soon, and preach them themselves to the hungry people."

This woman asked leave to come to see me. Last week she paid me a visit of some hours, and no other subjects were mentioned but those directly connected with the "great salvation." She said on leaving me, "I thought in my gay and dancing days that I was happy, but I have never known such peace and joy as I feel to day." I felt truly we had been "sitting together in heavenly places."

Mrs. L——, the wife of the English chaplain here,* is herself now supporting a Bible-woman, and one who teaches the poor children also, at Bonjich, a village about four miles from the city. I have sent her *The Missing Link Magazine* to read hitherto, and many others also read it here.

May the Lord continue to bless all the labour of love of the friends of this Mission.

Ever yours, with Christian affection,

E. H. LADD.

HOW TO BEGIN THE BIBLE-WOMAN'S WORK IN CHINA.

NINGPO, FEBRUARY 21st, 1865.

MY DEAR MRS. R——,

It gave me great pleasure to receive your letter by last mail, enclosing £12 for the support of a Bible-woman at Ningpo. This will encourage me to look out for another woman who can be entrusted with this important work. My husband has recently baptized two Chinese nuns, and I have some hope that one of these may

make a useful labourer with us; she is about thirty years of age, and is very zealous, and able to speak.

The woman that has laboured with me so long is still in good health, and her zeal undiminished. I trust she has been made a great blessing to this people; but our mode of operation must be rather different from yours in England. The time is not yet come for us to sell Bibles to the people we visit; as they, being of the lower class chiefly, cannot read. I have, however, just engaged a poor man to take the Testament for sale, as a means of opening the way to places hitherto closed; he has been three weeks engaged, and has sold only three Testaments, but he has been able to speak to *many* of the contents of that blessed Book, and some have professed a desire to become further acquainted with its truths, and are desirous to see me.

Our *woman's* work is not, therefore, either to sell or give away the Book; but to take the Book and read it to as many as are willing to listen to it. Generally the first visit to a village is made together, as the people flock to their doors to see the foreign lady, when they would take no notice of their own countrywomen. At first they are all shy, but I address them in the usual way of salutation, which removes all embarrassment; and they inquire where we are going, and for what purpose. This opens the way for introducing our message, and we are generally invited to take a seat and speak to them. So after answering a few questions as to visage, dress, country, &c., I open my book, and read some simple parable or text, and ask them if they have understood. Then Mrs. Isin speaks, explaining what was read, and exhorts them to receive the truth. After the first or second visit, she is able to go alone, and those who have been *really* interested will welcome her, and receive further instructions from her lips.

Yesterday we visited a number of villages for the first time, in a district called Waldeo. In the first house we entered, we took seats in the yard, and the people assembled round us; more than twenty grown persons, and a great number of children. I read the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus to them, and Mrs. I—— commented upon it. I then read the Prodigal Son, and they listened with great interest; we endeavoured, as we always do, to set before them the plain way of salvation, before we left them. They gave us many invitations to call again.

We happened to meet with some women washing vegetables in the canal, who ceased their occupation to ask where we were going,

and what was our business. We told them we were trying to teach the way of the true God, who sent His Son from heaven, to suffer and die for sinners. A little boy then ran before us, beckoning us to follow, which we did, and we were conducted to a court, where seats were brought for us, and soon a crowd of women and men with a number of children were assembled. All listened attentively, and two or three women seemed deeply interested, and we were earnestly invited to call again. The women who had finished their work at the canal were now ready to invite us to take a seat at their doors; which we had scarcely done, when a neighbour came out to invite us into her grandmother's bed-room, who was unable to come out, but she wished to hear; after going through many passages and rooms, we found the old woman in bed, to whom Mrs. I—— spoke, while the crowds that had followed us, stood at the door and window listening. They however were not satisfied, and when we left, they insisted on our speaking to them separately, as they could not hear all that was said in the room. Of course we rejoiced at the opportunity of reading and speaking for Jesus.

They then directed us to a village seen at a distance, where we were listened to with respect, by great numbers of women and men, as well as flocks of children, who behaved well, and listened; still farther on, we found a very populous village, where we read and spoke to two quite large assemblies of men, women, and children; we were invited into other houses, but time and strength were wearing away, and we began to retrace our steps, with crowds of children after us to the very borders of their village.

We met with no insults: some of the boys were rather noisy; but on my telling them to be quiet they restrained themselves. In one of the villages at which we had previously called, crowds of women stood at the gates inviting us, on all of whom we promised to call another time. We had an old Christian woman with us, who formerly lived in their neighbourhood, and when we had got almost beyond the reach of their voices, a large company of women shouted to her, inviting us into their court, assuring her, as an inducement, that in that court were a great number that would listen; we could only promise to call another time. The harvest truly is great: may the Lord raise up the right labourers.

I have not much time to add more, but I have given you this account of a first visit, as a specimen of all first visits to country villages. After the people get accustomed to our visits, we have not such crowds, but our meetings are chiefly of such as are more or less

interested in the good news. To day I have a Bible-reading for the women of our immediate neighbourhood, and Mrs. I—— makes herself useful in going from house to house, reminding the people that it is Tuesday, and inviting them to attend; and in many other ways she is very useful.

May I ask a continuance of your prayers for this people, and especially that many more earnest Christian women may be raised up to labour here.

Yours, in the love of Christ,
JEMIMA LORD.

LITTLE MAGGIE'S NURSE.

CANTON, CHINA, APRIL 10TH, 1865.

IN the Report of the Bible Society for 1865, the following paragraph appears under the head of CANTON.—“The only information received from Canton is to the effect that during the year 1864 there had been a distribution, chiefly by gifts, of 52 Bibles, 4,000 Testaments, and 3,500 Gospels. One Colporteur has been employed, confining his labours to Canton and the towns and villages in its immediate neighbourhood.”

This paragraph will add interest to the following letter just received by us, from a lady at that place.

MY DEAR MRS. R——,

A few weeks since, I had the pleasure of meeting for the first time Mr. A. Wylie, the agent for the British and Foreign Bible Society. In the course of conversation, he proposed to me to take charge of a Bible-woman in Canton. At first I hesitated, but, after carefully considering the matter, I concluded to accept the proposition, though it is with much fear that I do so, as the thing is entirely new in this city; still feeling that the work is the Lord's, I undertake it, asking Him to bless me in it. Mr. Wylie gave me your address, and requested me to write you and get the instructions I might need.

You will wish to know something of the history of the Chinese woman I intend to employ. She is and has been for a number of years a faithful family nurse. She is over fifty,

but very active, and much interested in trying to teach others the way to Jesus. She herself was led to seek Him, by the death of her oldest charge, dear little Maggie P——, who had been led as a child to love her Saviour, and her great desire was, that her old nurse should share in her joy, but she was not granted this knowledge before she died.

In the winter after her sixth birthday, she sickened, and on New-year's morning she gently sank away to her eternal rest, not however without making her old "amah" (nurse) promise to meet her in heaven. When Maggie was gone, the amah was heart-broken; soon she felt there must be truth in that religion which could make a little child willing to die; she began to learn to *read*,—she had not done so before; then to sing the little hymns which Maggie loved; and ere long her whole life was *changed*. In a short while she applied for baptism, and after being admitted into the Church, used every moment she could spare from the nursery, to talk to the women in the hospital connected with the Mission. Such is a brief sketch of the woman I expect to use as a Bible-woman.

We have no doubt that she is a *true Christian*; of course there are things in her which we would like not to see, but we have to make many allowances for the Chinese Christians. It is hard for them to throw off at once all their old feelings.

This woman now reads the New Testament very easily, and understands well also. I will make it my duty to instruct her carefully; having myself spent in China the greater part of my life, I find no difficulty in talking. Her wages are five dollars a month; I have however only drawn thirty-six dollars for the year from Mr. Wylie, for this reason, Mrs. P—— does not feel able to give her up entirely; she wishes her services in the morning before breakfast and after dark, resigning her to me through the day. This I trust you will understand. If I had her in the early morning and after dark, she could do nothing in the work, as the women would not like to be disturbed before breakfast, and after dark it would not be proper for her to be in the streets alone.

Could I also in the different streets where she will visit most frequently rent a room where I could meet such women as

really wished to be instructed, say once a week or oftener? Owing to the *small feet* of most of the Chinese women, they do not care to walk any distance, and they would hardly feel interested enough to do so; but if a room near by were made ready, perhaps they might be tempted to come together, and listen to me for a short time. The rent of such a room would be small, as it would only be used on certain days. I think if it could be done, it would help much in the work.

Our labour in Canton has as yet been rather unsuccessful, but brighter days are, we hope, dawning. My Mission is entirely to the *women*, and I find many ready to listen to me as I try to tell them of Jesus' love for them.

I feel that a great responsibility rests upon me in the knowledge I possess of the language, and often I wish I had the power to lay it at the feet of others who would use it so much more to the glory of God. That cannot be done, so I must not shrink from duty: and I try day by day to do something for my Master, leaving the results with Him. I trust I shall hear from you shortly. May I ask an interest in your prayers for this new work in Canton.

MARY L. F——.

HEATHEN LONDON.

*By the Rev. Edward White, Minister of St. Paul's Chapel,
Kentish Town.*

“Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city.”

LONDON contains nearly three millions of inhabitants. This number equals that of the population of Scotland, including its great cities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Dundee. It is nearly the sixth part of the population of England; it is nearly three times the population of Wales; and nearly half of the population of Ireland. It is the three hundred and fiftieth part of the population of the globe. It would require only three hundred and fifty Londons to people all the continents and islands of this planet.

If there are some disadvantages in the congregation of so vast an assemblage of mankind in one place, there might seem also to be

some spiritual advantages over country districts. If, on the one hand, there are more stimulating excitements and fiercer temptations, on the other, the people are nearer at hand, and can be more readily approached than if scattered abroad shepherdless over an immense territory. Yet the facts scarcely answer to the theory. For, in London, out of three millions, it is affirmed by Mr. Horace Mann that there are a million who could not be reckoned in any kind of religious census. A million of the people of London are aliens from the spiritual commonwealth, and strangers to the covenants of promise, without hope and without God in the world—as thoroughly heathen as if they lived in China or Japan. There is the bright image of the cross lifted up over their heads on the summit of St. Paul's, but for any effect of Christianity upon their thinking or character, it might be the crescent, or one of the images of Bhudda, or one of the symbols of the Brahminical paganism.

How would all this London heathenism strike us if it could be massed together, and separated from the surrounding Christianity; if, for example, it could be all transported to the southern side of the Thames, and spread over Lambeth, Southwark, and Bermondsey, there to develop life in its own fashion, free from any intermixture of forms or customs derived from the presence of religious faith. You would then see a wide expanse of inhabited territory as large as Glasgow, and ten times the size of Bristol, from which no spires rose into the air, indicating the locality of the houses of God; the only great public buildings being theatres, where hell itself would hold its saturnalia of revelry, and halls of justice and enormous jails, where terror repressed the excesses of violence and crime. You would have none of the buildings which Christian philanthropy erects for the solace of the miserable or the education of the young. You would have a city such as ignorance, atheism, and infidelity would make it. There you would see life gradually sinking into barbarism from the absence of the redeeming influence, and personal character brutalized by general drunkenness, debauchery, and falsehood. The ungodly portion of the community little know the benefits they derive from living among those who fear God and work righteousness. If the tares were gathered out from among the wheat, and stacked together now, even here they would take fire by spontaneous combustion of destructive passion, and blaze forth in a conflagration which would know no limits to its fury but the boundaries of so detestable a society.

All these elements of misery and ruin, however, exist scattered in London. There are a million persons, of age to frequent the house

of God, who seldom cross its threshold. It is impossible to avoid the inquiry, why, with the light of revelation shining around them, do such enormous multitudes live in habits of fixed hostility or indifference to the Church and its ministers? To this question the answer must be returned, that there are two distinct causes of the absence of this large part of the population from church on the Sunday. First, in some cases ignorance; and secondly, in others, desperate wickedness. Multitudes live in the total neglect of religion from ignorance. Dr. Alford declares that the ignorance of the upper classes in all matters pertaining to the Scriptures and Christianity is inconceivable; what then must be the ignorance of the lower classes? In order to form some conception of this ignorance, a well-instructed person must imagine himself not to have enjoyed the benefits of a pious education in the home, the school, or the church; he must endeavour to conceive what his mind would have been in reference to religion, if he had been deprived from his youth up of all these advantages; and, after performing this sum in moral subtraction, he will possess as a residuum some idea of the ignorance of myriads around us. It requires a very long line to sound the depths of this ignorance. Multitudes of these people know nothing whatever of the history, or of the contents of the Bible. They have never thought on either religion or theology. Hence the unseen world, the almighty God, Christ, heaven, hell, all appear unreal to their apprehensions. "Darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the people." The Open-air Mission mention in their tract entitled "Street Sceptics," that an honest doubter once said to one of their preachers in Hyde Park, "I have been trying to believe for these ten years; but there is a contradiction I *cannot* get over, and" (as the crowd listened) "it is this: we are told that printing was invented not five hundred years ago, and yet that the Bible is five thousand years old, and I cannot, for the life of me, see how this can be." "Nay," observes the writer, "the crowd did not laugh at this man. *Very few in a crowd know much more than he did about the Bible.* But how deeply they drank in a half-hour's account of the Scripture manuscripts, their preservation, their translation and versions, their collection and transmission, and the overwhelming evidence of their genuine truth!"

Profound ignorance, then, is one chief cause of the indifference of the million to public worship or instruction. They do not possess that elementary knowledge, without which it is impossible to desire more, and to feel an interest in worship. Many have enjoyed no

solid instruction whatever in childhood, many have forgotten the little they then learned, and many have known Christianity only in forms which made no appeal to their understanding, their conscience, or their affections. They have heard of it only from those who preach the Gospel as a "law," which irritates the corruption that it condemns. Hence they have turned away from an affair in which they felt no interest, to seek for excitements more germane to their character. Intoxicating drinks, theatrical entertainments, the society of the like-minded, the pursuits of trade, the pleasures of home (such as they may be), the repose of the Sunday sleep, or the adventure of the Sunday excursion,—these are the sources of their happiness, and the substitutes for the religion which should give "pleasure for evermore."

Description, however, avails but little to convey to the civilized classes, an idea of the condition of the more degraded parts of London. It is only a visit by night to such districts as Shadwell or Whitechapel, which can afford a true notion of the terrible reality. Behind almost every public-house is a saloon, where may be seen a promiscuous throng of men and women, drinking and smoking and educating themselves for works of darkness. In these awful assemblages, the aspect of the women is enough to break a heart of stone—so complete is the annihilation of every feminine grace and line of beauty. The faces of the women are hard, coarse, and ugly, to an incredible degree. It is sin in its final stage, from which even beauty has at length wholly departed. The accommodation for vice in connection with some of these public-houses, might have been arranged by the spirits of darkness themselves. The amusements of the neighbourhood indicate a degradation of mind which leaves one wondering whether there remain, under such circumstances, any of the "pleasures of sin." Penny gaffs full of boys and thieves, large halls full of drinking people of both sexes, listening to painted and bedizened girls singing low songs, without a spark of wit to redeem them from contempt, theatres where the representation is said to include scenes of robbery and of every vice—such are the joys of this animalized population. Yet it is a population more amenable to the Gospel than the higher circles of the West-end. The "Sailors' Institute," is producing a sensible impression. If half-a-dozen of the ablest preachers in London were to combine to fill that neighbourhood with the sound of the Gospel, they would certainly be listened to. We have beheld a large hall filled with persons of all characters, including the vilest, sitting melted and awe-struck while

listening to the Gospel preached by a well-known, earnest minister.

But besides the ignorant crowds, there are among the non-church-goers the desperately wicked, the whole formidable array of persons who know something of truth and of Christianity, but have openly revolted against its sway; who have bid defiance to conscience, to God, to the Scriptures, and cannot plead ignorance as the excuse of their alienation. These are full of malicious misrepresentations and paltry slanders against both Christianity and its professors, ever trying to find rest in the various forms of infidelity and materialism, and exulting in the scandals that arise within the area of Christendom. This is the class, large, influential, and malignant, which thrives upon the misdeeds of nominal Christians, which draws its recruits from apostates and backsliders, and derives its apologies for hostility from the inconsistencies of "the saints." Miserable apologies they may be; but what language can express the guilt of those, whether ministers or laymen, who, by sins of sensuality, or sins of sordid avarice or injustice, or sins of bitter antagonism or ill temper, furnish the poison in which these enemies of religion dip their most destructive weapons of attack?

Such are the non-church-going multitudes; and what are the means taken to persuade them to faith and repentance? In a city where each parish is equal to a considerable town, it must be a matter of great interest to understand the spiritual forces which are going forth to battle with all this heathenism.

1. First must be mentioned the influence radiating from all the worshipping congregations within and without the Established Church. How great this influence is, may be calculated from the fact that it has already reduced to some form or appearance of Christianity the other two millions of the inhabitants of London. From every one of the congregations thus gathered together, there issues forth a more or less powerful influence for good upon the outlying multitudes. In proportion to the nature and measure of spiritual life enshrined in each congregation, is the number and vigour of the workers whom it inspires and sends forth into the field. In some cases the per-centage of workers in a Church is lamentably small; in others almost all the worshippers are active evangelists. There is no surer test of the state of any people than the statistics of their personal activity in relation to Home Missions. Every living body, whether vegetable, animal, or spiritual, has the power of assimilating to its own substance foreign elements. Every true Church of Christ is "making increase," by the absorption of souls

from the surrounding neighbourhood. Where there is absolutely no social or individual endeavour towards instructing and converting the heathen around, there can be no spiritual life of the same kind with Christ's, for that was essentially a life of active love "seeking to save that which was lost."

The organized operations of district visiting and Sunday-school teaching cover a large space of inhabited London. A perfect army of workers is occupied in felling timber on this Lebanon, in hewing stone in these quarries. Of every Christian name, of every variety of persuasion, and of every rank, from nobles to shop-lads and parish apprentices, pious persons are thus aiming to advance the religious interests of their neighbours. Some in the office of Scripture-readers, some as teachers in Sunday-schools, some as lady visitors of appointed districts, are pressing weekly upon the erring multitudes, and affording further instruction to those already won from the kingdom of darkness.

We may consider, then, that all of these agencies have overtaken about two-thirds of the population of the Metropolis. The remainder is abandoned to "irregular troops," to the efforts of bodies not in direct connection with the Churches.

2. Of these, THE CITY MISSION clearly takes the lead in activity, breadth of operation, and general success. The number of the City Missionaries is nearly 400.

We believe that depreciatory judgments of their character and endeavours arise, in most instances, from want of personal acquaintance with them or their work. They possess the unequivocal regard and esteem of the labouring classes. And no wonder, for they are the friends of the working-man and of his children. They not only visit from house to house, reading the Word of God, not only attend upon the sick and soothe the weary hours of affliction, but they hold Bible-classes, singing-classes, and lectures; they institute or assist working-men's clubs; they give readings from English literature; and they preach "the way of salvation." Surely these are not exceptions, but rather examples of the rule respecting the City Missionaries. And they improve in capacity from year to year. There is no education more effectual and more stimulating than direct daily contact with the operative classes and with the suffering poor. These men accordingly are full of ingenious resource in argument, and of practical contrivance in action. And if they are not yet risen beyond their original social rank, so much the better for the undertaking which they have in hand. If instead of speaking

slightly of the City Missionaries, some of our ladies and gentlemen would assist them a little more earnestly in their work, and contribute somewhat to the comfort of their often crowded and scantily furnished homes, it would be better for the interests of Christianity. There are, we fear, many prosperous members of our congregations who do not even know the names of the City Missionaries of their own neighbourhood, much less any details of their work "in the Lord."

3. The next array of irregulars consists of the Bible-women. But on their work we shall not enlarge in this paper.

4. The ragged school and church movement next deserves attention. Mankind are separated from each other by their clothing as much as by their education. There is no excuse more common or more decisive against attendance at church than the inability to appear decently clad in the company of the middle classes. This excuse avails more than is thought among an order of working people who are well able to provide themselves with garments of sufficient respectability. But among the large mass of the lower class, it tells with a force against which no argument is successful. That which is true of the church is true of the school. Clothing had more than anything else to do with the neglected condition of the ragged myriads of the streets. Accordingly the invention of ragged schools was a wonderful step in advance upon the heathen population. The grand excuse was now taken away. Here were schools where dress should be no object—where only tolerable cleanliness should be demanded. And these schools soon became thronged with willing pupils. Kindness accomplished its usual miracle of taming the wild asses' colts, who had been running by thousands to destruction. Attachments were here formed between all classes, even between the highest and the lowest, and the city Arab learned to love and honour the "kind lord," who held sovereign sway over the institution which had rescued him from the "miry pit." Brigades of shoe-blacks in scarlet and blue, soon attested at every street corner the birth of a new industry, and the existence of new hopes in multitudes of the most forlorn. The present statistics of the Ragged School Institution are as follows:—The number of Sunday-schools is about 180, with 23,600 scholars. The number of day-schools, 201, with 17,000 scholars. The week-night schools, 205, 8,300 scholars. The volunteer teachers are 2,695. There are 26 Bands of Hope, with 4,200 members. There are 8 shoe-black societies, with 372 lads. The penny banks are 88 in number, with 30,000 depositors. The clothing clubs, 63.

5. The next inroad on London Paganism was made by the plan for preaching at the theatres. This movement divides itself into two streams. First, the combined movement of the Church people and the Nonconformists; and secondly, that which is exclusively maintained by the Nonconformists. The former effort has employed the Victoria, the City of London, the Surrey, the Marylebone, and the Soho Theatres, with the Rotunda and Pearce's Riding School. The latter has restricted itself to St. James's Hall and the Britannia Theatre. In these two buildings alone, during the last season, there has been an aggregate attendance of 185,000 persons.

A principle of great value is acted upon in these theatre-services—that of seeking for men in their accustomed haunts. To your churches these multitudes for many reasons will not go. They fear that God is there, and that religious people are there who “despise and hate them.” But they have no objection to hear with decorum what you have to say, if you speak to them on their own premises. Accordingly, the lower class of people, and multitudes of the non-church-going middle and working class, throng the open theatres, and listen to the Word of life. Every one who will inquire may learn that many persons have been solidly converted to God through theatre-preaching. “Inhabitativeness” is one of the strongest passions of mankind. They love their familiar haunts. This principle then deserves consideration. Go to the forum, to the market-place, to the portico. Hire the same building which the purveyor of amusement employs. Hire the theatre, the dancing saloon—the very casino—the penny gaff, and cause its walls to resound with the cry of judgment to come, and of “peace already made” for the repentant. The godless crowd will not come to you; do you therefore go to them, and loudly proclaim the realities of revelation to the “publican and the sinner.” They will enter into the kingdom of heaven before the Pharisees.

6. Open-air preaching and street distribution of tracts next deserve notice as effectual aids in the general enterprise. A special “Open-Air Mission” was established in 1854, which continues in action until now. This society has acquired a large amount of information on the quality of street population, and on the nature of the preaching in which it is desirable to address them. They have published a number of useful papers; one on “Street Sceptics,” one on “Operations in Bad Weather,” one on “The Best Modes of Arresting Attention and Imparting Instruction,” besides some very useful and pregnant annual reports. They have held nearly 3,000

services in the open air during the past year. In addition to attending races and fairs, this society devotes a portion of its activity to preaching and simple teaching in common lodging-houses on Sundays. Of these there are more than 2,000 in London, and Lord Shaftesbury's Act has operated very favourably upon their interior *regime*. Here numbers of the lowest of the low may be met with, and the whole tribe of travelling cadgers; and here the society has won some valuable trophies of its industry and benevolence. The office of this association is at No. 1, Robert-street, Adelphi.*

Tract distribution is carried on by nearly all the preaching associations. Many millions of tracts are annually distributed in London. It is pleasant to believe that their quality is improving. Some of the Tract Societies might perhaps advantageously venture on employing a few abler pens. Their books are excellent, but their *good* tracts are far too few for the position of the institutions. It is the duty of every distributor to read the tracts which he gives away, and never to give away one which he feels in his conscience would not arrest his own understanding, or move his own heart. Good tracts are somewhat scarce, but it is worth much labour to discover and to distribute widely a thoroughly able and heart-moving one.

7. The next department of endeavour for the salvation of the "lost," is represented by the "Society for the Rescue of Young Women and Children," whose eleventh annual report has just appeared. This book is not suitable for promiscuous family reading, but, with all the earnestness which can be expressed in language, we explore all heads of Christian households in town, who may read this, to obtain and read that heart-breaking pamphlet.† It opens the very depths of the London pandemonium.

* In addition to the efforts of this Mission, open-air preaching is carried on by the London City Mission; the Islington Church Home Mission; the North-West London Association; Union Chapel, Islington Association; Surrey Chapel Association; Snow Fields', Bermondsey Association; Queen's Square, Bloomsbury Association; and by the Home Mission Free Church. Not a few ministers of the London Churches often go forth into the streets and squares to proclaim glad tidings; and a large number of total abstinence orators address the crowds every Sunday, with excellent effect, upon the misery and sin of intemperance.

+ Of 427 cases of fallen girls known and classified by this society during the year, no less than 331 were those of domestic servants, 371 had attended Sunday schools, 29 had been led astray at 12 years of age, 26 at 13, 47 at 14, 63 at 15, 63 at 16, 48 at 17, 37 at 18, 24 at 19, 24 at 20, 214 under 20 years of age. The depravity of the young evidenced by this report, almost passes belief. The "Rescue Society" supports "homes" for penitents, and has an income of about £7,000; under the admirable guidance of Mr. Daniel Cooper, the Secretary. This society could advantageously expend three times this sum, with immediate benefit to hundreds of the miserable victims of licentiousness. Our Lord's words are still true, that such persons "enter the kingdom" before the Pharisees.

8. There remains only to mention the great system of private speech by individual Christians to individual "sinners," in the walks of daily life ; and, greater than all, the converting influence of holy, self-sacrificing and beautiful lives upon those who have "erred and strayed from the ways" of pleasantness and peace. It is to this agency that we ought to look for success as much as to all Clergy, City missionaries, Bible-women, open-air preachers, midnight missionaries, or tract distributors. Let Christianity be presented, not as a written or spoken description of goodness, but as living goodness, visible and divine love, and then men will trust in it. Love naturally wins affiance, as integrity naturally wins respect and even reverence. It is thus by the quiet action of soul on soul much rather than by organic movements, or public agencies, that the London heathen must be won for God. "His word thunders whose life lightens." Who will not join in beseeching of Heaven a further outpouring of this Spirit of love and power !

"WHAT I DO THOU KNOWEST NOT NOW ; BUT
THOU SHALT KNOW HEREAFTER."

It is under very painful circumstances I have been asked to send this letter. Our magazine for this month, is deprived, in God's providence, of its usual supervision. Our beloved friend, to whom the Superintendents look up as to a mother, is laid on a bed of sorrow and sickness.

Nearly all who were present at the Bible-women's treat, last midsummer-day, will remember Mrs. Ranyard's daughter, and not a few prayed God to bless her, and to cause her to be a comfort and blessing to her mother. God heard those prayers, and in His own way God has answered them. Shall we wonder if the way in which infinite love and wisdom blesses His children is different from our narrow expectations.

Scarcely a week after that cheerful day, and she, the youngest and most blooming of our number, was called to leave the home which she made bright, and to join her sister in the Father's house above. We need earnestly to pray that God will bind up the broken hearts, and make this terrible affliction a means of greater sanctity and deeper peace to those

who mourn; and while we sympathise with the sorrowing parents, we will try and not miss the solemn lesson, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour that ye think not your call will come." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, lest thy work end ere thou think it has begun."

But I want to take this opportunity of thanking the kind friends of our St. Giles' poor, who have so promptly, and so generously responded to my appeal in the May number of the magazine; and, since many have asked after those mentioned there, I now answer all such inquiries. The widowed sisters have been put in the way of earning their own bread and supporting their children. The poor man is beyond our help; I trust he is at rest; his widow has resumed her old occupation. Now I hope none will say Miss C—— has been so much among the Irish, that she has learned their begging ways, for I am going to ask some special help, to be sent *direct to me*, at 17, Sussex Gardens, W., in behalf of two orphan children, whom I want to support till they can be admitted into an asylum. Their mother, who was of a superior class, married imprudently, and died in 1857, leaving the two children for whom I plead,—the boy not quite two years old, and the baby girl. The father was in good employ, and married a woman who cared well for his motherless children; but, alas! they both gave way to drink, and the usual results followed. Last Christmas they had to go to the workhouse, where in March the father died. The two children, especially the girl, bear plainly in look and manner, the mark of gentle blood. I believe they are Christian children; the boy is now ten, and the girl eight years old. I feel confident of getting both into orphan schools; but they cannot become candidates while in the workhouse. I can secure for them suitable homes at four shillings a week for each. We cannot hope to get them elected till November, and there will be respectively £4 and £2 to pay on their admission; thus the least possible expense, exclusive of clothing, will be from £12 to £13,—surely not a large sum to expend in saving two well-behaved Christian children from the degradation and contamination of the workhouse. But it is too large a demand for me to be able to meet without help. No one but a fellow

superintendent of an equally poor and large district can understand the incessant claims made on my charity purse.

Will not some kind friend help me to rescue these little ones, for the sake of that Saviour who, as the highest proof of love and pardon, bade the penitent Peter feed His lambs?

E. M. C.

The Lady Superintendents being anxious to aid the Editor, who at present lies ill and disabled by the sore bereavement referred to in the preceding letter, have given from the journals of the Bible-women various recitals, which the reader is requested to accept for this month, without editorial comment.

“NOW I KNOW HE IS MY FATHER!”

A Lady Superintendent writes:—

“You will be glad to hear of an instance of conversion lately seen in our Mission,—truly, ‘a living monument of God’s forbearing mercy,’—an old woman, aged eighty-four, whom I have regularly visited once a week for a year, and who always listened, and joined in prayer, but did not seem to get any light, or sense of the love of Christ Jesus in dying for sinners; her heart was full of dread and fear to meet her Maker, as she termed God.

“About two months ago, however, as I was conversing with her, she suddenly broke out in a most joyous manner, saying, ‘Oh, *now I know* He is my Father, and wants to be my Saviour, and He *shall be!* He is *kind indeed* to have borne with my sins, all this *long* time, so old as I am!’

“She was then in good health; she begged me to come very often to read and pray with her, and I said, ‘I wish you were nearer to me.’ Soon after this she was taken very ill, and sent for me, that she might tell me what the Lord was doing for her soul. ‘Do praise Him,’ said she; ‘I have laid *such hold* on Him, and He talks to me, and tells me I am His child. Oh, praise Him, praise Him!’ On Friday I saw her again; she said, ‘How kind of you to come so far, and so late; but I do

want to tell you that, though myself gets weaker, I feel the *blessed Lord more stronger.*' These were her own words.

"On Monday, she sent again, and begged me to pray that she might have patience to wait the Lord's own time; but, said she, 'I am longing to go *home* to Jesus!' To-day I found her quite sensible, but her speech gone; yet she motioned with her hand, and looked so happy, that I knew 'all was peace with her,' and can only rejoice in the mercy of the Lord, and in His kindness to permit me to see, by another instance, that the lamp of His Word is shining effectually through 'poor broken pitchers.'

"May this same Word, dear madam, bless, comfort, and strengthen all engaged in this Mission!"

Another lady writes:—

"I think your heart will be gladdened, as mine is, with the account of two cases of usefulness in my Mission. Some ten months ago, a young woman who had for two years been a regular attendant at my Mothers' Meeting, was absent. I found the cause to have been that she had no boots fit to come out in. I took her a pair, and seized the opportunity of speaking to her about Jesus, and of her state in God's sight. To justify herself, she said, 'I really cannot get to church; my husband is a sad drinker. I cannot leave him on a Sunday, and my children are too young to take.' I pointed out to her that church-going would avail her nothing, so long as her heart was not right with God; adding, that if she knew what it was to be saved by Jesus, and to love Him, she would soon find a way to God's house. After prayer with her I left.

"The Tuesday following, on meeting me, she exclaimed, 'Oh! Miss, you have made me *so* miserable! I have been wretched ever since I saw you! *Oh! how wretched* I have been; for twenty-four years I have lived without God!' She was deeply convinced of sin, the sins of childhood rose up before her, and she said, 'I dare not go to sleep at night lest I should awake in hell.'

"For a fortnight her misery was great. I visited her daily, and prayed the Lord to reveal Himself to her. On entering

her room one morning, her bright face showed to me that she had found Jesus! I said, 'Well Mrs. E——, I need not ask how you are to day.' 'Oh! Miss, I am so happy; this morning while I was at prayer, I saw my dear Saviour on the cross, and a drop of His blood I *felt* fall upon me; it seemed as if He told me, "All your great sins are washed away;" and I am so joyful! and I do so *long* to read the Bible. ^{me} I've picked out a few words already! And only to think I shall be able to bring up my children for Jesus!'

"The next Sunday found her at the Lord's house. I said, 'I thought you could not manage getting out on Sundays.' 'O Miss, its different now, I got all done on Saturday; I wanted to go, to hear more about Jesus.' This dear young mother is now a happy Christian, can already read tolerably, is always at God's house, when her drunken husband does not hinder her, and in the midst of many trials, holds on her way rejoicing. One thing very remarkable is, that her husband never allows anything to keep her from the Mothers' Meeting, and stands up for her when friends ridicule her religion, saying, 'Go on in the way you love, my gal; I'm sure it's a *good way*. I only wish I was in it too.' May he soon seek it!"

The same writer continues:—

"One night, after being in the district all day, very weary, I prayed for a night's rest, but instead of sleeping, I lay thinking of one and another without Christ. A voice seemed to say, 'The first thing in the morning go to the man B——, who sells newspapers in L—— passage;' I said, 'Lord what shall I say to him?' 'Ask him about his soul, he is very uneasy.' I could not but go. When I entered the shop he said, 'Good day, Miss; but this is not the time for your magazines.' 'No, Mr. B——, I did not come on that business; I came to ask you about your soul.' 'Well, thank God, I'm pretty comfortable about that.' 'Excuse me Mr. B——, but I know you are not comfortable; I'm sure you are very uneasy about your soul.' With tears in his eyes, and a changed tone, he said, 'Well Miss, to tell you the truth *I am* a miserable man; I've been

wretched for months.' I laid the Gospel plan simply before him. 'I could,' said he, 'lay hold of truth at once, but there is a great obstacle which I can tell no one.' 'Yes, Mr. B——, there is a great obstacle; it is your Sunday trading.' 'Right again, Miss! I cannot just now give it up, I should lose half my living at once.'

"I read to him passages of God's Word, such as, 'Them that honour Me, I will honour,' &c. 'I did try once to give it up, but my church-going customers *would* have their papers on the Sundays; one gentleman said, "If I have mine on Saturday, I read it, and have nothing to amuse myself with before going to church." On my second visit I talked to his wife also. It was a hard struggle between God and Mammon; but grace prevailed, and the Lord enabled him to give his heart unreservedly to Him. His wife was converted in less than a week after; both are now happy indeed, and delight to come together to the table of their Lord. Every one notices the change, and the minister thanks God that B—— is such an altered man. We rejoice and give God thanks."

SALE OF BIBLES.

Another Bible-woman reports:—

"Went to Heddington Quarry, about three miles and a half distant; took with me a quantity of sixpenny Bibles and two-penny Testaments and Tracts; the people were pleased, surrounded me in a group, one calling to another; one woman would have two Bibles. All were sold before dinner. One said when you come again bring two here; another added, and two here; and one here; and another called after me, 'Missus, when are you coming with more Bibles?' Went a second day with more, and soon sold them; many still wanting more. May God's promise be fulfilled, 'My Word shall not return unto me void.'"

“THE BROAD ARROW,” OR THE BRAND DIVINE.

“OUR hearts are overcharged with memories sweet
Of those whom we love best :
Why are the memories so slow to rise
Of Him, earth’s dearest guest?

“For earth has tokens, manifold and fair,
Which He has touched with light :
Memorials of His blessed presence throug
For ever on our sight.

“Thoughts of the Christ should rise at every turn,
And hold us all day long :
Alone, or when in crowds, each heart should hear
That blessed under-song.

“But chiefly *ye* on whom His gracious hand
Has made the sacred sign,
The cross of suffering,—who have meekly bowed
To bear that brand Divine.

“For pain and weakness make Him to our hearts
Nearer and dearer seem ;
Till life becomes a story—sweet, though sad,
Of which He is the theme.”

In this world of sin and change and death, there are added every day, in the sight of the all-seeing Saviour, some few, perhaps many, to the number of those who are to take up their cross and follow Him. And does He not count them by day and by night all round the world? His brave, silent army—His army of unseen martyrs. In the might of His omnipresence is He not with each of them, weeping with them, and yet wiping away their tears? It is a high honour to be admitted into their fellowship, yet how many of us tremble and fear as we enter into the cloud!

Marked with that “brand Divine,” God’s government mark*—the cross of suffering, of suffering with Jesus—we learn lessons that can be learned in no other training school. “He maketh the heart soft;”

* The mark of all Government stores in England, as is well known, is the broad arrow.

“ He sees the eyes that to Him turn,
 The hands that seek His own ;
 Those who, in sharpest discipline,
 Trust Him, and Him alone.”

He is the Shepherd who leads His sheep by “still waters,” and into “green pastures,” and *there* “restoreth their souls.” He has been doing this ever since the days of David; and now, having Himself “overcome the sharpness of death,” has He not “opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers”? But how does He do it?

“ All round the rolling world, both night and day,
 A ceaseless answer comes to those who pray ;
 By shattered hopes, crossed plans, and fruitless pains,
 The heavenly Master our allegiance trains.” *

All that tends to *self-subduing* is preparing us for the kingdom. Perhaps a large proportion of the “sealed ones”—of those who are to share in the blessings of the first resurrection, and the joys of the millennial kingdom—will be found among this army of silent sufferers with Christ; for the trial of their faith—“tried with fire”—will be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ (1 Pet. i. 7).

Ought not every living believer in Christ to seek out and tend some such poor suffering brother or sister, for Christ’s sake, day by day?

And there is a still larger family of sufferers, also counted by the Lord, who are sufferers, but *not with Him*. Oh, how dreary are their beds of pain! They are *not* lying at the foot of the cross, looking up to the Master for strength; no man, perhaps, has taught them. How shall *they* see Jesus?—Him of whom they have not heard. Over them He weeps, more over their perishing souls than their suffering bodies; and often He sends some weak, unlooked-for ministry to bring them to His feet. This is the place for the Bible-women; but

* All the above quotations are from “The Name of Jesus; or, Hymns for the Sick and Lonely,” a small and precious collection, highly prized by all who know it. Published by Wertheim & Macintosh.

can any living Christian spend a day without helping to look for some such sufferers, to lead them to Jesus ?

When the Lord makes up His jewels—(they are scattered now, some of them in houses of clay, which seem set apart for suffering as much as ever His active workers seem set apart for work)—when He makes up His jewels, it will be seen why there was this life-long cutting of facet after facet in the rarest gems. But by such did He not teach His chiefest lessons ? With whom did He walk always in the furnace ? Whose patience preached thousands of sermons ? and whose joy and hope proved the power of the truths of God to a village or a street ?

The “Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief,” must have His brethren and His sisters everywhere “till the end come,” and “God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain : for the former things are passed away.” To those brethren and sisters it is said—and what a promise it is ! how it stands alone in its glory !—“If ye suffer with Him, ye shall also reign with Him.”

“WEEP WITH THOSE THAT WEEP.”

“JESUS WEPT.”

OVER what did our Lord weep ? Over the grave of Lazarus ; over the death and woe which sin had brought into the family of the friends “whom He loved ;” and over the sorrow and tears that He foresaw all down the long vista of time, till He comes again to put all enemies under His feet.

“He wept o’er every closing grave
Until the end of time ;
His soul drank in the rising swell
Of sorrow’s awful chime.”

And such, in a measure, has been the late painful experience of the London Bible-women, and their associate Ladies, who so truly love and sympathise with her who was honoured of God

to commence this Bible and Domestic Female Mission, in her present deep sorrow and bereavement. Never can the writer forget the bright and cloudless afternoon of the 4th of July, when a band of nearly seventy of these devoted workers, all of them in mourning attire, stood at the entrance of the beautiful Norwood Cemetery, and fell in behind a funeral procession of sad relatives, who bore to the final resting-place her who a short fortnight before had been the bright joyous one, waiting upon and seeking to add to the pleasure of all, at the Woodford "fête." A lovely flower, so soon cut down, and "the last daughter;" but not without the comforting assurance to her weeping parents, that by faith in the Saviour she had found and trusted in, she had been transplanted to bloom for ever in the garden of the Lord. Touchingly fell upon every ear those glorious words, as her precious remains were borne into the chapel previous to interment: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Yes, blessed Jesus, Thou hast the keys of Hades and of death. "All power is given unto Thee" to unloose death's grim hold; and by faith we heard Thy voice speaking to that large company of weeping ones, "This day she is with me in paradise." And as all looked down into that dark sepulchre, and thought of those two sweet, young, now reunited angel-sisters, "gone home," to die no more, sweetly and softly swelled upon the breeze the plaintive hymn of their mother's Bible-women—

"For ever with the Lord;"

Amen! so let it be:

Life from the dead is in that word,

'Tis immortality."

And ever since that hymn ascended, bands of these faithful women, with mothers converted in the many Missions, have sent up from every part of this great London a circle of united and continuous prayer, that the God of all consolation will, in His own good time, comfort, and restore to them their beloved Lady, and overrule all that has been grievous in the Mission to its eventual extension and His own glory.

We feel sure such prayer has brought down showers of blessing already from the great Master, who rejoices to see that when one of His dear ones suffers, all the members suffer with her; and so it seems the sorrow of one large family, who have learnt to "weep with those that weep."

M. R.

THY WILL BE DONE.

FOUR little words—no more—easy to say;
But thoughts that went before, can words convey?

The struggle only known within one soul,
And Him whose eye alone has marked the whole.

Before that stubborn will at length was broken,
And a low "Peace, be still," one voice had spoken.

The pang, when that sad heart its dreams resigned,
And strength was found to part those bonds long twined;

To yield that treasure up, so fondly clasped;
To drain that bitter cup, so sadly grasped.

But all is calm at last—"Thy will be done."
Enough; the storm is past, the field is won.

Now for the peaceful breast, the quiet sleep;
For soul and spirit rest, tranquil and deep;

Rest, whose full bliss and power they only know,
Who knew the bitter hour of restless woe.

The rebel will subdued, the fond heart free;
"Thy will be done,"—*all* good that comes from Thee.

All weary thought and care, Lord, we resign;
Ours is *to do* or *bear*—to choose is Thine.

Four little words—no more—easy to say;
But what was felt before, can words convey?

H. L. L.

“MY FEET ARE ON THE ROCK.”

A LETTER FROM A BIBLE-WOMAN.

HAVING a poor sick sufferer to attend, I have not been able to comply sooner with your request for report. He is a young man who has led a worldly life ; an engineer by profession ; of a consumptive habit, yet still pursuing with diligence his worldly calling, forgetting altogether the end for which he was created. I have for eighteen months visited his wife and mother, who live together, and the Holy Spirit carried home the message from God's Word, and I have reason to believe them both to be now really and truly the disciples of the Lord Jesus.

The poor young husband had declined in health during the last three months. My first visit to him was very unsatisfactory : he said, “I have not lived as I ought, but God is good, and I am doing all I can.” I read to him the 10th of St. John, and repeated the hymns, “Rock of Ages,” and “Just as I am, without one plea.” I said to him, “My poor friend, you can do nothing to make you acceptable to God ; but if you come by faith to Jesus, God will accept you, through the Beloved.”

Whilst speaking to him, I lifted my heart in prayer, that light might be given, and the Word brought home to his heart. After joining with his wife and mother in asking a blessing, I left him, while he said, “When will you come again ?”

My dear Superintendent joined with me in prayer for him, and gracious answers were sent ; for on my next visit, he extended his wasted arms towards me, and said : “O thank you, thank you, thank God for sending you this morning ! I can tell you now how good He has been to me ; He has shown me myself, and then He has shown me Himself, and *now* I have got fast hold of Him. I feel my feet are on the *Rock—Jesus*. Oh, what can I do to tell others how gentle and loving and kind He is ! Oh, that I had known Him before, as I know Him *now* !” and so on.

To listen to him was delightful. The next visit I found he

had been suffering much, but his mind was calm ; he seemed to smile at all suffering, because Jesus had become *so precious*. A few days later I found him harassed. Satan had told him hard things of himself, and pointed out God's justice without His mercy ; but soon he said, "O dear Mrs. W., I will not leave go my hold of Jesus,—I'll cling to Him ; blessed be His holy name ! I have seen His beauty. He has spoken to me. He says, 'Lo, I am with you alway.'" I added, "*even to the end of the world.*"

I read the 23rd Psalm, and he joined in prayer with his whole heart. On leaving, he said, "It is all clear to me now ; I am *happy, happy* in Him—Jesus, who has washed me in His precious blood." I went again last evening, and he was, to all appearance, contending with the last enemy, and could not give utterance to his feelings by words ; but his eyes brightened, and he motioned to me with smiles. *All was peace, joy, glory.* I do not yet know if he is gone home.

This is the fourth consumptive case brought to Jesus, during the last two years, through the instrumentality of our Mission.

M. W.

OUR SEED-TIME.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand : for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

THE heart of every faithful Superintendent must echo to these words. Not one amongst us but has felt their power ; some, may be, more than others ; yet we believe there are many who remember a time when the hand might have been withheld from sowing, but for the sweet hope, blending with this command, that even yet her work might prosper in the Lord, and bring forth fruit to the glory of God. For months, nay more, for years, she may have been sowing the good seed of the word in the hearts of those committed to her care, and has yet seen no blessed results. The "joy of harvest" she has never known ; never joined the glad company of reapers, who have returned

again to their Lord, rejoicing, and bringing their sheaves with them. No; apparently her labour is vain, her strength spent for nought.

We have often been struck with the sadness of heart occasioned by this apparent want of success, and have deeply sympathised with it. At the same time, we have asked ourselves "Is it well to be thus cast down? Is there cause for so much sadness? Is not this our seed-time? Are we not "sowers sent forth to sow," and have not all God's servants who have known the "joy of harvest" likewise known the faith, patience, and hope, of the seed-time?

They went forth into the field of this world, "sowers to sow the seed;" the ground was as hard and stony then as now; the thorns and thistles grew as thickly around them as they do now around us; and the sun had the same scorching, withering power in their day as in ours; but they had with them the good and precious seed, God's faithful Word, and they took of it, and sowed in faith and patience and hope, in every country and under every clime, and lo, what a goodly harvest it has yielded! From these very fields the cry for more labourers is being continually sent forth, for many reapers are required to reap the harvest which these few sowers did sow. And so it must ever be; first the seed-time, then the harvest.

And this is our seed-time. We are sent forth to sow the seed of the Word in the hearts of the poor and ignorant women who live around our doors. Many difficulties beset our path; the coldness, ignorance, ingratitude, we meet with, and above all, in some cases, the apparent non-success of our work try us oftentimes, and our hearts are filled with sadness, and we long and sigh for the blessed harvest. But again we would ask, Is it well to be thus sad? True, the harvest is a blessed time, but ought not the seed-time to be blessed also? In the harvest, our hearts are often too much with our work, too little with our God; but in the seed-time it is otherwise. Then we are alone with Him; we have to be much with God, for all we need is to be had from Him. He must go before us in the way; He must break up the hard and fallow ground around us; He must give to us the good seed, and then make us wise

and faithful sowers of the seed. He must plant it, preserve its life, give to it the clinging, forcing-upward power; watch over its tender growth, and provide for it the gentle dews, the sweet refreshing rains, and bright and ripening sunshine, to enable it to bring forth fruit unto perfection. Yes, we must go to Him for it all, for we have it not of ourselves. We can do nothing but sow the seed; we are only "sowers sent forth to sow."

And is there no blessedness in this work? Is it necessary that we should always sow in tears? As we have been about our work alone in the midst of the field, have we never been conscious that the Lord was with us, and so strengthening, directing, and working with us, that we have thought no happier time could be ours?

Then let us be faithful sowers of the Word, even if the Lord have called us only to be sowers, seeing to it that we have good and precious seed, and that alone; ever "holding fast the faithful Word," and nothing but the Word, doing our part of the work by perseveringly and diligently teaching its doctrines and precepts to the ignorant and sinful; sowing it in their hearts "little by little," and then believingly and hopefully looking for and patiently waiting for God to do His part in causing the seed sown to spring up and bring forth fruit, in some sixty, and in some a hundred-fold.

It is wonderful how our mothers read our hearts; and we have ever found that sadness and sorrow they have been able to resist, but faith, patience, and *hope* concerning them they *cannot*, for in some way or other these appeal to their best feelings. The hope that we have of them, that some day, through the precious blood of Jesus Christ, they may be, even as we are, the dear children of God, affects them powerfully; and no wonder, for they best know at what distance they are now from Him, and how great must be the love that can forgive them all their sins. Let us remember, there is no such thing as *failure*; the seed cannot die, the Word cannot return to our heavenly Father void; and though the harvest be deferred, it must surely come. We may not be permitted to see it now; nevertheless we *shall* hereafter, and many years hence we may

share the joy of angels because of the poor sinners that have repented. Besides, *we* are no judges of success; we know not where the seed is taking root, in what heart it is forcing itself upwards, or where the Word may be hid; for there are natures that jealously hide their best feelings from others, suffering no stranger to intermeddle either with their sorrow or their joy; and though perhaps we might wish it otherwise, we must not find fault with it, for there were secret disciples who came to Jesus by night, and who were never sent by Jesus away. The writer well remembers, some years since, being sent for to see a dear young relative who was dying of consumption. She went, taking with her the precious seed, as a sower goeth forth to sow; but it was not so to be, for by that bedside she found she stood a reaper in God's harvest-field, reaping the fruit of a seed sown many years before in the heart of a child. The seed had been hidden from the eye of men, but at last it burst forth, almost in the fulness of perfection; for she was as an angel in that house, even though on a bed of sickness and death.

Have we not ourselves, too, often, under the faithful preaching of the Word, received into our hearts a seed which can never die—which we have sown and resown in the hearts of others, and which is ever bringing forth fruit unto eternal life, and yet the preacher even now knoweth it not.

How often do we thank God for those good and faithful sowers of the Word, who are before us in the way, who tread the heights of the narrow path which leadeth to Zion's gates, and to whom God gives good and holy thoughts which are as precious seed to be sown in the hearts of His people. We treasure them in our hearts, again to give to other pilgrims, until, perhaps one thought from God has travelled the length of the pilgrimage, even to the very entrance where, may be, one stands, having come from the city of Destruction, and who waits only for that one word of strength to enable him to pass through the strait gate into the narrow way which leadeth to eternal life. The seed that was sown in faith and patience and hope, could not die, but took root deep down in the heart of a poor sinner, whom the first sower may never have seen or heard of.

Let us never forget that God works in His own way, and all we have to be careful for is to do our part faithfully and well, taking care that by our injudicious haste or anxiety we spoil not nor mar the work of His hands.

Beloved sisters in Christ, we are sowers of the Word, sent forth to sow in the poorest and lowest places of the earth; but think not we shall ever sow in vain—it cannot be. Therefore, in faith and patience and hope, let us in the morning sow our seed, and in the evening withhold not our hand; for we know not which shall prosper, either this or that, or whether both alike shall be good.

D. P.

A BIBLE-WOMAN'S WINDOW GARDEN.

Described by herself.

DEAR MRS. R——,

Some time ago, when I brought you a bouquet from my window garden, you asked me to write a little account of how I managed my plants and flowers, and what first led me to take interest in cultivating them. They give me real pleasure; and my windows at this present time look so very nice, that all who come to my cottage admire them.

I love flowers; they seem emblems of ourselves; and the more we study them the more we feel the resemblance. In the morning they bloom, and in the evening they wither and die; and do not we all “fade as a leaf”? And when each morning I water and attend to my flowers, my heart rises in gratitude to my heavenly Father, for the care He bestows on the many lovely as well as unprofitable plants, and even weeds, growing together in His field until the harvest.

These flowers read such sweet and useful lessons to those who will learn. When I put a little seed into a pot, and cover it with mould, I think, how long will it be before I see it springing up and bearing flowers? Some of it *never*! How like the good seed, of which much is sown, and, alas, never springs up, but seems to perish, as it falls upon the hard heart of man!

When I water my plants, I think if God did not water my soul with the dew of His Holy Spirit—that “living water,”—it would languish, wither, and die. A seed before it is sown teaches me another lesson. What a tiny thing it is to produce a lovely flower; but this is not more strange than that this poor, weak, corruptible body should be laid in the dust till the last trumpet shall sound, and then be raised a glorified body fit to live in paradise. Again, when my flowers look bright and gay, I am reminded of the “sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,” where

“Everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers.”

How good is our heavenly Father to create such lovely forms for our pleasure, and to make them so cheap that every poor man or woman may procure a pot or two for his window.

But I must, dear madam, describe to you my garden. I have two large windows looking to the east; so they get the early morning sun. I have a box fixed to each window, and in the box I place my pots in order, the first row being small pots filled with convolvulus and sweet-peas and nasturtiums; these gracefully droop over the box; next a row of geraniums, “Tom Thumbs;” and raised behind these, golden calceolarias; in the centre is a pot of blue Canterbury bells, which contrast well with the scarlet and gold. Above all, towers a lovely rose in full bloom, with fuschias and tall geraniums, pinks and carnations.

THE USE OF FLOWERS IN MY WINDOW.—First, I do not require any blind or curtain beside, as the plants in the box and on the window-sill serve instead, and those in baskets suspended from the top, for a curtain; they also keep my room very shady and cool, a pleasant retreat in the heat of the day, when I return, tired or disappointed, from the work of my district; but the change to my room and pretty flowers is so great that I soon regain strength and encouragement, from the certainty that the Lord who makes these to grow will in due time bless also the labours of His servants, and cause His Holy Spirit to shine into the hearts of the poor lost souls in the dis-

trict. So my own spirit is refreshed, and I am able again to go forth with God's Word.

Tending and watering and arranging my plants early in the morning has dispelled many a headache; and so has been to me a cheap and pleasant doctor. My neighbours wonder how I find time for them; but I tell them early rising gives me not only time but health and pleasure. I rejoice to add, mine is not now the only "window garden" in the district; many have followed my example, and there is scarcely a window in which a few plants may not be seen.

At some future time I will inform you how I manage my garden during the winter.

Believe me, dear Madam,

Yours most respectfully,

E. G.

A WORD OR TWO FROM THE EAST OF LONDON.

OF our work here, we may still speak with encouragement, indeed it has during the past year been one of considerable growth. Were numbers a token of success, we should have great cause for congratulation; but while we may rejoice in large and prosperous meetings, I believe a closer and more intimate *soul-touching* work is oftener done where the small party, the "two or three" are gathered closely around their Lady.

In our work this year, we have made one or two progressive steps. One has been an active Bible-canvass, in which I allowed the help of two of our best esteemed mothers: the result was that we obtained more than 100 new subscribers, about 60 of whom are already supplied, and this on ground that we believed to have been thoroughly canvassed. We must now seek for God's blessing to go forth with His own Word, that it may not return void, but may bring forth much fruit. One more aggressive movement has been made, not sought for, but as it opened upon us.

In the early spring, as I was urging the women to persuade their husbands to attend a meeting at which Lord R—— was expected to speak, I observed a little undertoned talk amongst them, which resulted in a request, that I would undertake a reading for the men. "As we like our meetings, we think perhaps our husbands will like theirs." I refused for some weeks, not feeling equal to the undertaking, but the way seemed to open by my having a comfortable school-room at my disposal. The result was, an immediate attendance of about thirty men of the class we were thankful to see. One said, "I had never been to 'church' before, except *once*, to see a baby christened:" and this was a man of sixty years old. Another, "I have now been married seventeen years, and this is my beginning." They have both not only regularly attended the meeting, but have been really in church several times since. This work has been carried on in much weakness and fear, and though during the very long working-days the attendance necessarily somewhat diminished, we have had a good party all the summer, and have had the joy of seeing many of "our men" attending a series of special services held in the church. One of the wives applied to the Bible-women to buy her a *smart* Church Service, adding, "My husband and I mean to come to church, and we mean to do it in style." Alas! I fear in their case there was but little heart-work!

I cannot say how great has been the help afforded to our Mothers' Meetings by the generous kindness of Mr. B——, in having given us for several successive years, a summer holiday. It is difficult to describe the excitement that prevailed among the people for many weeks before it was even mentioned to them; and when it was known that a holiday was really in prospect, we were on several occasions obliged to lock the doors during the meeting, so numerous were the women who flocked in, and so various were the pleas they urged, to obtain the much coveted ticket. "I'd pay for my railway ticket twice over if I may go." "May my daughter come? she has such a bad husband, she would enjoy one day from him." Another, still harder to refuse, pleaded "five years' illness, and that she really thought one day's fresh air might set her up again."

We hardened our hearts however to all "except our regulars," and a gratifying party they were when all assembled, dressed in their very best, and I am afraid I may add their friends' very best too, for many shone in borrowed plumes, and one confessed to having nothing on of her own! But though these were exceptions, the rule was the neat pretty print and cobourg bought at the meeting. Although we took 260 women, we were thankful to have no fault to find, but were pleased with their gentle, civilized, softened behaviour, their respectful manner to our friends and helpers, and their extreme gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. B——.

One more little adventure, and I will leave off. A woman, not a "mother of ours," felt she had some little cause of offence against me, and selected the Mothers' Meeting as a time for my humiliation; so she walked bravely into the room, and asked if there was a woman there who called herself Mrs. P——. A volley of abuse violent and wrathful followed, during which I felt a blow might fall on me any moment. There was a slight whispering behind me of "my fists are ready, we could tear her to pieces," but to their great credit none of the mothers moved or took part. After a time the woman withdrew, to get a coadjutator and lie in wait for me on my return through the streets. This scheme however we triumphantly defeated, the women, no longer to be restrained, made a body guard, some behind, some before, some on each side, and safely convoyed me home; the woman, who was in search of her ally, never perceiving that I had escaped. There were a good many loving words and much shaking of hands at the door of the Rectory, while the poor woman was vainly battering at the Mission-room door. The feeling manifested by our women was as pleasant as possible, indeed the little adventure, as it came not to blows, has been more gratifying than annoying.

One word of a Mission in our immediate neighbourhood, which carries on a silent, quiet, very effectual work—a Mothers' Meeting, held among the very low class of Street Hawkers, where God's Word is remarkably exalted. The Superintendent, in a recent letter to me, says, "Of this Mission I hardly like to say much, though I hope it is of real use; notwithstand-

ing the hot weather, there is a good attendance at the meetings. The poor women have lately begun learning texts; I hope they will be able to keep up the habit, they seem at present much interested in it. The Bible-woman invited them to learn them; as some time, perhaps even after long years, they might be brought to their remembrance, and be a comfort or a warning.

On the first Monday, several texts of their own selection were correctly repeated. One poor woman who could not read had got her next door neighbour to teach her one. The text most generally chosen was, 'The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.' Could we wish for any better motto?"

A LEAFLET FROM SMYRNA.

SMYRNA, *July 24, 1865.*

MY DEAR MRS. R——,

I know that you like to hear from time to time of the progress that *The Missing Link* work makes among our Oriental females, as well as elsewhere. During the past two months here in Smyrna, Horepsima has had abundance of opportunities to read the word of God, and instruct women and children; the influence of which has been strikingly apparent in two widowed females. Of one I wrote you in my last. The other is one whose husband died not long after their marriage. This was three years since. Her friends here considered her inconsolable, and she has manifested her grief as many do among this people: she refused at first to eat or drink or sleep, and lamented till quite exhausted. Since that time she has used only the bare necessities of life, though she is far from being poor; she has lived similarly to those doing penance in these Eastern Churches. Until recently she has never gone out from her house, and received only her near relatives for society, dressing in old, untidy garments, and sometimes laying aside even her stockings and shoes.

She heard, at first through others, of the *strange, kind* words the Bible-woman had spoken to some in affliction; and sending for her, she opened her heart to her, saying that all her sorrows and trials were sent to punish her for her sins. Horepsima not only read to her of the love and comfort the Saviour was ready to bestow upon her, but put the Bible in her hands to read for herself. A wonder-

ful change has taken place in this woman ; she feels that she has been fighting against God, she says, and now seems anxious to know how she may please Him.

At Aidin there has for some months been manifested a great spirit of inquiry into *Bible truth*, and "Nektar," who had felt that her family duties and health forbade her keeping a "Bible-woman's" place, wrote me two weeks since that she could not send the women and children away from her, and that she had resumed going from house to house among them, as they *would come*, and her own room was too small to receive them ; and by going forth she could also reach more persons and families. She said that seventeen females *daily* claimed her instruction from the Bible. I sent her immediate help to enable her to get assistance in her family, so that she might continue the work.

You may have seen exaggerated accounts in the papers of cholera in Smyrna and Constantinople. It is true that a disease from Egypt, which has been very mortal there in its ravages, resembling the cholera, has been brought here, and a strict quarantine has been established for steamers, etc. There have been many deaths among the poor Jews, but few only among other nationalities as yet. A great panic, however, has seized upon the people, and thousands have left the city, and crowded into the villages around ; so much so that some streets are nearly deserted. Ours is the only Protestant clergyman's family remaining in the city. Our friends have persuaded us to go to them in Ledigue, but I think we shall remain only a week. Our friends at Constantinople have many of them gone to the islands in the sea of Marmora, and have written us to join them, but the expense and trial of a long quarantine will probably prevent us from doing so at present.

Pray for us and the work of the Lord in this region. May you, and all engaged in the same work in London, be abundantly blessed in your labours.

Affectionately yours, etc.,

C. H. LADD.

QUERIES FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

MY DEAR MRS. R—,

JUNE 14th.

Since my return eight months since to this place, I have not forgotten my deep interest in either you or your happy work, and have been looking for a suitable

person to become a Bible-woman in some part of this great city. I have had my mind turned towards a certain individual, but have only now found an opportunity to do anything towards engaging her services. A few weeks since, I consulted with her on the subject, and she wished to make experiment before entering upon any engagement, and last week came to say that she finds herself very much interested in the work, and sufficiently encouraged to lead her to go on.

Her circumstances are these. She is a widow with one little son, of about nine years of age. She has buried two daughters, just opening into womanhood, and both of them with a joyful hope in Christ. Since then her husband has also been taken away, but with little or no hope in his death. Her mother has been for many years an eminent Christian, and though aged and infirm, receives a few little children daily for instruction under her roof, that she may add both to her usefulness and means of support. The widowed daughter leaves her little boy there, and herself finds a home in the family of her sister, the wife of one of the American pastors, and the two sisters together perform the domestic duties of the family. She proposes, therefore, to give the value of three days out of the week to visiting and Scripture-reading among the natives. She thinks the way is not opened yet for doing much in the way of *selling* the Bible, as few women can read or wish to read, and in most cases, any enlightened woman would have an enlightened husband already possessing a Bible. In another respect, too, the work here would differ from that in London, as her access would be more to persons among the middle classes than among the very poor. We imagine that the weight of ignorance and superstition must be partially removed from the upper classes, before there can be much hope of influencing the still more degraded.

I should say of U. H., personally, that I think there can be no doubt of her being well fitted for the work. I have known and loved her as a Christian sister for many years, and find few equally earnest and alive to spiritual things, or equally anxious to do good to those around them. Her con-

nections are among those who have once been wealthy, and she has sufficient refinement and education to make her acceptable among all classes.

There is one more individual of whom I wish to speak, that I may learn from you a little more of what you think you would be able to do for us in this dark and wicked city.

A most excellent Christian brother has recently entered upon his reward above, leaving a widow and three children. I am told that she is anxious to enter upon some way of devoting herself to labour for the spiritual good of her Armenian sisters. I think I can say with perfect confidence that she is a remarkable woman for her talents, education, and piety, and quite superior to any other woman I know of among this people. Though the Lord can make the humblest instrumentality eminently useful, yet humanly speaking, she is one whose labours would promise to be of great value. She has proposed to live in Scutari, where there is a very large Armenian population, comparatively but little reached by evangelical truth, and where she has a large circle of relatives whom she is anxious to influence for good. A missionary brother speaks of her own family as a model of the result of parental training. I mention all these circumstances that you may have the individuals before you, and then I can leave the matter to your Christian sympathy, and I know very well that you will do for us what you can.

We are to-day expecting a last visit from the family of our venerable Dr. Goodell, who are about returning to America. After labouring for forty-three years in the Missionary service, he is returning to pass his remaining days with his children; but feeling that this separation from the land and people of his adoption is the one great trial of his life.

I shall hope soon to receive a reply from you as to whether you can assist us in this Bible-work among the women.

Believe me to be yours warmly and sincerely, in Christian love.

J. B.

[We feel no doubt that friends will be specially raised up for Bible-women in Constantinople. Experience in Smyrna, Beirut, and Ooroomiah, continually encourages towards a quiet, inoffensive commencement in the Capital of Turkey, which may have untold results on the women of the East.]

A LETTER FROM BEIRUT.

JULY 5, 1865.

MY DEAR MRS. R—,

I send you Em-Yusef's report for June. You will see that the cholera has already broken out here, but I trust the good woman may be able to continue her visits, and be useful to many. Her little narrative is simple and truthful. She writes it in Arabic, and the translation of it into English is given either by one of the family, or a person in whom we can confide. The fear of the cholera is something quite extraordinary, more than half the population of Beirut has left. We have not closed the school, but nearly all our children are gone up to the mountains, carrying with them much good seed, which *must* produce fruit. They have all taken their books, and many have promised to gather a knot of little girls around them and teach them, for our children are scattered over the whole of the Lebanon range, and even, as you know, the Ante-Lebanon—namely, Hasbeiya, whither several of our dear young house girls are going, and where Mrs. Thompson has already a large school. The work of the Bible-women will now be specially felt before we finally break up, for we have resolved not to leave till all our children and women have left.

I shall give some special directions to our Bible-women at Ras Beirût, at Arkrafia, and at the Pine Forest. Their work will be increased, and I am sure you will not be angry with me if I venture to ask you that their salaries may be a little added to. Two of them, as you know, have regular salaries, and the other two receive occasionally a little help. I have had a long letter from Hasbeiya, in consequence of the work of the Bible-woman there, begging for a women's school, like the one Mrs. Thompson has at Beirut, where they are instructed in Arabic, reading in the Scriptures, and in needlework. Many of them find full employment in the school, and others in private families. They are much sought after, in consequence of their superior training. I believe, dear Mrs. R., it is hardly possible to calculate the good which has resulted, in a variety of untold ways, from our English schools, and from the Bible-women's work.

REPORT OF EM-YUSEF.

JULY 1, 1865.

I went to the Kaisarga as usual several times in the month. I have been very anxious to get the children taught, and after I had read to the women, I asked them to send their children to the school—the Olive-branch School I mean. I told the mothers I sometimes saw their little children running about the bazaars, and idling, and using bad words. I reminded them that, as professing Christians, they should not permit their children to use bad language. I said, “I cannot tell you how I am troubled about this, not only on your children’s account, but because you, their mothers, will have to give an answer to God for your neglect of them.”

Next week, when I visited the same people, I found a young girl there who could read. I gave her my Testament, and she began to read. One of the women asked me the meaning of “Pentecost.” I said, “You have one meaning for it, and we have another. The meaning you have is a day of play and pleasure and of mirth, but the meaning which the Testament gives us is found in the second chapter of Acts.” I then told the girl to read that chapter, and I explained to them how the Holy Spirit was shed upon the apostles at that time. This day we call “Pentecost.” We spoke more on the same subject—on our being born again of the Holy Spirit, and how we then become quite new creatures. The women were very interested.

The third week in June, when I went to see my usual people, I found them very much frightened from the cholera which has broken out at Alexandria, and many, many people are coming here to Beirut, and the government has made a quarantine, and many of my people are leaving Beirut and going up to the mountains. I found that a great many were already gone. The women said, “The government has given an order that they must go, and we must soon follow them.” They begged that I should not stop my going to see them, when they are going. I told them we ought to be prepared for death at all times, for Christ has said, “Watch, for ye know not the time when the thief comes.”

I always go to the Jewish houses whence children come to Mrs. Thompson's Olive-branch School. We have more than thirty young Jewish girls in that school, they are very bright and quick little girls, and fond of their school. The Jewish women told me they cannot understand how I tell them of Christ. "There are so many sects among your people," they said; "when you are all agreed, *then* we will hear you; but some of your people worship pictures and images, and God has forbidden *us* to do that, therefore *we* are right. When you are agreed, then you will have a right to say, 'our religion is good and true.'" I said to her, "My sister, you know very well from your children in our school, and from what I tell you, that *we* do not worship pictures and images." I then tried to explain to her that our religion is founded on the book of God.

After some more conversation, and reading the holy Book, one of the women said, "Oh that our priest would read and explain for us as you do! for if he did we might understand a great deal of religion, but we women do not understand much of what he says."

I shall try and visit the people as long as I can, for I do not myself think to go to the mountains, and I hope I may be useful to them here.

THE LAST FEW YEARS IN SYRIA.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

COWPER.

THIS experience of the poet has been shared by many, and among them perhaps by few more than by natives of Mount Lebanon, during the last five years. The deep-plotted massacres of the Mahometans and Druses, that were intended to up-root and destroy the Christian population, have been over-ruled by Infinite wisdom for the salvation of souls.

The slaughter of the men scattered their women and children, and threw them into the arms of an enlightened Christianity. The long neglected and despised Syrian woman is be-

ginning to rise from her abject ignorance and degradation, and is manifesting in her life and conversation that she is what God made our first mother, a help meet for man. We no longer hear the taunt of the Syrian former days, "You might as well teach a *cat* as a woman." Nor do you now often hear (except in remote mountain districts) their plea for ignorance: "*We are women*, how should *we* know; *we are like the cows*, we know no more than the oranges over our heads; all we know is that *we die like the sheep*."

The various plans suggested by Christian benevolence to alleviate the misery, want, and sorrow of the Syrian widows and orphans, have tended in a striking manner to change the face of female morals and female influence. The transforming power of God's Word on the few, soon told upon their homes, their neighbours, their enemies. We believe it to be true of Syria as elsewhere, that it is the mother who makes the man; in other words, if the mother is ignorant, her son will be untaught; if the mother is enlightened, the son will show a love for wisdom and understanding.

There is something intensely solemn in the influence produced here upon the souls of those who for the first time have the Word of God read to them in their own language. Such was the ardent effect on not a few widowed, sorrow-stricken hearts, when for the first time they heard the comforting words of Jesus addressed to themselves individually, at the English school at Beirut, in 1860: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth." "Let not your heart be troubled: in my Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you."

"We never heard such words," exclaimed many a sorrowful voice. "Now we will stay here." And they did stay, as many as could well be received into the day schools thronged by women and children, and among these were not a few who were led by the Spirit of God to sit at the feet of Jesus and hear His Word, to believe it and live.

Women and children who have been brought to a concern for their own souls, take a delight in reading the Word of God

for themselves and their neighbours. Little Syrian girls of nine and ten years old have become Bible-readers to their parents and others who have grown up in ignorance. Many such instances could be adduced, but two or three are enough to prove the fact. One of the first of these was a dear little child in the infant school: unknown to her teachers, this little girl had mastered the first four chapters of St. John's Gospel, by rising before daylight, and studying her sister's book before she got up and would require it herself; and not only so, but what she had thus learned, she went after school to read to a bed-ridden neighbour. Another dear child scarcely nine years old asked permission to accompany her mother to Tyre for a few weeks. She was allowed to take her school books with her. Before taking her departure, she came up to me with three large bags on her arm. The first contained her large Arabic Bible, her Arabic Testament with references, and hymn-book, her Arabic grammar, geography, and arithmetic books. No. 2 contained her English fourpenny Testament, Watts's hymns, English reading book, copy book, new patent inkstand, and knitting. She said her teacher had helped her to put all in order. But the third and empty bag, what was that for? Little H—— said in a low voice, "Will you give me six Testaments and some spelling books; there is no school at Tyre." I told her I was afraid she was too young to begin a school; but what was my joyful surprise when one of her school-fellows told me that little H—— the year before, while at Zackle, had taught a woman and several children to read. Truly out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God has perfected praise.

One more instance of the Christian influence of a little Syrian girl in the English school, will encourage friends in England to sow the seeds of the Gospel in that land, with a more liberal hand than they have yet done. A very poor man and woman with a family of six young children, five of whom were girls, intreated me to take the eldest girl as a boarder into the house. After a few week the parents came, gratefully acknowledged the benefit their child was receiving, but begged to have her back: "We cannot live without her, we cannot read, she always read the Bible to us every evening, and some

of our neighbours used to come in, and then she prayed, and she and her little sisters sang their hymns; our child is such a comfort, we beg you to let her come home every evening to read and pray with us."

Once more God's severe judgments are in the land, not implicated by the hand of man, but by the innumerable and invincible army of locusts and cholera!

The panic spread on Beirut and the Lebanon by the arrival of hundreds and hundreds of fugitives, from the cholera at Alexandra and Cairo, is most miserable, and now that several cases of death occur daily, all flee to the mountains; so Beirut at this time is more like a city of the dead than the living.

The schools are of course dispersed, and masters and children are scattered over the mountains. Before breaking up on so solemn an occasion, prayer was made that this dispersion might be overruled by God, for the spread of His word. Those in whose hearts the love of souls has been planted by the Holy Spirit, manifested a special desire to gather knots of children, strangers and natives, around them, wherever their lot might be cast; not with a view of establishing regular schools in the mountain districts, for alas! for such a work, there are no funds. The funds for carrying on the existing schools are wholly inadequate, and how are the Missionary labours of these young Syrian girls to be helped?

They cannot come under the denomination of *Bible-women*, but we believe many a hand will be opened to help these "Juvenile Syrian Female Bible-readers" in their laudable work. The Lord's sore judgments are in the land, and great wants may be at the very door. While men are sleeping, the enemy soweth his tares. "Therefore let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober." "The Lord is at hand." They that be wise shall shine as doth the firmament and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

E. M. T.

Subscriptions and Donations to the English Syrian Schools, Beirut, will be thankfully received by the Honorary Secretary Mrs. Henry Smith, Morden College, Blackheath. Money Orders to be made out to "Susette H. Smith."

It is requested that all contributions of clothing, materials for work, rewards, (especially dolls and Christmas gifts,) may be sent to the above address, by the 1st of October. Articles for a Fancy Bazaar at Beirut will also be most acceptable.

The editor of *The Missing Link Magazine* requests that the above contributions may be sent *direct* to Morden College.

OUR OWN FINANCES.

The Editor has received, during the past month, many letters of the following description:—

“DEAR MRS. R—,

“It may please you to hear how much sympathy and love is shown for our work by the mothers of my district. I had mentioned the heavy pecuniary loss sustained; and the week after that, when we had our treat in the country, the mothers took an opportunity of meeting together: when they had settled all to their satisfaction, they came and told me that they all wished to do something to help *you*, and that they each would like to buy and make one article of clothing, and ended by asking me to give them one Tuesday afternoon to sell what they could make, amongst themselves, instead of the ordinary payments for clothing. To which of course I agreed. Those who are too poor to buy materials wish to give their work. The sum realized will doubtless be very small, but suppose it is £1; if the other 200 districts, or even 100, would do likewise, it would in the aggregate go some way towards supplying the deficiency.

S. A. F.”

“CHORLEY, *August 9th*, 1865.

“DEAR MADAM,

“I have the pleasure to inclose a Post-Office Order for £3 1s. 6d., from a few friends in Chorley, anxious to express our deep sympathy in your present grief and in the exigency in which the Bible-Mission is placed this month.

"Regretting our inability to make anything like an adequate return for your kindness in sending us a Bible-woman in the distress of 1863,

"I am, Madam, your obliged,

* * *

The list, on the cover, of Cash receipts during the past month, affords ample proof that the London Bible Missions have a strong hold, for their own sake, on the hearts of the very many who have long supported them in faith and prayer. We are most thankful to point to the encouraging feature, that the subscriptions to the WORKING FUND have somewhat exceeded the demands of the month, leaving a small balance towards those of the next.

From the contributions most kindly sent under the head of "DEFICIENCY FUND," we shall be able to restore the £500 subtracted in our exigency from the small "Reserve Fund," fixed at £1500, which is so essential to enable those who guide the Mission to provide, without undue pressure of anxiety, for the monthly claims of 200 Bible-women.

The Editor most gratefully acknowledges the kind sympathy and aid afforded to this Bible-work during a time of deep personal sorrow. It has greatly tended to tranquillize her spirits, and proved a healing balm during a severe illness, from which by God's blessing she is gradually recovering; and she hopes that strength may ere long be restored to carry on, as before, the arduous work, with a more trustworthy helper in the matter of its finances. In watching these, Mrs. R. will now hope to secure aid from month to month, from one or two gentlemen, friends of the Mission, accustomed to business, in order to guard against similar evil arising from undue confidence in any of the agents employed.

With the aid of such friends, and with the present impetus of sympathy on behalf of the Mission, it is perhaps not beyond hope that the long expressed desire may be realized, of starting afresh with such sufficient "WORKING CAPITAL," about £3000, as would warrant *quarterly* advances to the Lady Superintendents, which would in every way economize time and labour to all concerned, as has been frequently shown, and greatly tend to the good management, as well as the wide extension of the Missions.

Contributions for the London Bible and Domestic Female Mission can be received by the Hon. A. Kinnaird, M. P., addressed to the Bank of Messrs. Ransom and Co., No. 1, Pall Mall East; by Messrs. Nisbet and Co., Berners Street; by the Honorary Secretary, Mrs. Ranyard, 13, Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, London, W. C.; by Mr. Frederick Clarke, of the Book Society; and at the Book Room, Bazaar, Soho Square. Money Orders should be made payable at the Post Office in Great Coram Street, Brunswick Square, in the name of "Ellen Ranyard."

ARE WE NOT TO GO FORWARD?

IN answer to this query, we cannot do better than present our readers with some sketches culled from our Lady Superintendents' letters for 1865.

"HE HEARETH THE NEEDY WHEN THEY CRY."

Miss H——, from Whitecross Street, writes:—

MY DEAR FRIEND,

At one of our Mothers' Meetings a few months since, I gave as a text for the mothers to take home with them, "He heareth the needy when they cry," and after the Meeting my Bible-woman remained behind, and related to me the following incident concerning one of the mothers she had been visiting that morning. "In the bitter cold winter of four years ago, herself, husband, and four children, were one night on the tramp up to London; they had no food and no money, and her little boy was so weak he was obliged to support himself by the wall as he walked along: at last the children seemed as if they could go no farther; her husband said, 'What shall we do? let us pray to God to help us.' They all knelt down in the snow and prayed to Him 'who heareth the needy when they cry.' Their prayer was heard, and help sent. When they had gone but a little distance farther they saw a door open, and a light shine on their path, in a place where they had no idea there was a house. A gentleman passed them, and said, 'My good people, where are you going this bitterly cold night?' The husband told him how poor they were, and that they were going to London. 'Well,' said he, 'you do not look like impostors: here are two shillings for you.' 'Ah!' said the woman, 'I feel I ought to have turned to serve God after such a mercy as that; and it grieves me that I have so often neglected His laws.'" We have now known this woman about a year, and trust she is an earnest seeker after God. We have an improved attendance at our Meeting, and many have returned to us who had left off coming.

"THE LORD WILL PROVIDE."

Some similar proofs to the above of how the Lord will provide, were received some time since, from a friend at Guildford,

who trusts that a brief record, in illustration, may not be unacceptable.

“My wife,” says the writer, “took the scarlatina in a cottage visit to which she had been invited, being unaware of a case of the dreaded fever having attacked a child. She sat with the mother and endeavoured to comfort her, not knowing the risk she herself ran, as about to become a mother. I engaged a pious cottager to nurse my wife; and during their isolated existence our parishioner narrated the following instances of God’s care which had occurred to herself.”

She is a labourer’s wife, and he earns 10s. per week. “This” she said, “does not leave much to spare when we have a nurse to pay, and other expenses of a time of trouble. On one occasion I was lying” (she added) “in my room in a cold November afternoon, with my babe newly born beside me; I had *nothing* in the house for myself or for my husband’s tea: never mind, I said, the Lord will not suffer His people to starve. Just then a tap was heard at my door; I said, as loudly as I could, ‘Come in;’ and a strange gentleman walked up, whom I never saw before or since, nor do I know his name. He said a friend had given him some money to distribute among the poor, and hearing that I was industrious he came to give some to me. He then gave me two shillings.”

“At another time I was in similar circumstances, and my little children were playing outside. A lady passed and said, ‘How do you do, my dears?’ They made their curtsy, and the lady asked if mother was at home and would come out and speak to her? ‘Please ma’am, mother can’t come out, for she has got a baby.’ ‘Well,’ said the lady, ‘as mother can’t come to me, I will go and see her.’ So she came upstairs, and she said,—

“‘Why, how cold it is up here!’

“‘Yes ma’am,’ I said, ‘I fear you find it so.’

“‘Oh! it is not for myself, but for you I am thinking,’ said the lady, ‘what have you got for tea?’

“‘There is a loaf to be baked when my husband comes in with some sticks.’

“ ‘Oh, but that won’t be ready by tea-time!’

“ ‘No ma’am, we shall have it for supper,’ (I had no tea, sugar, or *anything* in the house.) The lady said, ‘In half an hour send to my house.’ So I sent one of the children, and she came back with a delicious loaf, some butter, tea, sugar, milk, and a large jug of caudle.”

“Once more: on recovering from another confinement, I was looking about for some sticks to boil the kettle, when something fell close by me in the hedge and made me jump; it was a wounded pigeon, and in a minute it died in my hand. So I went with it to the shop and received for it 1s. 6d., with which I bought a loaf and some tea, and so we enjoyed ourselves, and thanked the Lord for His special providence again shown to us for the third time, when I was weak and unable to labour and help the earnings.”

These short and simple annals are strictly true in detail, and without any garniture.

From your constant subscriber,

A COUNTRY PARSON.

But we will resume our Ladies’ letters.

Mrs. S. J——, from Holborn, writes:—

The weekly reading of God’s holy Word to our mothers, is, I have good reason to hope, a source of comfort and encouragement to many; and the deep but suppressed sigh often proclaims its power in speaking to the heart.

ALTERED LIVES.

Miss M——, from Goswell Street:—

We have reason to believe that our labours during the past few months have not been in vain. The meetings are steadily kept up, and many highly prize the privilege of attending them. One mother was overheard expressing her regret that she had been absent from the working meeting; but she added, “I would rather be away from two working meetings than one Bible-reading.” “So would I,” joined in another; “I always like that meeting the best.”

We have been much cheered by a great change in the wife of a young man, who we believe has been saved spiritually and

temporally, through the instrumentality of our Mission. The wife was the first to be impressed; but as the husband's heart opened to the truths he heard out of the Book, (he had been a Roman Catholic,) hers seemed to close. When from a drunkard and a wife-beater, he became a sober man, a kind husband, and a consistent Christian, she opposed and annoyed him in every possible way, refused to go to any place of public worship with him, and took an oath that she would never enter the Mission-room again.

A timely visit, paid when the husband feared she was contemplating suicide, which she has often threatened, was the means of much softening her. She acknowledged she had much enjoyed the meetings, and was urged to attend them again; but she would not promise, and did not come: another visit for the purpose of bringing her was successful; and she has since been constant in her attendance, and has accompanied her husband to public worship. We trust she is really seeking rest and peace, and our fervent prayer is that husband and wife may be one in Christ. The week before Christmas the husband completed the payment for a thirteen-shilling Bible, and on Christmas morning it was laid on their breakfast table. The brother of this man and his wife also we believe have been gathered into the fold of Christ through his means.

THE BLIND WIDOW.

Mrs. P——, Exmouth Street:—

Last evening another widow from this Mission, whose case is certainly remarkable, was received into a Christian Church. She is left with five children quite unprovided for, and is very nearly blind; but such is the temper of her mind that she says her home, poor as it is, seems to her like a palace; her heart is so full of joy and gratitude, that although she sometimes has nothing but a small piece of bread to give to her children, she never begs of any one but the Lord to relieve her. She is most energetic in her endeavours to bring sinners to Christ, speaking to them under all circumstances, and offering to all seeking ones, the consolations of the Gospel. Her blindness prevents her from reading the Word of God; but her anxiety to understand it leads her to attend the Mothers' Meeting and Bible-

class whenever she can do so; and she says, she owes much of her knowledge to the teaching at those meetings. Should not our motto then be "Go forward"?

THE CERTAIN HOPE.

From Lower Islington District it is reported:—

A Mother when she first came to our Mission was quite careless concerning her soul; when an illness attacked her, she was always saying she wanted to be good, but could not, sometimes full of *hope* and afterwards of *doubt*, whether the precious blood of Christ could pardon her sin. After all however came the sure and blessed hope. She said one day to a neighbour, "This is one of my best friends: it was by going to her Mission-room I got all that makes me so happy." I reminded her that I did not sow the seed. "No," she said, "but you watered it, and I want you to give me a promise. I want you to be with me when I am called away. I should like to have hold of your hand." I said, "There is a *stronger Arm* than mine to lean upon. Jesus will hold your hand and guide you through; I can only go to the *edge of the river*, but Christ will go all the way." She looked up in my face with such a look of love and sweet assurance, and said, "I shall watch for you however, and shall meet you on the other side."

INVALID KITCHENS.

Mrs. P——, Stoke Newington:—

There is a perceptibly increasing warmth and interest among our poor people. Our Mothers' Meeting, which began with five, now numbers sixty members, most of whom are very constant in their attendance, and their gratitude is often quite touching. The Bible-woman is much valued by the poor women. "I love to see her at my door," was the expression of one the other day. If I may venture to recommend a means of relief, which works admirably with us, I would suggest the opening as far as may be, of INVALID KITCHENS, for the supply of food *really well cooked*, to sick persons and convalescents. We have provided about 1200 dinners in the last three months, and much suffering has been alleviated, and very often health in consequence restored.

GREAT CHANGES.

Miss W——, Upper Islington:—

In looking back on our Mission-work within the past few months, I feel we have cause for deep thankfulness, in the general and increasing interest among the people, in the numbers who attend the prayer and Mothers' Meetings, in the increasing love of the people towards their friend the Bible-woman, and in some special instances for the marked blessing which has resulted. It was last June that Mrs. W—— first came to seek out the Bible-woman at the Mission-room. She was in deep distress of mind: for some time past she had absented herself from the meetings; now trouble had come, and this seemed to drive her back again. She stayed a long time, the Bible-woman reading and praying with her, and went home saying she was glad she had come. About five weeks afterwards Mrs. K—— met her daughter, who said, "I don't know what you have done to my mother, but ever since that morning she came to you she is so calm, and she used to be so violent; do you know, she goes to *prayer* every time there is anything to put her out, and then she bears it so calmly." About three months after this her husband was taken ill, and during his illness was constantly visited by Mrs. K——, as well as by the curate of the district.

It pleased the Lord to bless these visits, and to answer the prayers offered for him by his pious daughter, and by the women at our weekly meetings. A wondrous change passed over him, and none who saw him could doubt the reality of it. Not long before he died, his son, who was tenderly supporting his head, said, "*Rest on me, father,*" to which he replied, "No, I will *lean* on you, I can't *rest* on you: I am *resting on Jesus* now, and He is a resting-place." His bodily sufferings were terrible to witness, but his soul was kept in peace.

From this time Mrs. W—— became a constant attendant at our Monday and Wednesday meetings, and appeared increasingly to value the opportunity. The very expression of her face seemed changed; and her memory, which she said had quite gone, through her trouble, now became so retentive, that she never missed bringing her verse to repeat at the Monday

meeting : she regularly filled her accustomed corner, till her son, a young man of nineteen, became very ill. For six weeks he was in great danger; his mother nursed him night and day, and her greatest, chiefest longing was for his precious soul. The same friends who had visited his father came to him continually. Amidst agonizing pain the Lord graciously shone with His own light into his soul, showing him that all his own righteousness was nothing worth, and leading him to cast himself altogether upon Jesus, who came to seek and to save the lost. As soon as he was a little better, he welcomed the Bible-woman's regular visits, not only for reading and prayer, but that he might put by twopence a week for a Bible to use at the young men's class, which he earnestly longed to join when he should be able. We never thought he would recover, and the Doctor gave up hope ; but he has rallied, and it is possible he may yet be restored and allowed to—

“ Tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour he has found.”

“ THOU SHALT BE SAVED, AND THY HOUSE.”

The same dear friend continues :—

I will merely tell you of one more instance which has cheered us, though it is not the only one by any means. The year before last the aged father of Mrs. M—— was brought to the Lord on his dying bed ; she herself had, from the time she left school when quite a girl, been utterly careless, neglecting the means of grace, and now with her husband and seven children was living without God in the world. She even rejected the Bible-woman's visits, and tried to place every obstacle in the way of her entering their doors. However, after the funeral of her aged father and her own illness, she began to wish to see the Mothers' Meeting, and came in company with her old mother and her new baby in her arms. She was so pleased with the meeting, she said with tears in her eyes, “ It reminded her of old times and made her wish she was different, and she should come again.”

For a year and a half she was most constant and regular, and frequently remained afterwards for conversation and prayer.

The change in her, though gradual, became very apparent. She was evidently "hungering and thirsting" after the things of Christ, and began to be a regular attendant at the house of prayer. Through her influence her husband *closed his shop*, formerly *always open* on the Sabbath, and placed a paper in the window, saying, "No business done here on Sundays." Notwithstanding the jeers and taunts of his neighbours, he persevered in his altered course, and went regularly morning and evening with his wife to the house of God. We have every reason to believe that he has indeed been made "a new creature in Christ."

One of the first cares of Mrs. M——, after awakening to the consciousness of her own soul's need, was to furnish her husband and children with Bibles; first paying for two fourpenny Testaments, then five shilling Bibles for each child, then a large thirteen-shilling family Bible, and last of all a three and threepenny Bible for her husband's use in the house of God. She had just finished her last penny for this last Bible, when it seemed as though her work on earth was completed, and the call came to her, "Come up higher."

At the end of last summer an eighth little one was born, four days afterwards the mother was called to the bright inheritance of saints above! but it was not without giving blessed testimony to the reality of her hope, and leaving behind her a sweet savour to those who remained. About six hours before she died she called her husband and all her children to her bed-side, and charged them so to live on earth that they might come and live with her in heaven, where she soon expected to be—

"For ever with the Lord."

The Bible-woman since records in her Journal, "I have had the privilege of visiting the poor widower and his family, and find him rich in faith, constant in the use of means of grace, the children attending their Sunday-school, and all apparently as their mother would have them."

We feel as though we read, in such instances as these, the fulfilment of that promise, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."

THE AGED GIPSEY.

MY DEAR MRS. R——,

I have often enjoyed half an hour with this dear aged woman ripening for glory, and though on each returning visit I find her bodily strength failing, her vigour of mind remains, and her faith and trust in God her Saviour strengthen and brighten, as she nears the haven of eternal rest. She cannot read, but has a large Bible, and *gladly* and reverentially listens when any friend reads to her the glad tidings of its sacred pages.

This afternoon I paid her a visit, found her no longer up, but confined to her little bed. She sits or lies in general quietly, but when spoken to on Divine things it may really be said that her eyes shine like stars. She was very poorly to-day, but they sparkled on seeing me enter; and she said, "I am so ill; but please to sit near me, I am so glad to see you;" and gave me some dahlias; she had before sent me the best geranium from her window. Both her kind daughters came in; they had been to the Mothers' Meeting, and were much interested in what they had heard about Jesus, "the Pearl of great price;" so we talked about His precious love to dear old Mrs. Boswell, (for that is the old Gipsy's name), and how He gave His life for us! Could *we* give our lives for Him?

"Ah! yes!" she exclaimed, "I could be burnt for my Saviour! I should not feel it, He would be with me."

I was glad and surprised: I did not expect such an expression; I said, "Now tell me, Mrs. B——, where were you born?"

"Ah!" said she, "I'm a true cockney, I was born in Leg of Mutton and Trimmings Yard, near the Jane Shore public-house, and christened in Shoreditch Church."

"And what was your father?" "A Gipsy, and my mother also; I am of the *true* blood of my *race*, and I'm *not* ashamed of my forefathers. People say Gipsies don't believe in God, nor devil, nor heaven, nor hell; but it is not true! My father and mother taught me to believe in God and Christ, and I have been very strict in teaching my children all I could."

On a previous visit, a severe thunder-storm passed over, and the loud peals seemed to shake the rickety cottage;

the rain streamed in at half a dozen different parts of the ceiling. We had been reading the fourteenth of John.

I said, "Does the lightning frighten you?"

"Oh, no," she replied, "its *God's* voice, that thunder; I'm *never* afraid of God; but when His thunder rolls through my soul, and I remember my sins, I *am* afraid. Many lies I have told in telling fortunes—ALL LIES."

"You would not do this *now*," I answered, "because you love Jesus?"

"Oh, no; and I'm soon going to Him, 'to die no more.'"

"That will be a beautiful home."

"Yes; *no rain* pouring in there," she said, smiling, and pointing with her small delicate hand to her poor defenceless roof. (She pays two shillings a week for this wretched hovel; and the landlord will not make it water-tight.)

We have always closed our little interviews with prayer, and we now commended this aged Gipsy and her two daughters to the tender care of their God and our God, and to the saving love and mercy of our blessed Redeemer, who, this aged Gipsy says, "was" (and *truly He was*) "like them, a wanderer up and down, from village to village, despised and rejected of men; 'not having where to lay His head.'"

We should be glad if any one would help in procuring a few more comforts for this aged believer, now ninety. Her chief counsellor and friend is the Bible-woman of the District, what is left of Agar Town.

PLANS FOR MOTHERS' MEETINGS.

From St. Giles, No. II.

SINCE I have left town for rest and change, I have thought much of our past year's work; it has been greatly blessed of our loving Father.

The two Bible-women have worked hand in hand very nicely. If the Seven Dials Mission seems to have done less, it is no small thing that its new Bible-woman has enabled Ruth, of

Short's Gardens, to concentrate her efforts more. I copy a few lines from a letter received from the Short's Gardens' Bible-woman.

"I want to tell you a little of old Mrs. A——, whom I have often named to you. She appears to be quite an altered person. She used at first, as you will remember, to shut her door against me, but I would not be repulsed, and continued to visit her every week. I have frequently read and talked very seriously to her. I called this morning, read as usual, and was much pleased to see the silent tears slowly chase down her cheeks. I reminded her that time is short and uncertain, and I begged of her not to delay coming to Jesus, or it might be too late. She always now seems pleased to see me, thanks me for calling, and asks me to come again. Indeed I begin to hope that she is a converted person."

There is one woman now apparently on her death-bed, to whom our meetings have been very useful. She was brought up by a pious mother, but married young a thoroughly godless man. They are somewhat above the usual class of our mothers, but his drunken habits made the thought of getting clothing for her children by weekly payments very attractive, and she came to our Mission-room. The teaching there revived the lessons of her childhood.

For many months she came unknown to her husband, sat near the door ready to run out if her child told her, father had come in. At last he found her out, and forbade her coming, till she won his consent by the plea, "I have been a much better wife the last few months; you know you say so; it is all those meetings have made me different." He gave way, unable to deny or to answer the argument of her daily life of gentle love. He now allows her to go to Church, and sanctioned her being confirmed.

I was much encouraged when I went to visit her on the birth of her last child. She looked at the baby, and then up to me, and said very simply, "I can't tell you how different I feel to this baby than I have to any other. I never used to think about my children living for ever till you taught me; now I love them with so much more holy a love; I often say to myself,

this child *must* be with me in heaven, for Jesus died for my child ; I must take care of her, for my God's sake as well as her own."

There are two plans I find so nice and useful : I want to suggest them for other meetings, to which they may be suitable. You will remember that at one of our weekly meetings, in consideration of the Roman Catholics, the rule is not to open the Bible. Instead of reading the Word, I quote a text and repeat it several times, speaking of its meaning, and encouraging the Mothers to make their own remarks. One day I asked the women to read or repeat this verse every day, morning and evening, and showed how many verses would thus be learned in the year. I was astonished to notice the interest awakened by this simple remark. One young married woman especially seemed arrested by the thought. Poor young thing! her father and mother are very worthless. She has been brought up by a relative who is a great professor, but I fear very inconsistent. The girl was one of whom I had *very little* hope, possessing much head knowledge, but deceitful and dishonest. She has since the day of which I am speaking, evidently pursued my plan of reading the verse daily. But better yet! God has not let His Word return void; her heart is touched, and her gentle, humble, quiet way, shows how great is the change within.

Before I left home I asked some of the women to try how many NAMES OF OUR LORD they could find in the Bible, and promised that I would also think of the subject. You must try the experiment with a similar class, before you can believe the interest which such a suggestion will create. "I dare say there are *six* names!" said one. I intimated that I hoped to find many more. "What? more than six!" "Yes, I think so," and I repeated some of His glorious titles. Then one who could not read said, "I'll make my boy look out one every evening, that I will : and shan't I get a many?"

In Seven Dials, the meetings are well attended, and by a very interesting class of women. Of course it is too early to look for fruit; and as the district is chiefly inhabited by Roman Catholics, we must get a footing among them before the Bible-pence can amount to much. Some Roman Catholics come very regularly to our meetings, and seem much interested in the Book.

I have great hopes, if the Mission can be continued, that we shall be able this time next year to record many triumphs won by the Word of God to the glory of Him who "died for all, that they which live should not live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them, and rose again."

And now, will my dear friends and fellow-Superintendents excuse me, if I say a few words on a subject which is very much on my heart. I mean the certainty and probable nearness of our Lord's second advent.

I want to ask those who conduct our Mothers' Meetings, to study prayerfully what the Book says on this point. I would entreat them to lay aside all preconceived ideas, and just try to drink into the spirit of Paul and of John. It does so help us in our work to feel that at any moment the Master may come and say to us, in audible voice, "Well done." Then I cannot tell you what life and power it gives to our teaching, to bring this subject forward from time to time, in a simple and *non-controversial* way: how those who are enduring cruel mocking, because they cannot live as they once did, are cheered and encouraged as we tell of the Saviour being *near*, with the robe of light and the crown of glory; and those who are waging a fearful fight with the temptation to some habitual sin, grow brave and strong as they hear of the victor's palm being already prepared, and the chariot of Jesus coming very soon in the clouds to take the over-comers up, to sit with Him on His throne. Dear friends, ask from the Holy Spirit the power to believe and to realize these hopes for yourselves, and then go and speak of them as occasion serves, among your poor women; and you will be confirmed in the "blessed hope" when you see how practical and sanctifying such teaching is, among the unlettered who now represent that multitude of "common people who heard Him gladly."

E. M. C.

[We would ask those of our friends who do not agree in the views put forth in the latter paragraphs of our correspondent's paper, not to be angry with them. They are not forced on any reader, but we do not feel warranted in withholding them, as thus sent to us. There is room in our Mission for workers of all shades of opinion, whose hearts are full of the love of Christ and of His Word.—EDITOR.]

A YEAR'S RETROSPECT.

"Jesus said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while." (Mark vi. 31.)

THE remark of an eminent Christian physician, that a young man has a more powerful influence over his contemporaries, either for good or evil, than an older man, because they feel that he sympathizes with them, encourages me, though young in the Mission work, to address a few words to those Superintendents, who, like myself, are little more than beginners. I write during a period of rest. Oh! how precious is it to know that when we turn our backs on the part of His vineyard where our Lord has told us to "go and work," it is He Himself who invites us to the rest we so pant after, and there, drinking in the new life which heaven and earth supply, we calmly ask *how have I sped?* Having reached a very short way towards the upward point at which a Superintendent should aim, I will recall some of the difficulties which have hitherto seemed to impede; yet truly they have often proved as rough stones, which, firmly grasped, have assisted the ascent, for the soft grass is often treacherous.

My principal difficulties have been, the Scriptural instruction, my duty to my Bible-woman, and the consistency of life involved by the Mission-work. In meeting the first difficulty, I foolishly attempted to follow in the track of a friend who enjoyed peculiar facility and success in her work; discouragement was the result, till a warning voice taught me, that, to copy was to fail, and sent me to God and His Word alone; that is, to a thoughtful, prayerful, spiritual study of the passage, till my own mind is filled with its teaching, and then again to a prayerful consideration how to bring the same lessons before the mothers in a simple, interesting, lively form. This latter part of the preparation I try to make only a few hours before the meeting, and it is with a heavy heart I then open my Bible, if the passage have not been well considered previously.

But after all, under every discouragement and sense of deficiency, how firm is the rock on which we stand, as we proclaim the message of God's Book, "*My Word shall not return to Me*

void." Let us enlist in the work every talent we possess, but let us not faint though we may have fewer than others.

The second difficulty, that of the claim of sympathy, guidance, and instruction, which the Bible-woman has upon her Superintendent, has been met in my own case, by freedom of access, by occasional prayer with her, and still more frequently for her, and by endeavouring, at the class, which of course she attends, to be very simple and clear in the doctrines which are there taught; still I feel this is very inadequate, and would earnestly invite suggestions from those more experienced on the subject.

The other difficulty I can only name, and leave to others to suggest the answer. How to maintain a consistent walk in the station in which God has called us, whilst carrying on our Mission-work; how to avoid neglecting our higher relative duties; how to keep humble, to maintain a cheerful, sympathizing spirit in the home circle, not so much engrossed in our own work as to forget what is due to others, giving no occasion for the reproach that, in striving to work for Christ, we become morose, selfish, narrow-minded. I name these points—which might be greatly enlarged—as dangers to be avoided, as we day by day go forth in the spirit of the Psalmist, "I will hope continually, and will yet praise Thee more and more." (Ps. lxxi. 14.)

Perhaps some of my fellow-labourers are with me a little depressed, at the close of their first year's work, to feel that so little has been accomplished. But are our own estimates always correct? It is true that I am not sure that one soul has been brought to Christ through the teaching in the Mission-room: yet the seed has been sown; may it not be hidden because it is taking root? Is there no blade to be seen? I think there is. Mrs. A—— came to our meeting some months ago; herself and husband were Roman Catholics; she looked a bright and happy wife, needing no pecuniary help, but apparently interested in the teaching. The birth of another child obliged her to be absent for some weeks; on her return with her new-born babe, a more fixed attention was observable in her countenance, with traces of sorrow. She came less regularly, but began to subscribe for a Bible; and during the weekly visits of the Bible-

woman, the sad truth could no longer be concealed; she was a victim of that bane of all domestic comfort, intemperance; her husband, who could support this family so well, being in receipt of good wages, consumed them on his wicked indulgence; and his poor wife, in misery from shame and sorrow, was often kept at home to take charge of him. Still there is much reason to hope, that the good seed is now bearing fruit, and that this very trial may be blessed by God in drawing her nearer to Himself.

Mrs. B—— was brought to our meeting by a neighbour, she came but few times, when the birth of her baby led to our visiting her at home; she then confessed how much she now grieved that since coming to live in London, she and her husband had neglected Church, and given up other good habits with which they had commenced their married life in the country. She said, that it was greatly her own fault, and on recovering her strength, she would strive to do better. They are now found worshipping in God's house of prayer.

"Harriet" was sent for on one occasion to see a wretched dying woman, who, feeling her danger, refused to see either a clergyman or Scripture-reader, but would tell her tale of sin to a woman's ear alone; she was surrounded by her sisters in shame, they listened to words of pardon and warning, and bowed the knee when prayer was offered; three or four times each day were these visits repeated, those around apparently more anxious for them than the sufferer herself. Her heaving chest and glassy eye spoke the rapid approach of death, when at last she gave a reluctant consent to my approach to her bedside: no response came to the offers of mercy quoted, nor to the prayer ejaculated; yet ere her last breath, it was some comfort to know that her own lips were heard to utter a cry for mercy, and at least the seed had been scattered in the hearing of many around.

No; my soul will not be cast down, when it thinks of these and similar cases; and *who* cannot recall the same in substance? So with fresh hope and vigour let us prepare to return to our work. I would seek to do more for my mothers in every way. And are there any invalid friends of our Mission, who would lend a helping hand, but feel that God withholds the strength? You

could help us with your prayers. Let me ask them, for a work which needs them much: and we hope that some, whose power to meet the spiritual wants of the poor may not be already exhausted by the claims around them, will kindly lend their aid towards the support of the Bible-Mission in Cromer Street, hitherto chiefly dependent on the General Fund, and with little *local* help, except in relief. This surely ought not to be said of any district in West Central London.

M. S.

THE BIBLE STUDENT'S VISIT TO BAALBEC.

From a Friend at Beirut.

SINCE our temporary residence in this land, we have several times ridden along various parts of that immense plain, the BUKAA, or valley of Cœlo Syria, as it was anciently called. It is more than seventy miles long, and generally seven or eight miles across, but at its widest part it is twelve miles. I must remind you that "Cœlo" means "the hollow," and its present name "Bukâa" signifies "between;" both designations are eminently correct, for it is not only a "hollow," but a "hollow between;" it is hemmed in on either side by the parallel chains of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, the western ridge being the Lebanon, the eastern the Anti-Lebanon. The Lebanon range commences its rise in majestic grandeur, immediately on "the entering in of Hamath," and runs through the land until it terminates in the wooded cone of Mount Tabor and the beautiful little hills that encircle Nazareth; while the Anti-Lebanon commences in the land of "Hamath," about twenty miles more south than Lebanon, and terminates about eight miles to the north of the Lake of Galilee, just beyond Hasbeiya and Cæsarea Philippi.

The whole therefore of the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, with their towns and villages and the intervening Bukâa, are included in the "Land of Promise," although as yet they have not been included in the "Land of Possession." These distinctive facts are always vividly impressed upon my mind in visiting the

various parts of the "Land of Promise;" and the looking forward to what shall be—for "God hath promised it"—often cheers the spirit amid the causes of depression which meet you here on every side.

The Anti-Lebanon range is not so lofty as the Lebanon, but it possesses a charm peculiarly its own, inasmuch as "Djebel es Sheikh," the "Chieftain Mountain," rises in physical and historic grandeur above the general chain. "Djebel es Sheikh" with its snowy summit is your beacon as you wind down the Damascus road athwart the Lebanon, and gradually ride down and down till you descend into the Bukâa. The southern part of the Bukâa I had already seen, when we visited Hasbeiya, the sources of the Jordan, Cæsarea Philippi, &c.; and now we had turned our horses' heads northward to visit Baalbec. The valley of the Bukâa is extremely rich and fertile, being abundantly supplied with fine water. It is fructified not only by the Orontes and the Leontes, but the far-famed Abana and Pharpar take their rise in the very heart of the Anti-Lebanon, not far from the ruins of Baalbec. It affords abundant pasture for immense flocks and herds, while the districts which are brought under cultivation produce ample crops of cotton and everything requisite for man and beast. A few European settlers have greatly improved the land under their care, and were European agriculture and chemical applications brought to bear upon this fertile district, the returns would be incalculable. You will understand something of the immense number of their flocks, when I tell you we met one flock about the usual size, and M—— inquired, "How many goats have you here?" "Four thousand" was the reply. "And how many goatherds?" "Three besides myself; each has the charge of a thousand goats."

Splendid roads might without the slightest difficulty be made along this plain, and the engineer would encounter no obstacles in laying down his lines, from one end of Bukâa to the other. Can you fancy going by rail from Cæsarea Philippi to Baalbec? Whatever the facilities of such communication, the delightful canter on a fleet Araby, and the unspeakable charm of tents and sumpter mules, picturesque muleteers and meals

al fresco, would be a vast loss. There is something surpassingly attractive in this mode of travel and this eastern life. You come into real, immediate contact with nature, and though there are doubtless inconveniences, yet there is a peculiar charm in a Bedouin life, as far as travel and camping are concerned. I dare say you know that the word "Bedouin" is derived from the word "bedough," desert, and means those who live in the open air. Thus in Luke ii. 8, the word "mola bedouin" is rendered "abiding in the field."

And now our tents are pitched at Muâlaka, on that renowned Bukâa, once traversed by the chariot wheels of conquering myriads, and by the weary foot of the captive Israelite, led forcibly from his beloved Jerusalem to the far-off land of Babylon and the other lands whither the Lord hath scattered His race, and through the same Bukâa He will return to take possession of His promised heritage. And still this Bukâa—in various parts of which the black tent of the wild descendant of Ishmael betokens the insecurity of the plain—is traversed by nearly every traveller from foreign lands, to gaze upon the scenes to which Scripture refers. On the following morning we struck our tents, and rode off briskly for Baalbec: though it was October, the sun shone as brightly and the heat was as great as on the hottest days in England. Ere long we came in sight of the magnificent ruins. How can I express the wondrous beauty and symmetry of those six columns, standing out against the deep blue sky, and lighted up with the full golden glow of the setting sun, and set in circles of verdant foliage. Were there nought at in Baalbec but these six sublime columns, it were worth the journey of hundreds of miles. But the place can boast of other treasures. The temple of Jupiter is very fine: here is that splendid portal, of which the key-stone has sunk down several inches, and hangs suspended in the middle of the arch, apparently in imminent peril of an immediate dislodgment. A young camel is roaming leisurely about, feasting upon the scanty herbage which springs up in green patches amid the huge columns, cornices, and friezes, that lie shattered on the ground. Huge weasels and ferrets run quickly in and out at holes and crevices, a jackal prowls amid the ruins, and

the wild cries of the screech-owl and hyena pierce the stillness of the night. And now, while I am writing these lines on my knee, amid the colossal ruins,—for the intense heat has chased me from the tent,—a large black eagle is perched quietly upon the base of one of the columns: how majestically he looks around him, as if he were the monarch of all that he surveys. I rise cautiously to go near him: he waits till I approach, but then spreads his wings and soars aloft higher and higher till he looks like a speck in the soft blue sky.

You can scarcely imagine anything more grand, more imposing, and yet at the same time more poetic, than our present encampment: for our tents are pitched on the verdant carpet of the court of the temple of Heliopolis, surrounded by the grandest and most picturesque ruins upon which the eye can rest. The ruins of Baalbec are not only picturesque, but vast and extensive. How gigantic is the ancient foundation—it must be long anterior to the superstructure—of an age remote as that of Solomon. Imagine the three gigantic stones, (from which the temple was anciently designated “the three stoned,”) bevelled with Phenician accuracy, each between sixty and seventy feet long, and thirteen feet high, raised between twenty and thirty feet above the ground. How powerful the machinery by which they were conveyed from the quarry and placed in their present position! We saw a similar gigantic stone ready hewn in the quarry, and measured its length at sixty-three feet; the sides are slightly unequal.

The circular temple is a little gem, but it was greatly injured by an earthquake some years since; and M——, who visited these ruins eleven or twelve years since, found them considerably more shattered now than they were then. The rents and chasms in every part of the large ruins, evidence to the fact of severe shocks, and, unless destroyed by the wanton hand of man such an overthrow will probably prove their ultimate fate. Earthquakes are by no means uncommon here; nay, last night we were aroused by a slight shock, which rapidly shook our beds for several seconds; it was by no means a pleasant sensation. We were thankful when it passed over; for to be overwhelmed by one of these immense columns would be a fearful fate.

You may well believe that we did not neglect the Lord's work in this Mahommedan district. Wishing to get the view of ruins from the garden side, where these six lofty columns arise from a mass of foliage, we obtained access into a quiet mulberry grove, where we had not only a lovely view, but could sketch without molestation. Several persons tried to get over the wall, but were checked by the guard. The soldiers however seemed to consider themselves privileged; soon one or two, and then several, came to see what we were doing. M—— at once entered into conversation with them, and finding they could not read, he spoke to them of the Gospel news, and then commenced reading several chapters. The men were very attentive, and one especially clasped his knees, and exclaimed, "This is the Gospel, this is the Gospel," and begged him to go on reading. Indeed the interest evinced by the Mahommedans in hearing—and when they have learnt to read, in reading—the Bible, is very striking.

We had with us on this tour many of the little red books from the Christian Knowledge Society, containing the parables and miracles of our Saviour. They were sought for with the greatest avidity, both by the Turks and by the native Mahommedans. On Sunday M—— went into the village and distributed many of them. A man came up and begged for one for the Effendi. "If the Effendi really wishes for one, let him come for it." Another aged sheikh, with long white locks flowing from beneath his red tarbush, intreated for a book. A young boy, brought by his father who could not read, prayed for an "Angile" (Testament), in order that the youthful scholar might read to him and his family.

Our tents were continually visited by eager claimants; and every copy of the Word of God which we had brought with us for distribution, was gratefully received by the soldiers and people of Baalbec. Many had been there gathered together from the neighbouring districts, because of the conscription; and some perhaps whose heart and home had been made desolate by the falling of the fatal lot of conscription upon the son, or husband, or brother, would now carry back with them some portion of the Word of life, which if embraced, would give them a name and a place higher than that of son or sire.

It must be borne in mind that in giving a copy of the Gospels to a Mussulman, there is no danger of its being seized by the priests and burnt. No, the Mahommedans are permitted, openly and without let or hindrance, to read the Word of God. But woe betide them from the secular arm, if the seed sown takes root in their hearts, and turns them from darkness to light, from the power of Satan to God.

Almost immediately on our arrival at Baalbec, we received a visit from the commandant, who invited me to visit the ladies of his hareem. He likewise, when M—— called to take leave, accepted with apparent satisfaction a copy of the Gospels. He very politely invited us to a "military fantasia," which was to be given in honour of some high personages who were coming from Damascus; but we were obliged to decline his courtesy. The magnificent ruins of Baalbec are, as I have said, situated at the northern end of the plain of the Bukâa, not more than a mile from the base of Anti-Lebanon range. We had therefore a charming ride of about six or seven miles across the Bakâa to reach the Lebanon range. We however diverged a little to our left, in order to see the large isolated column, which rises in the midst of the plain. Its purpose is unknown, for the inscription on the tablet is entirely effaced. It is Corinthian, but the upper part of the capital is gone, and now it rises in lonely grandeur to the height of about sixty feet on this vast plain. A solitary large eagle was perched on the summit, and soared upward far and away when M—— clapped his hands.

We must reserve some further sketches in Bible-lands, from the same lively pen, for a future number.

THE BIBLE-WOMAN IN CALCUTTA.

By R. S. Moncrieff, Esq.

"SO IS THE KINGDOM OF GOD, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how" (Mark iv. 26, 27)—and such is the work of the Bible-woman in Calcutta. It consists almost exclusively in

sowing the good seed of the Word of God in the jails and hospitals; but from the circumstances of the great majority of those among whom it is sown, there is probably no other Mission in which less opportunity is afforded to the sower to mark its effects in the private lives, or the domestic and social habits, of the hearers of the Word which he scatters. The seed may bring forth abundantly, but the sower knows not of it.

There has been sufficient fruit in jails as well as in hospitals to make us thank God and take courage, but the real results of the work will only be known when the secrets of all hearts are revealed.

If the Bible-women must thus sow in faith, knowing that the fruit of their labours must to a great extent be hidden from them, we who support the work must be content to contribute to it in faith likewise. We must be satisfied with the unimpeachable characters, self-denying zeal, and special aptitude for their work, of the sowers; with the knowledge that the seed sown is the true Word of God, the Gospel, presented in all its simplicity and fulness to those who are ready to perish, and with the occasional record of one going forth again to the world with the determination to walk henceforward in the narrow path which leadeth unto life everlasting, or of another going forth from the world in joy and peace, resting solely on the blessed knowledge that "Christ died for our sins."

At present we employ three Bible-women; namely, Anna, who continues among the prisoners—the labour upon which she first entered in January, 1861; Elizabeth, whose work, commenced in 1862, is now limited to the patients in the General Hospital, numbering on an average 150 men; and Hester, who has been employed since August, 1864, in the Medical College Hospital, where the average number of patients is about 100 men.

Through the kindness of the jail authorities, Anna is provided with a room in which she receives, one at a time, such of the prisoners as wish to see her. To these she reads the Bible, instructing them in its truths, and seeking to win their confidence as a friend to be trusted and capable of tender sympathy for the weary and heavy-laden, using whatever influence she

may gain thereby in leading them to Jesus the true Friend of sinners. She holds short interviews of this nature, with from eight to twelve prisoners daily, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. Out of some 160 men usually in prison, the great majority do not come to see her; many, however, are glad to do so once a week or so; while there are always some ready to come to her daily, if allowed, and among these we find men who tell with eyes full of tears how she has been a messenger of peace to their sorrow-stricken souls, and that in a place where they anticipated nought but additional misery.

It is now a fact beyond question that, while to many individually among the prisoners her influence has been most beneficial, it has been indirectly productive of good to the mass likewise: her daily presence among them in the manner described proving a source of strength and encouragement to the well-disposed, and a living testimony against evil-doers which the latter have been unable to silence, as they would have done had it been in their power.

Is it necessary to add more in pleading for support for the Bible-woman for prisoners?

Elizabeth and Hester in visiting the hospitals work exactly in the same way, save that instead of seeing patients one by one in a private room, they pass from cot to cot, and sitting down beside any patient willing to listen, endeavour gently but firmly to lead his thoughts from dwelling on his bodily pains, to consider the state of his soul in the sight of God. Ever ready to smooth a pillow, or support a tottering step; to fetch a cup of water for the thirsty but helpless one, or to fan the brow burning with fever; to read his wife's last letter to the weather-beaten sailor, whose hand is too feeble to hold it up to the light; or to write to "mother at home" for the little lad not six months away from her, on his first voyage, whose ship and companions are homeward-bound again, while he is left, to die it may be, among strangers. Beneath the abundant flow of their womanly sympathies for the suffering, there is an under-current of love for their souls, imparting to their work a character which makes it peculiarly acceptable in numerous cases, and welcomed by nearly all with whom they come in contact.

It is impossible for one woman to read and pray with more than from fifteen to twenty patients in the day (from 10 A. M. till 4 P. M.), unless when several are grouped together ; but as it is in the confidence of private and separate conversation that the men open their hearts, to tell and to receive, and that most good appears to be done, the Bible-woman does not seek to address more than one at a time. If therefore there were ten employed where now there is but one, there would not be too many for the work to be done.

Experience shows that the oftener she visits, the more the Bible-woman is welcomed. Some who have at first refused to speak to her, have afterwards called out to her, as she has been passing by their cots, to stop and read to them. Others intreat her to come oftener, every day if possible ; it comforts them so to hear her. But what can one woman do among 120 to 150 patients, occupying six or eight different wards ?

The work of the Bible-woman is totally distinct from that of the Chaplains or Missionaries who visit the hospitals, and who, from pressure of duties outside, can only come occasionally and for a short time. She moves among the patients daily, becomes personally acquainted with the majority of them, and though she cannot, without neglecting others, read every day to the same men, she has opportunities of repeated intercourse with those who are long in hospital, and is enabled to bestow special attention upon the dying, having no duties elsewhere to call her away.

The classes addressed by the Bible-women are of course very various.

As might be expected, the careless predominate. There is not so much ignorance among them as indifference,—sailors cannot attend to these things ;” “ at sea we have no time to pray ;” “ persons in trade cannot be religious ;” “ one can’t be religious in this country, if I were at home I would be a different man : ” such are the most common excuses offered by the men addressed as to the state of their souls. Some are found not to have been in church for many years, who would probably never have had the offer of salvation pressed upon their attention, had not the Bible-woman brought it to them in prison or hospital.

What an opportunity is found in these places for bringing the Gospel before the careless and unbelieving, who would never go in search of it if in health and at liberty. Some, though very few, absolutely refuse to hear; some listen, but admit that they do not care what becomes of their souls; some are more or less tainted with infidelity. One invalid has been found pressing another to study Paine's "Age of Reason;" and a prisoner denies the existence of God, as he has been condemned to suffer for a crime of which he declares himself innocent. "I have had so many downfalls since I came to this country," says another, "*that I now care for nothing.*" But if such cases are not infrequent, it is very rarely indeed that the Bible-women are met with incivility, while many give proof that they receive the good seed on good ground.

In the hospitals there have been several instances of most happy deaths, where the Bible-women have been more or less instrumental in bringing those who died to the knowledge of their Saviour; while from some who have been restored to health and have gone back to their occupations, letters have been received by the Bible-women expressive of deepest gratitude on the part of the writers, for their tender but faithful dealings with them in the time of sickness, and their earnest desires now to follow after righteousness. One writes from sea thus: "We cannot help to be happy when we have a friend like the blessed Jesus to love us; He will comfort us, and will give us strength to resist all temptation. You must pray for me; as I need it very much, for I am a young beginner to work for Jesus."

Another, a young German, who has returned to his native land after many months spent in the hospital, writes from the Sandheads: "It was you who brought me to such a foundation as Christ, for never shall I forget the first day you kindly came to my bedside, when I was lying in that middle bed, and when you opened to me your little pocket Bible, and showed me that passage wherein it says, 'as the serpent was raised in the wilderness, so is the Son of man raised, that they which believe on Him should not perish but have everlasting life.' What a beautiful passage. Good bye; for ever will I deeply remember the

kindness you showed me ; may God reward you, and bless you with more godly gifts for the benefit of our fellow-brothers. The thought for me doing the same is continually before me ; it will not be impossible, if God grant it."

The Bible-women can joyfully spend four to five hours daily (except on Saturdays and Sundays), in all weathers, in their labour of love,—in the hospitals, amid sights and sounds of suffering most trying to the nerves, and often in immediate contact with persons afflicted with infectious diseases. They do so in the prisons, with men of rough manners and of notoriously depraved lives, finding very much every day to sadden, discourage, and depress, and without the idea of securing any worldly advantage from their labours. How poor and mean do efforts in contributing towards their support appear, when placed by the side of their unobtrusive, patient, and self-denying continuance in well-doing, out of love to those for whom the Saviour died. Should not such reflections arouse us to this, if to no more,—namely, greater energy in the support of such labours, both in the collection of funds, and in prayer for the Bible-women and their work ?

Every additional 100 rupees per month, enable us to employ another Bible-woman.

In conclusion, let it be observed, that in Calcutta the Bible-women and their coadjutors are from different sections of the Christian church ; they meet together on Saturday evenings for special prayer for a blessing on their labours, and as yet there has never been a shadow upon their Christian fellowship and harmony arising from any difference of opinion among them. Unity in the spirit of love to the Lord Jesus is felt to be far more precious than anything which could possibly be gained by diversity ; and in the conversations at the meetings referred to, as well as in the teachings of the Bible-women among the sick and the prisoners, it would be impossible to detect any sectarian spirit whatever, or any tendency to exalt one branch of the Christian Church at the expense of another.

"By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another."

RULES FOUND TO WORK WELL IN INDIA.

Bombay Bible-women's Association, 1863-64.

1.—The design which this Association seeks to carry out, by God's blessing upon it, is twofold.

2.—First, to supply His Word to the poorest and most improvident of the European population. Secondly, to adopt measures for reforming their homes, by teaching them to help themselves, rather than to look to others for help; by instructing wives and mothers how to fulfil their duties; by endeavouring to reclaim husbands and fathers from error, and to lead them to apply that money, which is now spent in improvidence or in vice, in procuring proper food, clothing, furniture, &c.

3.—These two objects are to be sought by taking payment for Bibles in small instalments, and by inducing the poor to add to the comfort of their domestic arrangements in the same way.

4.—The qualifications for the women employed in this Mission, as far as can be ascertained, shall be decided piety; that is, their hearts must be devoted to the Lord, from a sense of His love to them personally, that they may be able to commend Him to others out of their own experience.

5.—They must have practical acquaintance with the Scriptures, ability to offer free prayer, be of active habits, of a kindly disposition, of a thoroughly practical turn in housewifery, and have some knowledge of writing and accounts.

6.—The Bible-women shall reside in or quite near their respective districts, and there shall be a room in a central position for the general purposes of the Mission, for which the rent will be paid out of the funds of the Association.

7.—The Bible shall be the only printed book from which, in connexion with their duties, the Bible-women shall read.

8.—Each Bible-woman shall be placed under the superintendence of a Lady willing to undertake the work, and who resides within a reasonable distance from the sphere of her superintendence.

9.—The work of the Superintendents shall be left uncontrolled, while the principle on which they are originally selected shall continue to be uncompromised.

10.—Members of any orthodox Christian communion, possessing the requisite qualifications, shall be eligible either as Bible-women or Superintendents.

11.—The funds will be administered by a Committee of Ladies, who shall also, aided by Ministers representing the different Protestant denominations in Bombay, appoint the Bible-women, the Superintendent, and the spheres of their labours.

“SENSATION STORIES.”

“SENSATION STORIES” are said to be the taste of the present age; under which title are comprised narrations of the wonderful and the horrible class, presented to the mind of the reader in a pictorial way, which exaggerates without conscience the thing as it really occurred.

“The staple of a magazine is a sensation story,” say all publishers; and it was even proposed to us of late, to endeavour to make “THE MISSING LINK MAGAZINE” more sensational.

May God save us from *that* mark! is our reply, in a spirit of prayerful fear. The work noted in these pages is too real and too sacred for us to dare wilfully to exaggerate its facts. The editorship of this Magazine is a most solemn responsibility; and after recent mournful events, we come up from a time of seclusion and reflection, more resolved than ever to watch the leadings of God’s providence toward the sources that shall supply its pages.

It has never been composed of a hap-hazard collection of miscellaneous articles; neither is it any foolish fancy that we have always been provided with the material for it, at the time and in the way that it was wanted. Of the selection from this material, and the way in which it has been for ten years presented to them, the religious public must judge; and it *has* judged by a most practical and voluntary response of £60,000 sent to the Editor for the support of more than 200 Bible and Domestic Female Missions, which have gradually and firmly established themselves in our Metropolis, by means of that extraordinary and otherwise un-collected Fund.

Now this has certainly not been accomplished by what are commonly called “Sensation Stories.” BIBLE WORK AT HOME AND ABROAD has been the broad foundation on which all the facts recorded have arisen in their various relations. No “lengthened tale of love or war” has ever *here* been *expected* to divide attention with the simple narratives of the work of God’s Word upon a soul; for this is the peculiar event which does create sensation in the heavenly world: “there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that re-

penteth." Oh, how much is this work needed, the work of God's Word, that its voice should speak in our sorrowful streets!

"Visited some families in C—— Street," says one of our pioneers in the East of London; "but many of the people have hearts hard as iron; scores of them neither fear God nor man. I never saw such a street." (She has visited for many years.) Well, here the voice of God begins to speak. "We had nine at the Mothers' Meeting," continues the pioneer, "and it was held in poor O——'s house. Six women were in the room, and three listening in the passage. I hope they will join us next time; the character of this house was *so* bad before the mighty change which the Lord has wrought in its master's heart (see our No. for May, 1865, p. 115), that even now no 'respectables' will come here; but we want to save the dis-reputable. It needs great love to Jesus and to souls, to work in this awful street, in which there have been dreadful quarrels during the last fortnight. The magistrates have twice settled them, but drink sets them on again. Much prayer is spent for this dark spot."

Yes, and much "sensation" of the newspaper order might be created by report of visits to those dens, but that is not our aim. "We had a lady from Germany at one of our East End meetings to-day," continues the pioneer, "her name was Wichern, she had read the little book called 'The Missing Link,' and wanted to see if its statements were true.

"I visited with this German lady, took her into clean homes and dirty homes, showed her the contrast of the wretched and the comfortable, read and prayed wherever I could: she seemed wonderfully struck with all she saw, and realized that the work *was* a true one, and how much the 'Missing Link' was needed; especially she seemed to wonder how glad the people were to see me and to listen to God's Word. I told her I hoped she would soon begin similar work in her own country.

At the next meeting in C—— Street, at Mr. O——'s house, there were eleven present. "The people here are in general so hard that they feel nothing, but one or two women were now moved to tears on being shown out of the Scriptures what Jesus had come down to do for them. I had a very inte-

resting conversation with a poor Jewess who comes always: she is dark at present, but the Holy Spirit can teach her. How I love my Saviour's ancient people! Their children also came in, and paid great attention.

"Visited a woman in this street, who shed bitter tears while telling us of the death of her husband; he had been a comic singer for eight years; he was seized with fever and went to the hospital. There a Missionary spoke faithfully to him about his soul; and whether it was the sight of his sins or the disease, I know not, but he lost his reason, proving the truth of the Scripture, that the way of transgressors is hard. We prayed with the poor widow, and begged her to read God's Word and seek a Saviour, that she might not fail to be 'ready' for the hour of death and the day of judgment."

We will pass to other parts of London, to find facts that create "sensation" among the angels.

NO MORE BEATING.

Mrs. N——, of Lockfields, says:—

I am happy to tell you our Mission progresses surely and steadily; the Bible-woman is sincere and humble, and ever ready to devote herself to sympathize with the suffering poor; her steady consistent behaviour has won their respect and affection as well as my own. One or two quiet words from her, a while since, to a half-drunken woman, who was ill-treating a child, were made, through God's blessing, the means of that woman's conversion; for, as she said when she came, with tears in her eyes, to present her with a little cotton-box before leaving London with her family, "I could never shake off your words till I had knelt down and prayed God to forgive me; and now my husband comes home, for I can keep his house comfortable, and there is no more beating the children." I may also mention the case of a man who was living in sin, though with an unquiet conscience. He has now become released from the power of that sin, and brought to see his interest in the blood of the Saviour. He has been admitted to the Lord's table, and is about to hire a room to tell his old companions in evil what great things God has done for his soul.

THE ONE TEXT.

Miss J. L——, Hackney :—

My Bible-woman has been called to visit a poor but industrious German woman, who was paying one penny weekly for a large-print Bible. She is now confined to a sick and we fear a dying bed ; she expressed herself as one who through much trial and suffering had been led to seek an interest in a sympathizing Saviour. I have also visited her, and am much pleased with her humble testimony of love to the Redeemer. She tells me she has often been struck by a word that has been spoken, or perhaps a text of Scripture that has been named, when the Bible-woman has called for her penny. *It is her habit more often to repeat a text of Scripture than to stop to read* ; and she feels so encouraged when the next time any one says, as they often do, “ *I have had that text running in my mind so many times ;* ” then he opens her Bible and reads the whole passage in which it was found, praying that God may bless His own Word to their souls, and that her visits may not be fruitless.

SICK BEDS.

Mrs. B——, Upper Clapton, reports :—

It is with deep thankfulness I would acknowledge that the Lord has owned and blessed His own Word during the past year. Three or four of our mothers have gone to be with Jesus. Our Bible-woman is much blessed in reading the Word to the sick and those appointed to death ; seven or eight are now upon sick beds, some in great bodily suffering, and we feel their days are numbered. Concerning them all, we can hope well ; most are rejoicing in their Saviour, and waiting till their change come. Every Monday morning we specially remember the cases requiring spiritual and bodily help, and take them to the throne of grace together. Our great trouble is that so few of the fathers attend the places of worship on Sundays. Still there is an improvement ; but oh ! how slow ! And we can never feel our work prospers save when souls are converted and brought to our Saviour's fold.

THE ROMANIST.

Mrs. S——, Buckle Street, adds :—

We have had real encouragement lately, in the case of a now poor Roman Catholic woman, living in Buckle Street, who is a most earnest seeker after the way of salvation. She was first induced to attend our Mothers' Meeting about six months ago, and very soon afterwards began to lose faith in her priest. She will now have nothing at all to say to him, though by refusing to attend his chapel she loses an allowance of one shilling a week and some other gifts in money. This must be a great loss to her, as she is a widow, and supports herself and one child by selling onions in the streets. The only furniture in her garret was a heap of rags, that she called a bed ; but she is now very proud to be able to offer the Bible-woman a seat on a chair covered with a piece of board.

THE SINGLE MOTHER.

Mrs. G——, Harrow Road, tells us :—

In a work like that of the Bible-Mission, it is sometimes given us by the All-wise One to see immediately the effect of *His Word* in the conversion of souls ; but perhaps more frequently we are called on to sow in patience, waiting for the great harvest to gather in our sheaves. Such a case was that of Mrs. T——, a most interesting young woman. One very wet and stormy night, I waited on my door-step to consider if I should go to the Mothers' Meeting. "There certainly will be no one there to night," said the servant, but giving another look at the plashing rain, I marched off.

"No one is here to night I suppose, Mrs. P—— ?" said I.

"O yes, ma'am, Mrs. T—— has come all through the rain with a broken umbrella and a baby in her arms."

We read the third of John and several other parts of Scripture ; several questions were asked and answered, and after prayer we separated. God blessed *His Word* that night, and ever since Mrs. T—— has been a humble Christian ; though in much weakness of body and persecuted by her husband, she has walked steadily on for more than two years ; and we had

lately the trial of parting with her, to go with her husband, to a distant home in Scotland. Often have I learned a lesson from her, of faith, meekness, and love.

I could spend all my time in visiting among poor people; and as for the Bible-woman, they are ready to swallow her up, sending for her right and left in sickness and all emergencies.

THE PRAYER MEETING.

Another Lady, C. F——, says:—

My Bible-woman has a quiet Wednesday-evening meeting in her own room, which is a great comfort to the Mothers, and to which some go who cannot go out in the day time. At this meeting may be heard the earnest prayer, offered without restraint, for the pardon of sins, for the light of the Holy Spirit; and then another, thanking God that a Bible-woman had come to live amongst them. Once a month my dear helper invites six mothers to tea with her, before the meeting at seven o'clock, which gives her an opportunity of private conversation with them, and elicits great confidence and attachment.

This order of "sensation" will live, and its details be re-uttered in the heavenly mansions when all stories of human love are swallowed up in the love of Christ, when accidents and murders will be words unknown, and when the most earnest of us shall wonder at the time we wasted on the things that were ready to perish.

THE STARLESS CROWN.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." (Daniel xii. 3.)

WEARIED and worn with earthly cares, I yielded to repose,
And soon, before my raptured sight, a glorious vision rose:
I thought, whilst slumbering on my couch in midnight's solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled my room.

A gentle touch awakened me; a gentle whisper said,
"Arise, O sleeper, follow me;" and through the air we fled.
We left the earth so far away, that like a speck it seemed,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway streamed.

Still on we went ; my soul was wrapp'd in silent ecstasy :
 I wondered what the end would be, what next should meet mine eye :
 I knew not how we journeyed through the pathless fields of light,
 When suddenly a change was wrought, and I WAS CLOTHED IN WHITE.

We stood before a city's walls, most glorious to behold,
 We passed through gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets of purest gold ;
 It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night,
 The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb Himself its light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music fill'd the air,
 And white-robed saints, with glittering crowns, from every clime were there ;
 And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne ;
 " All worthy is the Lamb ! " they sang, " the glory all His own."

But fairer far than all beside, I saw my Saviour's face ;
 And, as I gazed, He smiled on me with wondrous love and grace :
 Lowly I bowed before His throne, o'erjoyed that I at last
 Had gained the heaven of my hopes, that earth at length was past.

And then in solemn tones, He said, " Where is the diadem
 That ought to sparkle on thy brow, adorned with many a gem ?
 I know thou hast believed on Me, and life through Me is thine,
 But where are all the radiant stars that in thy crown should shine ?

" Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every brow :
 FOR EVERY SOUL THEY LED TO ME, THEY WEAR A JEWEL NOW !
 And such THY bright reward had been, if such had been thy DEED,
 If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in paths of peace to lead.

" I did not mean that thou shouldst tread the way of life ALONE,
 But that the clear and shining light which round thy footsteps shone
 Should guide some other weary feet to My bright home of rest :
 And thus in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself been blest."

The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake,
 A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul, which long I feared to break ;
 And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmering light,
 My spirit fell, o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's awful might.

I rose, and wept with chastened joy, that yet I dwelt below,
 That yet another hour was mine, my faith by works to show ;
 That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesu's dying love,
 And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.

And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be,
 " To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me ; "
 And, graven on my inmost soul, this word of truth Divine,
 " They that turn many to the Lord, bright as the stars shall shine."

DEAR PRISSY'S DISTRICT.

A LITTLE girl lay last year on her dying bed, at the foot of the Malvern Hills ; she had been taken there by loving friends in hope of restoring health by the pure breezes that swept over their lofty brows ; but her Father in heaven ordered it otherwise, and she was never able to be removed home. She lay many months awaiting the Divine will in patience, for "at an early age her heart was weaned from all earthly things, and made to rest on her Redeemer's love."

In reading, as any one must, with tears of sympathy, a short and exquisite narrative of this child, compiled for private circulation, by her mother's pen, one thing seems to us chiefly remarkable. The little one stood on the shore of the sea of eternity, and she knew it, and could bear to speak of it. Many stand there, especially as young people, who know it, but cannot bear to speak of it. When they cannot, and their relatives cannot, there is something lost ; but experiences are various, and the issue of illness often uncertain, so that this must frequently be the case.

It was not so with Prissy ; her wish to dispose among dear relatives of her "little treasures" brought forth the solemn intimation to her mother ; and, seeing her eyes fill with tears, she said, "Do not cry, dear mamma ; if I am taken away from you, you will come to me in heaven."

One of her doctors remarked to her, that when she got better and spring came, her papa must buy her a little white pony to ride. As soon as he left the room, she said, "I did not like to tell Dr. G—— so, when he was talking just now about the pony, but I thought it will be a *white robe* I shall want, not a pony."

The spring came and went, and she then said, "If I should live three months longer I shall be eleven years old, but perhaps I shall then be in heaven." With great animation she added, "And if I should, won't that be a delightful birthday ! I shall then be clothed in a white robe, and have a palm in my hand ; but I do hope *my crown* will not be a *starless* one : do you think it will ? I should not like to have a *dull crown*." This was in

reference to the piece above given, which had made a deep impression on this dear child some time before her illness, to which she often alluded.

She had always been much interested in Missionary work, and had long kept a box in her play-room for collecting contributions, regularly putting in part of her monthly allowance. Sometimes the contents went to West Indian schools, to purchase rewards for the children; she always preferred books. At another time the money came to our Mission, for she was always delighted to hear about the work of the *Bible-women*.

During her illness, it was very striking to see the desire manifested to complete what she had commenced, and to have all her little affairs settled. Remembering she had left a small sum at home, obtained for the Bible and Domestic Female Mission, she sent for it, made a further collection, and added all the pocket-money in her own possession, saying, "I shall not want that." She then employed herself in making little fancy articles, asking friends to buy them, so as to increase the sum, which at this time amounted altogether to £21.

In acknowledging the receipt, Mrs. R—— told her it had been decided that the money should be appropriated to *one* Bible-woman, to whom they had given her name of "Prissy," which much pleased her. She afterwards made some more things, and sold them to friends; gaining in this way another sovereign, which she begged might be sent after her decease, for Prissy to lay out in nourishment for two or three sick children in her district; and she also requested that some more of her own money might be added for the use of the Mission.

Once, while intently occupying herself in her favourite works of love, it was said to her, "You had better not do so much, it will make your poor little head ache;" to which she replied, "Oh but I *must* work, I have done so little for Jesus."

And now we have some fruit to tell of this early work for Jesus.

"The Lord who heard that childish prayer,
No 'starless crown' in heaven to wear,
Can make this record preach
To others, how to serve the Lord,
To wash their robes in Jesu's blood
And heaven's own kingdom reach."

Dear little Prissy is "gone home;" but in the district chosen for her, (in one of the lowest courts in Gray's Inn Lane,) lived a young woman of four-and-twenty, the mother of three children, who would never have been cared for and comforted as she was in her last illness but for Prissy's Bible-woman's help and prayers. The kind Superintendent had seen her twice at the Mothers' Meeting, and then heard she was too ill to come out, and followed her to her own home. She had received a religious education in her youth, at Sunday and other schools; but there was no proof at the time that she had felt her state as a sinner, or fled to Christ for salvation.

When symptoms of consumption appeared in her, she had been admitted as an inmate of Victoria Park Hospital. A few pious young women were found in the same ward. Mrs. T—— was exceedingly fond of singing, and although unable from the rupture of a blood vessel to join in the hymns they sang, she was comforted by listening to those who could, and with their reading and prayers.

"When my Bible-woman and I first visited her," says the Superintendent, "we found her in a very depressed state of mind; very thankful for our visits, but always weeping; not it appeared on account of her sins, but from the thought of her increasing weakness, her inability to take care of her children, or to keep her home comfortable for her husband. Her mother however and other relatives were very kind, and relieved her as far as possible from these anxieties."

One day when I called, she told me that she had been recommended very strongly to have the advice of a doctor whose remedies had proved beneficial to many in consumption. I at first dissuaded her from going to him, but finding her mind set upon it, thought it better not to oppose it. I visited her a day or two after, to know the result. She was evidently worse from the exertion, and told me the doctor had given her no hope, saying the disease was too far gone for his remedies to have any effect; "and now" she said, "I shall no longer believe it, though my friends have been trying to cheer me with the thought of getting better in the spring."

I took this opportunity more particularly of pressing home

the matter of *personal* religion upon her attention, and found her more anxious to hear than before; indeed from that time I think her true anxiety about her soul commenced, and the journey to the doctor, if it did no good in any other way, I have always looked upon as a mercy, as it opened her eyes to her real state, and made it easier for us to speak with her of the things relating to her soul.

So the young mother stood, like the dear child who had provided those who should care for her soul, on the shore of the solemn sea of eternity; and it was a singular thing, that from this time we never found her in tears: she seemed to give up all concern about earthly things, but was always ready to listen to the Word of God, and anxiously looked for our visits. I read to her on one occasion a little book called "*Carletta, or I shall sing in Heaven*," a beautiful account of a child's simple faith and happy death, which seemed to affect her very much, and she often mentioned it with delight both to her friends and to me.

Her sufferings were very great, and seemed to increase daily. One day she said to me, "Oh! no one knows what I suffer, I could not tell any one: it is so dreadful." I said, "Your Saviour knows it all, and sympathizes with you;" and then spoke to her of the sufferings of Jesus, both mentally and physically, and the object of those sufferings, to take away our sins; which seemed to comfort her. A few days before her death, the Bible-woman was sitting with her one evening, and read the parable of the ten virgins, and pressed the matter home to her, telling her she should be like those who had oil in their vessels, and were *waiting* for their Lord's appearing. She afterwards told her mother and sister she was *so happy*, what Mrs. D—— had said had seemed to bring light and happiness into her heart. The hymns

and "I lay my sins on Jesus,"—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"—

were her favourites, and seemed to express all her feelings when unable to utter them otherwise. I saw her on the day before her death, when her restlessness was very great, but she distinctly followed me through every line of the last-mentioned hymn. I said,—

"You feel Jesus precious to you now, I hope?"

"Yes, *very, very precious.*" I replied,—

"He will not leave you in the dark valley, but will land you safe in the heavenly Canaan."

"I know it;" she said,—

*"Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, oh, how pleasant the conqueror's song!"*

This was at intervals, and with my help, for her breath was almost ceasing; and after commending her to God in prayer, as she always wished me to do, I took my leave, being sure I should never see her alive again. Mrs. D—— looked in in the evening, and finding the mother and sister both very much fatigued with constant watching, offered with another friend to sit up that last night with the dear sufferer; this was thankfully accepted, and they watched with her until about one o'clock, when the happy spirit was permitted, as I hope and believe, to enter into the bright inheritance of the saints. About a quarter of an hour before she breathed her last, in a clear voice she said,

*"Oh, happy, happy, happy day,
When Jesus took my sins away!"*

Her breathing then became very irregular, but as Mrs. D—— and the other friend knelt by her to catch her last words, she breathed out, "*Jesus, precious, precious Jesus!*" and with those words on her lips she entered into the joy of her Lord.

And possibly dear little Prissy welcomed her home.

A more recent report from the same district says:—

"You will be glad to hear that our numbers at the Tuesday evening meetings have been for some time steadily increasing, so that we average now thirty-five and upwards; this may in some degree be attributed to a little alteration I have made with regard to the work, making it slightly remunerative to those who work in the room, without however infringing upon the funds of the Society. By the efficient help of my Bible-woman in arranging the work beforehand, there is never the slightest confusion at the time of the meeting, and the industrious little party seem much more attentive than formerly to

what is being said. Many of them really seem to "hear the Word with gladness," and by their constant attendance, and manifest interest, we may hope it will have some influence upon their hearts and lives.

"While the summer lasted, I thought it would be an encouragement to them to give them a day in the country; and by the help of some kind friends I was enabled to take them, to the number of forty, to the Crystal Palace, which they all much enjoyed. It was a day of mercy throughout, and although entered upon by me in much anxiety, the close of it found me with a heart overflowing with thankfulness to Him who had made everything, even weather, to add to the enjoyment and happiness of the party.

"I think the people generally look upon our Bible-woman as a friend. The 'house to house' or rather 'room to room' visitation, which I wished her to commence some time ago, has been carried on regularly, and has brought to light many cases which would otherwise have been overlooked. It also gives us a greater insight into the deep depravity of the neighbourhood and the fearful state of its inhabitants. There is scarcely a house where one or more rooms are not tenanted by 'unfortunates,' some whole houses entirely so. Mrs. D—— has gained an entrance to many, and they will receive her; several cases I have visited. They often depress me, as may be supposed, and make me feel 'who is sufficient for these things?' But 'when *He* works, who shall hinder Him?' and the seed sown even on such stony ground as this may, by His blessing, bring forth fruit another day to His glory.

"The work grows upon me, and occupies much more time than I at first thought I *could* allow it: from its very nature it is an absorbing work, and one that more and more makes me feel my own utter inability; but I never knew so much of the blessedness of *help derived* and of a *present Saviour*, as since I have been thus employed. Oh, if *anything* depended on me I should despair; but as it is all of His own free grace, and He has said, 'My Word shall not return unto Me void,' I feel I can work on, for *He* will accomplish all His purposes of mercy in His own good time."

Dear Prissy's prayers are now surely answered, in the enlistment of gentle and true workers, who will dive into these lowest courts, and "fever nests" of London, as the "TIMES" calls them. The work of her little fingers is bearing fruit, now that they can work no more, in regions darker than any of which she ever dreamed; and her works follow her by example, for since her death we have had the pleasure to receive from the principal of a ladies' school in which the dear child was for some months a pupil, the sum of nearly £53, being the proceeds of a fancy bazaar, held in that establishment, in accordance with the wish of the youthful inmates. "They would like," says their teacher, "that the money should be devoted exclusively to the support of the Bible-woman Prissy, as much interest has been excited in our house by the little account of that district, given in the "Book and its Missions" last year.

As a mother's love still cares for the dark spot now sacred to the memory of her darling child, we hope with this sum to open a neighbouring district, which may arise out of Prissy's. Nowhere are Bible-women more wanted than in the dark courts and alleys of Gray's Inn Lane.

"THE LORD LOVED MARTHA."

A Lady Superintendent, in the centre of London, sends the following:—

"How truly may this be said, 'The Lord loved Martha,' of a dear little dying girl whom it was our delight and privilege a few times to visit, with the good Bible-woman she loved so much. She had a very sweet little face, and when you talked to her about Jesus, and told her that she was one of His little lambs, great was her simple trusting faith in Him; her full eyes lighted up with something of heaven's beauty, and she would answer you, 'Yes, I do love Him. I am going to Him; I am not afraid to die.' We can never forget the grateful pleasure she expressed one day when we took her a few little books and some grapes. Her radiant smile proved

to us 'that truly, it is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

But hear the Bible-woman's account of her:—

"How delightful it is to turn to the recollection of dear little Martha, only nine years of age, whose strong and simple faith in Jesus dispersed all fear of death! often she told me she was not afraid to die, and she said it with the greatest composure. Her complaint was very afflictive and trying; some days she was better, then worse, but she never murmured or complained. One night she called out, 'O Jesus! come and take me. I want to come; do take me now.' I said to her in the morning, 'Tell me, dear, what you expect to see in heaven.' 'God and Jesus, and little lambs; shan't I, Mrs. P——?' 'Yes, my dear; *you* will be one of the little lambs that will gather round the good Shepherd.' She smiled, and her large beautiful eyes looked at me with love.

"A kind gentleman (who never gave me his name) used to allow me fourpence or sixpence for her sometimes; once he gave me a little wine, which did her much good. When I read or prayed, she would remain perfectly quiet, which I thought wonderful, as her breathing was so painful. The last day but one on which I saw her, she said, 'Have you a little girl?' I said, 'Yes, dear.' 'Then, mother dear, give Mrs. P—— my doll. Where is the sash?' Her mother and a friend wept, but Martha was quite calm. A toy was brought for her; she instantly said, 'Mother, send this to my grandmother, to give to a little girl;' thus proving she had quite done with the world. On Monday I went early. She had not moved or spoken for hours. I squeezed some orange into her mouth, she revived a little. I said, 'If you know me, dear, move your hand.' She did so. I said, 'You will soon be singing in heaven.' After a short time she seemed pleased, held up her hands, and passed away, dear little *angel child*! to join the sweet eternal song, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.'"

MORE LEAVES FROM AN ISLINGTON JOURNAL.

"It has pleased God to bless my visits," says a Bible-woman, "to old Mr. S——. Both his wife and daughter-in-law

have attended our Mothers' Meeting these three years. About eight months ago, when visiting young Mrs. S—— in her illness, as I read a portion of God's Word, I observed no attention in the old man either to reading or prayer, and he was unwilling to enter into any conversation. I went from that chamber not rejoicing, but depressed, on account of the deadness of his mind.

"About six weeks ago he was taken very ill, and sent to ask if I would visit him, which I did next day. To my surprise and joy I found him anxious to listen to the Word of God and prayer. I asked if he thought he should get better, and if not, whether he had made a friend of Jesus as his Saviour.

"He answered, 'I don't know about that; but this I know, I feel my need of Him.'

"As I observed his marked attention and deep anxiety, I felt, this is exactly 'the Spirit's rising beam,' it is the work of God, and left him,—rejoicing and praising God for this evident token for good. I have had several profitable visits to him since, and all betokens the new-born soul, which makes me exclaim, 'O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together.' "

A later entry says:—

"Mr. S—— has been raised up again, as it were to test his sincerity, and he makes his way each Sunday to God's house, and enjoys it so much, that in his quaint way he tells me, he wishes the minister could preach all day, adding, 'I should never tire of listening to him, it makes me feel so much better in body and mind. I intend always to go, but I am pretty old, and cannot expect to live much longer. It is a shame to think I have never been to any place of worship all these years, not since I was a little boy at Sunday-school. And what do you think? There is a hymn I remember learning when I was a very little boy in the school, that has come to my mind, and made me feel so happy. After I had been very low-spirited and tempted, I went to sit down quietly, and that hymn, only fit for a child, could bring such comfort with it.

'Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship Thee,' &c.

'I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below,' &c.

"I said, 'The Lord has brought that hymn to your memory to show you how He meets His people in His house, and speaks peace to them.' Then he told me how, since my first visit, he had been attracted by some open-air preaching in the N. N. Road. He said, 'I don't know what made me draw near for to hear, but I could not help going over to listen, and was obliged to stop till it was over, and then came home crying, because I saw what a sinner I was. I could not tell my wife, but I thought of you.'

"Perhaps there was no need to *tell* the wife, for her testimony is, 'He is *entirely altered* from what he used to be, and always regular at the house of prayer; and the child is always with him, they are so fond of one another.'

"The little grandchild mentioned here was doubtless *one* instrument in the Lord's hands of drawing the old man's heart to love the things of Christ;—a little girl of four years old, but one who had early listened to the invitation, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me,' and whose lisping voice had often spoken to her grandfather the name of 'Jesus.' It is sweet to see the affection between the hoary-headed man and the simple child, *both* children together now of the same Saviour! The old man is a stone-breaker by trade, he is poor and illiterate as to the things of this world, his dwelling a kitchen, but truly his beaming countenance proclaims to all around 'what a dear Saviour he has found.'"

Another extract:—

"On Saturday evening, a girl came to ask me to come and read to her mother. I asked how her mother was, she said she was better, but wished to have the Bible read to her. I told her I did not visit on Saturdays, but if possible would come early in the week, and told the girl to go home and herself take the Bible and read to her mother. The poor girl went home, and I believe behaved faithful to my advice.

"As soon as she was gone I began to think I ought to go if I was sent for, yet continued working at my own needle-work, (which indeed I have very little time for,) till dusk,

about an hour after the girl had left. I then began to consult my heavenly Father by prayer, when the words came forcibly to my mind 'Go with the name of Jesus to the dying.' I went, and what was my surprise to find the poor woman dying, the girl on the bed with her mother, and the open Bible in her hand, crying, and three or four half-drunken women in the room, who said, as soon as I entered,—

“‘Oh, she is glad you are come.’

“I answered, ‘That poor woman is dying, she cannot see me,’ but I went and laid hold of her powerless hand, and found by her gentle grasp that she was *glad*. I instantly said,—

“How sweet the name of JESUS sounds, in a believer’s ear!”

and ventured to ask if she could find any sweetness in that Name, if she had made that Name her refuge, and could trust her soul in Jesus for its salvation. Another gentle grasp and smile assured me of the truth. One of the women present said, ‘Now you see she is glad,—now you will give her a prayer, wont you? I said, ‘I will kneel and *pray for her*, but more especially for *you*; I hope you will kneel too.’

“All were quiet, while I poured out my supplications for them; meanwhile the husband came in half drunk, and being grieved, I spoke to him of the evil of living in sin. The poor woman passed into eternity about an hour afterwards. I had for some time past been visiting her; she always welcomed me, and earnestly listened while I talked to her of her Saviour; and at length, believing she had received the truth, I thought it necessary to leave her for a short time. I must here pause and notice the goodness of God in sending me to read His Word, which is able to make wise the simple, and save the soul; also how slow of heart I was to believe, when I was sent for. I am thinking, had I gone at once, without gainsaying, I might have been entrusted with some sweet testimony for Jesus from the lips of the poor dying woman while able to speak: but oh! the goodness and long-suffering of God, that I was not left without encouragement in my labours.”

“One of the first cases of interest which occurred in connection with our Bible-mission was that of E—— C——. It is now five years since our Bible-woman met with her one

Sunday afternoon, keeping a little stall of apples and water-cresses at the corner of one of the lowest streets in our district. She was a picture of destitution and misery. When urged to put away her Sunday trading, and attend a place of worship, her answer was, 'I would, only I have nothing to eat at home.' The Bible-woman went home and fetched her food sufficient for her present need, and that evening she was found in the chapel near. A kind friend of the Mission heard her story, sent her clothes, and supplied a basket of articles for sale, to prevent Sunday trading. She began to attend the Mothers' Meeting.

"The Bible-woman taught her to read, and soon the blessed life-giving power of the Word began to find entrance into the heart of this poor hitherto neglected creature. Hers had been a sorrowful life, and help came too late to stop the disease which was already deeply rooted in her frame, and which compelled her, after the lapse of some months, to find refuge in the workhouse at Wapping; from which place she used to write to her 'dear friend' the Bible-woman, sending her book-marks with her favourite texts written on them; for while in the workhouse she learned to write, on purpose that she might hold communication with those who had been the instruments of leading her to know Christ. Her last message was, 'Come and see me before I die, that I may kiss your hand once more, and place in it my husband's Bible.' She died, leaving a sweet testimony for Jesus. 'Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?'

"It is cheering to see how many of the poor women really seem to understand the comfort of making their wants known to God in prayer. How they come with their burdens to lay them down before Him, believing His Word, 'Ask, and ye *shall* receive.' One Monday, one of our 'Mothers' came with a full heart and tearful eyes to beg us to pray for her father; he was very ill, the doctors had given up all hope, but he seemed to have no concern about his immortal soul. The next Monday she came again, though she could only spare a few minutes, to tell us how the Lord had answered prayer. It would take too long to tell the whole story.

"If I were to number the little meetings of twos and threes before I go out of a morning, I know not what number they

would amount to; but one thing I know, they are registered in heaven.

“An interesting little gathering was held in the Mission-room a short time since, to present a Bible to the medical man who for many years has visited among, and won the gratitude and love of, the poor of our district. It was subscribed for by eighty-four of his poor patients, who esteemed it a great privilege to bring their little offering, and present it to one who, as they said, had ‘so often comforted them in their time of affliction.’ The doctor, in receiving the gift, bore testimony to the preciousness of the Word, telling those present how he had ‘witnessed *many* a death-bed, and saw and observed the difference between that of the worldling and the Christian; how the Bible must be the secret of a happy life and a happy death; also that he was sure the happiness did not end at death, but that faith in the Word written, through Christ, carried us far beyond the grave, even into eternity and a happy immortality.’ A little inscription was placed in the Bible, with the texts, Psalm ciii. 3, John xiv. 26, Rev. i. 3.

“The 10th of July was a very happy day with our poor ‘Mothers.’ It was arranged that instead of the annual tea-party, as many of them as could manage to go should spend the day in the country. There was quite an excitement when the vans started, containing sixty-five of our number, to many of them green fields and pure air being an almost untasted luxury. One had not been out of London for twenty-five years, another had never been in the country at all, and many had never gathered a wild flower since the days of childhood. A hearty welcome awaited them on their arrival, from the friends who had kindly invited them and provided for their entertainment; and everything around seemed to them a fresh source of enjoyment. Some sat leisurely in little groups under the trees; others wandered about the gardens; and those who were able to enjoy a longer walk were taken to a beautiful spot by a river’s side, where they gathered wild forget-me-not and meadow-sweet, to be treasured up for many a long day to come. After tea was over, they all collected under the cedar-trees to join in singing a hymn and prayer, and listen to some words

of loving, earnest counsel from friends present, and at eight o'clock they started, each with a bunch of sweet flowers in her hand, on their homeward way. Perhaps one of the pleasantest parts of it all was to see the group of 'husbands' who awaited their arrival, and the pleasure *they* expressed in the enjoyment of the day.

"At the next Monday's meeting, many of the women brought texts, evidently selected with special reference to this day, such as Isaiah lv. 12, Psalm lxxv. 13, &c.

"That beautiful paper in the 'Book and its Missions,' called 'Shadows,' some time since suggested the idea of taking from time to time a special subject for the women's texts, as well as for reading, and they have taken much interest in searching their Bibles to find suitable passages. Often the collection of texts on a given subject, such as 'Light,' 'Healing,' 'Joy,' 'Prayer,' 'Forgiveness,' &c., have been most beautiful.

"But I am afraid I have already written too much, and must add no more, except to request that friends of the Mission will not forget us in prayer. While we have here and there a gracious token that prayer *is* being heard and answered, we must remember what masses in our midst *yet remain untouched*, and how many who, though they come perhaps to hear, are yet living 'afar off.'"

GOOD SEED SCATTERED ON THE MOUNTAINS.

BETWEEN forty and fifty years ago, a merchant, then at the head of one of the largest commercial firms in Paris, had occasion to visit the manufactories established in the mountainous tracts of the Loire and the Puy de Dome. The road that conducted him back to Lyons, traversed a fertile country, then green with the beauties of spring. The tinkling brooks meandered among corn-fields, vineyards, and orchards, and yet it was a region where commercial activity was seen mingling with agricultural labour. Factories and furnaces arose among barns and sheep-folds, and ploughs were seen gliding between forges and foundries.

At last Mr. W—— and his friend arrived at the skirts of a

hamlet placed on the declivity of a mountain, and stopped at a house to inquire their way across the country. In the act of so doing they had the opportunity of rescuing a little child belonging to the inmates, who was in danger of being crushed by a passing coal-cart. An elderly woman, leaning out from the second-story window, willingly afforded the desired direction, at the same time apologizing to the travellers, for the trouble the child had given them. This produced a responsive remark, that "in this world we are bound to assist one another, and that we are taught such obligation by the Holy Scriptures, which present to us the example of our Lord Jesus Christ, who came into our world to seek and to save that which was lost."

"Ah! Sir," said the good woman, "your language surprises me; it is many years since we heard in this village of the Lord Jesus from the lips of a stranger; but His love supports the hearts of many among us, who have scarcely travelled beyond our own neighbourhood, and it is so rare and delightful to hear of Him and His Word from others, that I would request you to alight and favour our household with a visit."

"My time is precious," replied Mr. W——; "yet I shall be thankful to spend an hour on these mountains, among those with whom I may hope to dwell for ever on Mount Zion."

He then, with his companion, mounted to the second story, where he found the good old lady with whom he had been conversing, surrounded by her daughters and grand-daughters, all busily employed on five looms filled with ribbons and galloons destined for the capital; all the arrangements of the apartment bespoke industry, frugality, and piety.

A frank welcome was now followed by inquiry whether the stranger was a Protestant or a Catholic, a pastor or a priest.

"Madam," he replied, "I have not the honour to be either. I am a merchant, I desire to be a Christian and to have no other title but a disciple of Christ; I love all who love our Lord Jesus in sincerity, and I do not ask in what fold they feed, so that they are guided and nourished by the Good Shepherd and Bishop of souls."

"Oh, what a favour the Lord has granted us to meet with a Christian like ourselves!" said the widow: "we desire to be

in charity with all mankind; but to be frank, Sir, we do not go to mass, nor to confession, for we do not learn from our New Testament (which by its use is nearly worn out) that we are to worship the host or to perform penance for the salvation of souls;” and, she added, “We believe we can serve God acceptably even in a cave or in a chamber, or on the mountains. There are from three to four hundred of us who hold these opinions; we meet on Sunday evenings as often as we can, to pray to the Lord Jesus, to read the New Testament, and to converse about the salvation of our souls: but we are much persecuted by the clergy; we are called *beguines* (Methodists) and fools, but we can bear this, and I hope a great deal more, for Him who has suffered so much for us.”

While this conversation was passing, the room had filled with neighbours who had heard of the new arrival, for as many as could quit their occupations pressed in to hear of the things of the kingdom of God.

Mr. W—— desired to see the New Testament. It was presented, the title-page was gone, the leaves were almost worn to shreds by the fingers of these good weavers and labourers, and the edition could not be discovered. A poor woman present approached Mr. W——, saying, “Sir, for several years I have sought to buy a New Testament, and have offered any price for it, in all the neighbouring villages, but in vain: could you possibly procure me a copy?”

“I will not only procure you one copy,” said Mr. W——, “but in forty-eight hours I will send you half-a-dozen.”

The astonished villagers could scarcely believe this good news, but accepted it most joyfully. The conversation then turned on the value of the Sacred Volume, and the sinfulness of those who withhold it from perishing sinners.

After some time the hostess inquired, “Pray sir, can you tell us of anything extraordinary that is passing in the world? we are shut out from almost all intercourse with fellow-Christians, but we have an impression that God is commencing a great work in the earth, and that wonderful events are coming to pass.”

Mr. W—— then gave to his attentive and enraptured auditors an outline of the moral changes beginning to be accom-

plished by the diffusion of the Bible, the labours of Missionaries, and the establishment of schools; and when he had concluded, all joined in prayer, "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Anxious as was the traveller to pursue his journey, he devoted three hours to this interview. He exhorted the little flock to receive and practise only what they found in the Scriptures, to cleave to the Lord with full purpose of heart, and promised to obtain for them a pastor, who should lead them forward in the way everlasting; then following the directions of the widow he resumed his journey, and arrived at the town of S——, where he had many correspondents among the principal inhabitants.

Here he inquired, as if with the curiosity of a stranger, the name of the hamlet he had passed on the mountain, the character of its inhabitants, and the nature of their employment. "The men," said the mayor, "work in the mines, drive the teams, and labour in the fields, and the women and children weave. They are a very curious people, *outrés illuminés*, (new lights,) but the most honest work-people of the country—probity itself. We have no occasion to weigh our silk when we give it out or take it in from there; for we are sure not to lose the value of a farthing; and they are the kindest creatures in the world: they will take their shirts off their backs to give to any one in distress. Indeed, there is no wretchedness among them; for, though poor, they are industrious, temperate, charitable, and always assist each other: but touch them on their religion, and they are almost idiots. They never go to mass nor confession: in fact, they are not Christians, though the most worthy people in the world; and so droll—imagine those poor creatures after working all the week, instead of enjoying the Sunday, and going to fêtes and balls to amuse themselves, they meet in each other's houses, and sometimes on the mountains, to read some book, and pray, and sing hymns. They are very clever work-people, but they pass their Sundays and holidays stupidly enough." This testimony, so honourable to his new acquaintances, was confirmed to Mr. W—— from several quarters; and he learned from others what he had not been told by themselves, that, besides their honesty and charity, so great

is their zeal that they flock from the different hamlets, to sing and pray on the mountains, in cold and bad weather, at eight or nine o'clock at night, to avoid the interruption of their enemies.

These accounts were not calculated to lessen the interest their late visitor felt on their behalf; and immediately on his arrival at Lyons, he despatched six copies of the New Testament, and some numbers of a tract entitled *Les Deux Vieillards*, (The Two Old Men,) containing a short and simple exposition of the Gospel.

Shortly after his return to Paris, Mr. W—— received, through one of his correspondents of Lyons, a letter from the excellent widow with whom he had conversed. This letter conveyed the earnest thanks of the humble villagers for his most welcome present, and entreated that they might be allowed to purchase six *more* Testaments and tracts.

Thus far this interesting story is condensed from the recital of Dr. Malan, in his tract called "THE VILLAGE IN THE MOUNTAINS," and we think it will have excited in the minds of our readers a desire to hear further particulars of the inhabitants of Baraillere, which we have received from M. Riviere, the late pastor of a Protestant church in that vicinity.

The response of Mr. Wilder (we may now give real names) was a still further and abundant supply of the Scriptures. Instead of forwarding to Mad. Gillier six copies, Mr. Wilder now sent her *twenty* New Testaments, authorizing her to sell them to those who were able to pay, and to present them as a gift to those who were really unable; and in testimony of his Christian regard for herself, he sent her a Bible for her own use, and a dozen of the tracts asked for; of which a grateful acknowledgment arrived in due course, with the remittance of sixty francs for purchase of fifteen of the Testaments, which seemed only to have excited the desire for more and still more copies; a further despatch of fifty were all distributed two days after their arrival, and Mr. Wilder being again led by his commercial affairs into that neighbourhood, resolved to pay a second visit to the mountain village, and this time he prepared a chest of 100 New Testaments, and 100 octavo Bibles, which he sent forward

to Lyons, that he might find them ready on his arrival there, which fortunately proved to be the case.

When Mr. Wilder reached Lyons, there appeared no further means of transit for his large package than the diligence; and when it was adjusted behind the basket of the conveyance, its weight was so great that the passengers objected to it. Mr. Wilder however overruled these objections, presenting several of his books and tracts to each passenger, and at last they consented to start.

The road passed through a canton inhabited only by *Roman Catholics*, in which, the year before, Mr. Wilder had distributed several Bibles and tracts, the reading of which, as he afterwards learned, had been forbidden by the priests, who had not only claimed them, but had committed the greater number to the flames. Mr. Wilder considered it advisable to suspend all distribution during this part of his journey; but the providence of God had otherwise arranged, that without the help of man the Word of Life was to be disseminated among these people.

On reaching the place of his destination at the foot of the mountains, and stepping out of the diligence, Mr. Wilder found that the chest was broken at the top, and that a good number of Bibles and Testaments had fallen out along the road. Soon afterwards he saw travellers coming up, some in chaises, some on horseback, with a Bible or a New Testament in their hands. They informed him that, for the last eight or ten miles, the inhabitants had been furnished with books by the diligence, as it had scattered them on rough or stony places, and particularly on the descent of the hills.

Whilst they were removing the chest from the diligence, other persons arrived, each still bringing a Bible or Testament, which they readily offered to restore to Mr. Wilder; but he begged that they would accept of them, observing that the books had evidently been destined to their use by that Providence whose invisible hand directs all the events of this world. Although ignorant of the contents of the volume which God had thus given to them, they testified their gratitude for such generosity, and were about to depart with evident satisfaction, when he took leave of them, saying, "My friends, I am happy

to have been thus chosen to place in your hands the Sacred Volume which contains the tidings of life eternal, and which will lead you to 'the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.' (John i. 29.) If you read it carefully, if you receive its precious and glorious truths, and if you obey its precepts, you will find the means of becoming happy in this world, as well as through the endless ages of eternity."

Mr. Wilder having opened the chest, found that forty-nine Bibles or Testaments had been thus distributed.

On the second day after his arrival at St. Etienne, he was agreeably surprised very early in the morning by finding the hotel in which he lodged surrounded by fifty or sixty persons, inquiring for the gentleman who, two days before, had made presents to their fellow-townsmen of THE BOOK, which, said they, "contained the true account of the birth, life, sufferings, and death, and of the resurrection and ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ." Others called it by its right name, the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. All appeared very desirous to buy a copy. As soon as Mr. Wilder had ascertained the motive of their visit, he appeared on the balcony, and expressed to them his regret that he had no longer in his possession any more of those precious books, for he had forwarded them to their destination, assuring them, however, that on his return to Paris he would send a hundred to his correspondent in St. Etienne, so that each might procure a copy; and he took care to act according to his promise. Before he left St. Etienne, he had the satisfaction of hearing many of the manufacturers who came to him to solicit orders for their goods, request that a certain number of copies of the Sacred Volumes should be enclosed to them also. The number of Bibles and Testaments thus introduced into the midst of a Catholic population, by the apparently trivial circumstance of the breaking of the chest upon the diligence, will probably never be ascertained till the great day of judgment, when the blessed effect of these books in awakening and saving souls shall be made known.

The following day Mr. Wilder received a deputation from the village in the mountains, where they ardently desired to know the day and the hour in which they might hope to enjoy

his long-expected visit. He decided to go to the house of the widow on the morrow at eleven o'clock in the morning. He therefore set off in the carriage of one of his friends; and on arriving near the village, he met a deputation of twelve or fifteen of these faithful disciples of the Lamb, who saluted him on his approach with exclamations of joy. Immediately he left the carriage, and was conducted to the house of the widow, with all the tokens of the liveliest Christian affection, some holding him by the arms, others by the lappets of his coat, whilst the others preceded or followed. But what was his surprise on arriving at the house, to find an assembly of sixty or eighty persons who with one united voice entreated him to preach to them! Mr. Wilder told them that he was only a simple layman, without any of those qualifications supposed necessary to fulfil so important a duty, especially at a moment's warning, when his mind was absorbed by his temporal affairs,—that instead of being prepared to impart instruction to others, he required to receive it for himself. But an arm-chair was placed for him before a little table covered with a green cloth, upon which was laid the Bible he had presented to the widow a few months before. Mr. Wilder saw that it would be impossible to refuse to address an assembly so anxious to hear, and, invoking the blessing and help of the Lord, he resolved to endeavour to draw from the Bible such instruction and such consolation, suited to his auditors, as should be given to him from above.

The interest of everything tended to enhance in the eyes of Mr. Wilder this unexpected scene. The apartment to which they had led him was filled with villagers arranged in order on forms. A large door at the back of the house, opened on the side of the mountain, about which thronged a crowd of attentive auditors; whilst at a short distance flocks of sheep and cattle grazed peaceably, trees of the most beautiful foliage waved at will to the soft breeze of the mountains, and all nature seemed to be in harmony with the sweet and pious emotions which penetrated the breasts of the rustic assembly.

We must conclude this interesting narrative in our next number.

"HE LED THEM ON SAFELY."

(Psalm lxxviii. 53.)

WE are come to the last number of our volume for 1865: and we may take this motto for the history, on the whole, of a year, many of whose months have seemed very troublous as they succeeded each other. The editorship of the Magazine under a new title was begun in doubt and fear, whether a step from which there seemed no reprieve *would* or would *not* issue in the advancement of the important work which the periodical chronicles. The BIBLE-WOMEN'S MISSION might have greatly suffered in its funds from this change of title, for to this day many an old friend supposes that "The Book and its Missions" and all belonging thereto was given up last year. Nevertheless, we have tangible proof that the work has not been injured by giving another name to its monthly report.

The necessity for that change, which few understood and many regretted, has been overruled for the further identification of our object in the eyes of strangers with the little book called THE MISSING LINK, which had first informed them of the work of the Bible-women in London. They now perceived the Magazine to be a continued history of that work, and resolved to become acquainted with it accordingly.

We are happy to report this year a rise in circulation, and have now made a further effort to throw the information we offer into new channels, by requesting the prayerful assistance of every reader, in securing, if possible, *three* new subscribers to the serial for 1866. Three circulars of request to this end are inserted in every Missing Link Magazine for December: will each reader kindly endeavour by his or her added word of personal recommendation to obtain the promise of *three* more subscribers? Thus those who cannot *themselves* give much to the BIBLE AND DOMESTIC FEMALE MISSION, may be made the means of introducing to a most interesting work others to

whom God has given more of this world's gold and silver, and who desire to spend it to His praise.

The donations of friends old and new continue to be acknowledged *month by month* on our cover,—and *this was our safeguard* when in the month of June last it was suddenly found that an apparently invaluable Clerk who had been implicitly confided in for years was one morning “missing,” and the next day sent word that he was “off to America, being unable to make up his six months’ account.”

He had unfortunately for many previous weeks used his excellent faculties in effectually avoiding detection, and had blinded the eyes of all around him,—and it was a very difficult matter to ascertain the amount of his defalcation, for the daily summary of the Mission work was shown perfect on paper and in figures, to the General Superintendent up to the day of his flight. One thing however seemed certain, that all the Donations received had been acknowledged in the Magazine, because if they had not we should have heard of it; and it was also certain that up to that period the current claims of the Mission had been defrayed,—to an extent of which the counterfoils of cheques showed the amount; but it was not until the present month of the year, when all the Ladies’ statements of account could be added and compared, that a total summary of affairs could be made plain.

Meantime it was a most sorrowful certainty that very many hundreds had been abstracted, and the delinquent left behind him the confession that secret gambling had been the cause; he was always hoping that he should return what he borrowed, and declared that he took nothing with him,—it had all melted away in “ill luck.” (Therefore there was no recovery to be looked for).

It is not now necessary to enter gambling-houses—to run into the way of this temptation. Gambling is no longer a vice identified chiefly with the idle and dissipated among the high-born classes. This grievous defalcation has introduced us to

the knowledge of fresh traps for unwary clerks and persons of small income, (who would live beyond it)—such as may be seen in open daylight in the Farringdon Road, not far from the Field Lane Ragged Schools.* There and at other points they are induced to bet, first small sums, then by degrees larger amounts, upon race-horses; and when once they have commenced this course, it acquires a fascination over them hardly credible. The result of the Derby becomes in their minds the grand event of the year; business is distasteful; a craving for sudden gain absorbs their thoughts; every leisure moment is spent in gambling,—they play at cards in the railway carriages on their way to business in the morning, and as soon as they are released from its toils in the evening, they fly to dominoes and dice. Now it matters little whether an individual, a firm, or a committee have been thus deceived. They must all trust in their clerks, or business could not go on; but when once their eyes are opened they learn lessons of further care for the future. While permitting this loss to a Society whose affairs have been so manifestly guided by Himself, the God of love and justice has probably granted us this year *an especial mercy*—in relieving us from a most unsafe and dangerous, though clever and obliging assistant, and causing him to punish himself, though not without also causing the deepest grief and blank astonishment to his most respectable connections.

And still of our Society it may be said, “He led them on safely.”

Thus God of old led His people Israel; thus has He led us this year as a body of workers for Him. Yes, “safely,” amid the grief caused by this sad delinquency,—“safely,” through all pecuniary difficulties, by causing friends new and old voluntarily to respond in the most surprising manner, to the mention of our first great anxiety and loss, by donations *designated* “to make up for the deficiency,” a result which is now

* This assemblage we are glad to say has been suppressed by the police since this article was written.

almost accomplished,—“safely,” so that at the close of the year we are probably in a better and more secure position in the arrangement of the accounts than for a long while past; their intricacies have been reduced to a possibility of looking into their balance *weekly*, with the assistance of one or two gentlemen accustomed to figures. The account-keeper is no longer cashier, which was a point of danger hitherto unsuspected, and out of evil the Lord has brought much good to the Mission. Does He not say, “I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment”? (Prov. viii. 20.)

	£	s.	d.
Our donations to Special Districts have been			
this year	4,785	2	6
To the General or Working Fund . .	6,864	4	9
Total . . .	£11,649	7	3

From this we have given out cheques to Ladies, or ourselves paid to Bible-women who are without Superintendents, and also to five Pioneers who regulate their districts, and to Women in training, the sum of £9,426 10s. 5d.

Our large body of workers have received in payments from the poor:—

	£	s.	d.
For Bibles this year	1,054	17	4
For clothing, beds, soup, &c.	6,440	12	6
Total . . .	£7,495	9	10

The sum dispensed to Bible-women and to the poor in aid, has been:—

	£	s.	d.
By the Ladies	646	19	1
From General Fund to Bible-women, and to sick or distressed cases	423	13	8
Total . . .	£1,070	12	9

So that we maintain on the whole our character of *not* being a Relief Society, and of helping the people to help them-

selves. Still our Superintendents often happily secure assistance for the sick and suffering from other sources.

Our expenditure in Salary and Service of different descriptions has been only £555 10s. 4*d.*; Carriage of Parcels, Travelling expenses, Printing, Postage, Stationery, and incidentals have cost us £430 8s. 0*d.*; and it must be remembered that this is a Mission largely carried on by the post, and indeed but for the cheap and speedy postage it could never have been conducted on its present scale.

We have trained fifty-six new women; thirteen of whom have been supplied to Country districts, and are now independent of our support; the remaining forty-three have supplied vacancies occurring in city or suburban districts in connection with our Centre. Nineteen new districts have been commenced, against twenty-one discontinued, viz:—

Holiday Yard; II. Old Street, St. Luke's; Fitzroy Mews, Mecklenburg Square; Orange Street, Clare Market; II. Caledonian Road; Elder Walk; Ball's Pond; Gt. Garden Street; the Mint; Blackfriars Road; Nutsford Place; Perrins Court; Belsize II.; St. Giles's IV.; St. Saviour's II.; Great James Street, and Queen Square, W.C.

Those discontinued for the present, are:—

Old Queen Square; Drury Lane II.; Soho; Islington III.; Amwell Street; Pitfield Street; Peckham; Camberwell Green; Arthur Street; II. Edgeware Road; Gloucester Terrace; Northampton Street; Hatcham; Drummond Street; Sudbury; May Fair; Hanover Square; Fitzroy Square; Winchmore Hill; Tottenham; and Trent.

The uncertain condition of our finances, and the painful domestic circumstances of the General Superintendent of the work, prevented for the three summer months the enterprise of as much new work as usual, but suitable women are now coming forward, and many unvisited districts are entreating our care, if our funds should permit of progress.

Dr.

RECEIPTS.

No.	Postal District.	District.	Balance due to Superintdts., Oct. 20, 1864.	Balance in Supps' Hands, Oct. 20, 1864.	Bal. of Don. for Particular Dist. unexpended, Oct. 20, 1864.	Transferred from General Fund.	Donations.	Received for Bibles Sold.	Payments by the Poor.	Total Receipts for the year.	Gross Total
			£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1	I.	HOLBORN.....	3 15 7			38 1 8	3 3 0	2 3 0	36 14 3	42 0 3	80 1
2		CLERKENWELL.....		3 12 10		18 1 4	23 0 0	2 19 8	14 13 7	40 16 1	58 17
3		COW CROSS.....			4 10 4		50 5 0	3 6 0	7 3 3	60 14 5	65 4
4		EXMOUTH STREET.....		0 5 5		35 7 4	21 13 6	6 7 0	38 1 2	66 1 8	101 9
5		MOOR LANE.....				41 4 9		5 15 5	20 16 1	26 11 6	67 16
6		GOSWELL STREET.....		0 14 9			47 10 2	1 15 11	43 16 2	93 2 3	93 2
7		WHITECROSS ST., 1.....	2 3 4			15 17 6	48 15 0	3 9 6	15 18 9	68 3 3	84 0
8		WHITECROSS ST., 1.....		2 19 10	17 16 10		55 3 9	4 18 10	5 4 7	65 7 2	83 4
9		LONG ALLEY.....		2 11 9		20 6 3	24 9 1	3 17 7	70 16 10	99 3 6	119 9
10		OLD ST., ST. LUKE'S.....	0 1 2	3 14 7	10 12 4		51 0 0	14 4 9	91 14 9	136 19 6	167 11
11		HOLYWELL LANE.....		7 7 7		55 9 6		13 4 10	34 3 8	47 8 6	102 18
12		BILLINGSGATE.....	14 17 3			39 4 7	22 11 0	1 4 1	20 6 6	44 1 7	83 6
13		HATTON GARDEN.....	0 10 0	1 1 0		28 15 6	15 8 6	1 19 11	30 16 5	48 4 10	77 0
14		YORK RD., CITY RD.....				25 1 7	17 18 0	2 19 5	30 14 8	51 12 1	76 13
15		VERULAM STREET.....					43 10 0	3 9 7	9 13 6	56 13 1	56 13
16		SMITHFIELD.....				49 3 3		4 9 8	15 4 8	19 14 4	68 17
17		EARL ST., BLKFRS.....				47 17 3		1 18 1	37 12 7	39 10 6	87 7
18		FLEET STREET.....		0 3 6		17 18 6	32 3 0	3 12 4	17 13 4	53 8 8	71 7
19		BARBICAN.....				47 17 7		2 19 4	10 16 4	13 15 8	61 13
20		HOLIDAY YARD.....				35 6 9		1 18 10	21 7 7	23 6 5	58 13
21		OLD STREET, No. 2.....				22 18 10		9 11 8	4 15 2	14 6 10	37 5
22	II.	ST. GILES, No. 1.....		0 4 7	32 8 6		52 15 0	3 2 1	23 11 2	79 8 3	111 16
23		ST. GILES, No. 2.....	5 4 0	7 9 4	16 9 10		66 19 11	10 3 3	130 1 11	207 5 3	223 15
24		ST. GILES, No. 3.....		1 17 3			31 14 7	19 17 2	48 7 9	99 19 6	99 19
25		ST. GILES, No. 4.....	1 3 2			21 18 2		1 18 9	3 19 0	5 17 9	27 15
26		CHENIES STREET.....	1 8 10				41 8 10	6 1 2	141 1 4	188 11 4	188 11
27		NEWPORT MARKET.....				49 15 0	17 15 6	3 5 11	38 14 1	59 15 6	109 11
28		PARKER STREET.....	6 10 4	1 15 10		36 4 2	18 2 0	4 1 0	29 1 7	51 4 7	87 8
29		GRAY'S INN LANE.....	2 6 3			23 1 6	10 0 0	1 12 3	72 15 11	84 8 2	112 9
30		CROMER STREET.....	0 8 8			31 2 1	22 7 7	3 3 2	23 16 11	49 7 8	80 9
31		BAGENIGGE WELLS.....		0 18 0		8 17 3	12 10 0	4 4 10	52 17 4	69 12 2	78 9
32		BLOOMSBURY.....		6 14 1	26 0 5		52 19 0	7 8 1	127 12 11	188 0 0	214 0
33		GORDON SQUARE.....	1 13 2			40 2 5	23 0 0	7 4 11	27 9 5	57 14 4	97 16
34		PLOUGH COURT.....				18 7 11	10 7 0	3 3 5	27 1 4	40 11 9	58 19
35		MILFORD LANE.....			26 14 3		50 0 0	2 14 4	13 8 8	66 3 0	92 17
36		SHIP YARD.....		4 11 11	44 3 3		54 11 7	2 8 3	6 12 9	63 12 7	107 15
37		COVENT GARDEN.....	29 17 7	29 17 8			100 0 0	5 0 7	63 8 5	168 9 0	198 6
38		DRURY LANE.....				29 19 10	5 0 0	2 19 0	20 10 10	28 0 0	58 9
39		LEICESTER SQUARE.....	6 4 8	1 14 7		28 19 3	22 0 0	6 12 4	21 7 6	49 19 10	73 19
40		DRAPER'S PLACE.....	1 14 7	1 12 6	5 0 7		28 7 0	3 3 7	33 10 8	65 1 3	70 1
41		EAGLE STREET.....				37 14 3		4 1 10	17 19 11	22 1 9	59 16
42		QUEEN'S SQUARE.....				25 8 8		6 3 2	19 7 5	25 10 7	50 19
43		SOHO.....				35 15 8	5 8 0	1 13 1	6 5 1	13 6 2	49 1
44		MECKLENBURG SQ.....				13 10 2	15 7 0	1 5 1	7 3 7	23 16 2	37 6
45		ORANGE STREET.....					25 0 0	4 10 7	2 10 9	32 1 4	32 1
46		CLARE MARKET.....				11 14 11		0 13 2	2 9 7	3 2 7	14 17
47	III.	ISLINGTON, No. 1.....		0 10 5		11 8 0	28 13 7	9 6 5	62 10 2	110 10 2	121 18
48		ISLINGTON, No. 2.....	8 8 1			25 6 3	33 18 0	6 19 8	25 6 11	66 4 7	97 10
49		HOXTON.....	5 2 4			6 3 9	37 10 0	1 17 5	20 11 11	29 19 4	66 3
50		HOXTON OLD TOWN.....				49 0 10		5 4 3	28 2 10	33 7 1	82 7
51		HOLLOWAY.....	2 6 6	0 0 9		10 0 3	17 7 0	12 6 11	14 17 10	44 11 9	54 12
52		PENTONVILLE.....				35 15 7	10 15 0	6 6 2	36 13 11	53 15 1	89 10
53		HIGHGATE.....				22 7 5	18 6 0	6 8 3	43 10 1	68 4 4	90 11
54		TOTTENHAM.....			27 10 0		40 0 0			40 0 0	67 10
55		WINCHESTER HILL.....		1 11 0	1 11 0						1 11
56		CALEDONIAN RD., N.....		0 3 9		32 1 8	0 5 0	8 16 7	20 9 2	29 10 9	61 12
57		CALEDONIAN RD., S.....	0 8 9			14 18 4	10 0 0	10 18 3	7 16 3	28 15 0	43 13
58		TRENT.....					30 0 0		8 19 7	38 19 5	38 19
59		ENFIELD.....	18 11 10		8 5 2	20 1 10		9 19 11		9 19 11	24 19
60		MILDMAY PARK.....			15 0 0						15 0
61		ELDER WALK.....					50 0 0	6 12 5	36 8 5	93 1 2	93 1
62		BALLS POND.....	23 19 1			5 0 0	38 9 3	3 7 0		41 16 3	46 16
63		GT. JAMES STREET.....				3 16 1	5 0 0	0 5 1	1 12 8	6 17 9	10 13
64	IV.	HAGGERSTONE.....	6 5 0	0 2 9		31 2 3		12 4 9	118 17 10	131 2 7	162 4
65		DOVE ROW.....	5 7 11		3 7 2	2 2 11	50 0 0	9 12 2	97 11 11	157 4 1	162 14
66		BETHNAL GREEN, 1.....		2 10 6		29 13 7	28 16 0	6 4 1	19 18 7	54 18 8	84 12
67		BETHNAL GREEN, 2.....	7 4 0	7 4 3		51 11 4		7 9 1	35 5 7	42 14 8	94 6
68		BETHNAL GREEN, 3.....		3 5 0			33 14 2	12 9 2	15 4 0	61 7 4	61 7
69		CLUB ROW.....			27 10 8		50 0 0	5 15 0	53 12 7	109 7 5	136 18
Carried forward.....			125 15 5	194 15 6	296 18 1	1306 14 0	1615 0	6354 19 2	2187 0 1	4156 19 9	5760 11

DOMESTIC FEMALE MISSIONS.

YEAR ENDING 20TH OCTOBER, 1865.

315

EXPENDITURE.

Cr.

Salary.	Mission Salary.	Rent and Furniture.	Incidental Expenses.	Clothing, Bedding, &c.	Aid and Loan.	Total of Expenditure.	Bal. of Don. for Particular Dist. unexpended, Oct. 20, 1865.	Balance due to Superintendents Oct. 20, 1865.	Balance in hands of Superintendents Oct. 20, 1865.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
3 0	30 19 6	42 11 5	4 8 0	80 1 11	4 10 11
19 8	31 7 10	7 19 0	1 0 2	14 14 9	0 16 0	58 17 5	3 13 4
6 0	34 16 6	9 7 6	0 14 2	10 1 6	0 1 0	58 6 8	6 18 1
7 0	26 3 0	10 14 6	5 17 3	45 3 3	7 4 0	101 9 0	2 4 7
15 5	32 4 9	7 19 0	2 1 0	19 11 1	0 5 0	67 16 3
15 11	39 14 1	10 8 0	0 17 9	40 9 10	7 1 6	91 7 1	1 15 2	1 19 9
9 6	29 0 6	10 8 0	2 18 9	32 12 2	5 11 10	84 0 9	3 0 8
18 10	27 11 2	8 1 6	3 0 11	9 1 9	1 1 0	53 15 2	29 8 10	2 8 1
17 7	26 3 11	7 7 0	1 5 0	80 0 9	0 15 6	119 9 9	6 10 9
4 9	19 12 9	9 2 0	3 18 0	105 2 7	7 15 0	159 15 1	7 16 9	1 17 11
4 10	19 5 2	13 0 0	3 19 9	53 8 3	102 18 0
4 1	33 5 0	18 11 6	8 3 0	9 16 11	12 5 8	83 6 2	6 11 8
19 11	30 10 1	9 5 6	2 3 6	30 8 4	2 13 0	77 0 4
19 5	29 10 7	11 14 0	0 17 2	31 9 3	0 3 3	76 13 6	0 9 6	3 10 11
9 7	27 2 11	0 15 0	2 4 0	9 18 0	1 7 0	44 16 6	11 16 7	0 14 3
9 8	24 17 10	9 8 0	0 16 0	23 17 2	5 8 11	68 17 7	2 4 6
18 1	31 4 5	13 2 0	2 9 1	37 7 2	1 7 0	87 7 9
12 4	24 13 10	10 10 0	3 3 2	18 7 10	11 0 0	71 7 2	0 2 0
19 4	29 18 11	10 8 0	0 18 0	17 9 0	61 13 3
18 10	16 1 2	5 12 5	34 18 9	0 2 0	58 13 2
11 8	21 13 4	2 17 7	3 2 7	0 0 6	37 5 8
2 1	29 7 11	1 10 0	0 17 3	26 12 9	4 0 0	65 10 0	46 6 9	1 7 10
3 5	29 0 5	25 2 0	4 16 11	140 18 2	8 2 4	218 3 3	5 11 10
17 2	13 5 9	10 1 0	0 16 0	55 11 7	0 8 0	99 19 6	5 17 6
18 9	18 13 9	7 2 7	0 0 10	27 15 11
1 2	20 8 10	21 0 0	141 1 4	188 11 4
5 11	29 0 7	16 0 0	6 13 7	39 3 9	15 7 2	109 11 0	2 13 6	11 5 3
1 0	28 9 0	15 12 0	3 14 8	31 2 1	4 10 0	87 8 9
12 3	30 17 9	1 17 6	64 9 2	13 13 0	112 9 8	9 4 7
3 2	31 5 4	16 8 9	3 0 7	25 11 8	1 0 3	80 9 9
4 10	21 16 5	6 3 0	2 1 2	31 13 6	12 10 6	78 9 5	4 10 9
8 1	24 10 5	13 7 6	10 15 3	105 7 8	22 9 1	183 18 0	30 2 5	28 9 5
4 11	25 17 7	14 11 6	4 7 3	29 1 7	16 13 11	97 16 9
3 5	27 6 1	11 14 9	1 6 1	6 10 2	8 19 2	58 19 8	9 12 10	6 13 0
14 4	29 15 8	11 0 0	2 9 2	16 2 1	2 13 0	64 14 3	28 3 0
8 3	29 11 9	11 14 0	2 17 7	5 10 6	10 2 11	62 5 0	45 10 10	7 7 11
5 0 7	27 10 5	10 8 0	14 17 8	100 19 9	5 13 0	164 9 5	33 17 3	6 5 2
19 0	30 1 0	0 2 6	24 10 8	0 16 6	58 9 8	2 1 2
12 4	26 7 8	16 8 0	3 4 1	26 6 4	0 0 8	78 19 1
3 7	28 11 11	3 16 0	0 12 2	33 8 0	0 9 0	70 1 4	0 0 6
4 1 10	29 1 8	14 5 0	4 4 1	7 13 5	0 10 0	59 16 0	0 0 11	2 13 8
3 2	14 9 4	10 1 0	2 7 9	17 18 0	50 19 3	1 12 8
1 13 1	21 6 11	8 10 6	4 17 6	11 18 10	0 15 0	49 1 10
1 5 1	20 12 6	4 0 0	1 1 7	10 7 2	37 6 4	1 2 4
4 10 7	10 9 5	7 14 9	1 7 11	6 15 0	0 10 0	31 7 8	0 13 8
0 13 2	11 4 4	3 0 0	14 17 6	2 18 3
0 6 5	19 14 7	13 16 0	8 0 1	65 12 10	5 8 3	121 18 2	0 8 10
6 19 8	25 10 8	16 11 6	3 11 0	29 4 4	9 13 8	91 10 10	2 3 10
1 17 5	36 2 7	13 10 5	1 14 2	12 18 6	66 3 1	0 8 1
5 4 3	26 5 3	8 1 6	2 8 0	38 18 5	1 10 6	82 7 11
2 6 11	19 10 7	7 10 0	2 0 0	12 14 6	0 10 0	54 12 0
6 6 2	26 3 10	10 15 11	2 7 7	42 9 8	1 7 6	89 10 8
6 8 3	27 6 9	7 5 0	4 11 2	45 0 7	90 11 9	10 12 5	4 4 2
.....	32 10 0	7 10 0	40 0 0	27 10 0
.....	1 11 0	1 11 0
8 16 7	25 10 11	0 8 2	2 18 2	21 19 2	1 19 5	61 12 5	0 12 3
0 18 3	15 9 6	7 12 6	1 4 6	7 19 11	0 8 8	43 13 4
.....	6 3 0	1 11 4	2 3 9	9 18 1	29 1 4	9 3 4	23 15 0
.....	21 12 6	6 8 6	0 6 1	28 7 1	0 4 9
9 19 11	15 0 0	24 19 11
6 12 5	20 5 1	1 3 9	63 6 3	0 15 0	92 2 6	0 18 8	0 18 8
3 7 0	23 10 6	11 5 0	0 16 0	7 17 9	46 16 3
0 5 1	5 7 5	5 1 4	10 13 10	1 3 11
2 4 9	20 5 3	3 5 0	1 2 4	125 4 0	0 3 6	162 4 10
9 12 2	25 9 10	9 8 0	4 2 4	112 8 10	1 13 0	162 14 2
6 4 1	24 8 11	11 11 0	7 2 9	31 0 5	4 5 7	84 12 3	13 6 8
7 9 1	20 10 11	11 4 0	6 8 1	48 9 8	0 4 3	94 6 0
12 9 2	19 19 9	8 11 9	2 7 8	10 2 3	53 10 7	7 16 9
5 15 0	26 15 0	7 16 0	6 15 5	53 15 3	4 19 7	105 16 3	31 1 10	8 1 8	7 9 6
14 19 2	1671 3 0	594 19 10	193 15 4	2361 17 1	239 7 2	5416 1 7	344 10 3	63 18 8	159 10 0

Dr.

RECEIPTS.

No.	Postal District.	District.	Balance due to Superintendents Oct. 20, 1865.	Balance in Supts' Hands, Oct. 20, 1864.	Bal. of Don. for Particular Dist. unexpended, Oct. 20, 1864.	Transferred from General Fund.	Donations.	Received for Bibles Sold.	Payments by the Poor.	Total Receipts for the Year.	Gross Total of Receipts.
			£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s.
70	NORTH EAST.	Brought forward.....	125 15 2	94 15 6	295 18 1	1306 14 0	1615 0 6	234 19 2	2187 0 1	4156 19 8	5760 11
71		ROSE STREET.....	1 2 7	0 6 4	11 17 11	32 11 0	3 10 10	31 12 2	67 14 6	79 11
72		TURVILLE STREET.....	8 13 10	47 14 4	2 19 2	44 1 9	47 0 11	94 15
73		GREEN STREET.....	0 16 0	0 9 6	33 5 0	12 9 6	37 0 9	49 10 3	82 15
74		PELHAM STREET.....	1 9 5	15 19 3	2 10 0	5 16 2	31 18 10	40 5 0	56 4
75		SHOREDITCH.....	16 6 0	34 16 2	0 5 0	4 0 8	54 1 11	58 7 7	93 3
76		VICTORIA PARK.....	0 9 1	39 18 10	16 3 0	2 15 0	24 12 2	43 10 2	83 9
77		SPITALFIELDS.....	1 19 4	7 1 8	36 10 4	13 0 2	218 11 6	268 2 0	275 3
78		CAMBRIDGE HEATH.....	0 6 4	13 8 7	35 0 0	3 5 7	23 4 9	66 10 4	79 18
79		COVENTRY STREET.....	0 17 3	31 9 8	0 15 0	4 11 0	35 4 10	40 10 10	75 0
80		HACKNEY WICK.....	0 5 1	33 14 7	26 4 6	1 2 3	72 8 6	99 15 3	133 9
81		HACKNEY.....	0 11 10	23 8 2	13 10 6	4 0 7	35 16 6	53 7 1	76 15
82		WATERLOO TOWN.....	1 12 8	37 11 0	0 11 6	4 6 5	16 15 6	21 13 5	59 4
83		KINGSLAND.....	0 8 11	19 1 4	2 0 0	7 18 3	86 10 11	96 9 2	115 10
84		CLAPTON, UPPER.....	0 5 9	3 9 9	7 5 11	50 12 6	1 0 2	41 7 7	93 0 3	100 6
85		CURTAIN ROAD, 1.....	1 18 1	46 17 3	4 10 2	24 6 7	28 16 9	75 12
86		CURTAIN ROAD, 2.....	16 8 9	39 18 9	6 9 2	33 14 7	40 3 9	89 2
		HOMERTON.....	3 14 8	21 16 1	7 14 7	6 9 9	29 11 8	43 16 0	65 12
87	EAST.	GEORGE YARD.....	33 9 1	5 0 0	3 8 3	14 12 4	23 0 7	56 9
88		WHITECHAPEL.....	1 7 7	0 19 7	69 0 6	7 18 5	74 14 9	142 13 8	142 13 8	142 13
89		PETTICOAT LANE.....	5 7 11	21 7 3	16 7 0	2 8 9	5 17 7	24 13 2	66 0
90		RATCLIFFE.....	2 19 4	29 4 5	26 0 0	5 2 10	16 1 10	47 4 8	67 9
91		LIMEHOUSE FIELDS.....	1 17 5	42 12 7	8 0 0	5 16 9	53 13 11	67 19 8	110 3
92		STEPNEY, CENTRAL.....	0 1 1	0 10 3	30 5 4	7 6 0	2 11 4	13 12 5	23 9 9	53 15
93		STEPNEY, LOWER.....	2 7 4	35 3 8	9 8 6	79 1 0	88 9 6	123 13
94		STEPNEY FIELDS.....	33 8 8	4 15 0	2 14 4	18 10 6	25 10 2	63 18
95		SHADWELL.....	3 12 3	4 17 8	28 9 11	30 0 0	5 7 2	55 13 8	91 0 10	119 10
96		ST. GEORGE'S EAST, 1.....	0 4 2	0 12 4	48 10 10	7 0 0	5 7 1	24 6 3	36 13 4	85 4
97		ST. GEORGE'S EAST, 2.....	48 11 7	5 4 0	12 7 1	17 11 1	66 2
98		ST. GEORGE'S EAST, 3.....	33 7 7	8 1 2	15 10 8	23 11 10	61 19
99		LONDON HOSPITAL.....	18 14 3	6 9 5	6 9 5	25 3
100		LIMEHOUSE.....	26 11 3	4 10 0	6 18 10	78 3 11	89 12 9	116 4
101		MILE END NEW TOWN.....	0 1 11	16 19 9	12 2 0	11 13 0	66 2 0	89 17 0	106 17
102		POPLAR.....	2 12 9	21 13 8	6 19 6	61 12 0	63 12 0	90 5
103		BLACKWALL.....	13 1 1	13 15 9	48 5 11	62 1 8	75 2
104	KING EDWARD ST.....	4 5 3	2 14 4	54 9 3	5 17 11	79 19 1	85 17 0	140 6	
105	VICTORIA DOCKS, 1.....	0 11 0	47 7 11	5 14 2	88 9 10	141 11 11	141 11	
106	VICTORIA DOCKS, 2.....	0 3 1	58 1 1	6 18 6	39 8 4	46 6 16	104 7	
107	ISLE OF DOGS.....	13 5 0	1 5 7	12 16 0	35 0 0	9 6 11	31 14 11	76 1 10	88 17	
108	BOW COMMON.....	32 18 4	5 3 10	49 14 4	54 18 2	87 16	
109	BROMLEY.....	2 19 0	0 5 10	41 4 10	1 14 8	12 18 3	14 13 5	55 18	
110	ALDGATE.....	3 16 8	0 2 11	3 3 11	11 6 0	5 2 9	46 0 2	62 8 11	65 12	
111	BUCKLE STREET.....	50 0 0	3 9 2	61 0 0	114 9 5	114 9	
112	BARNSELY STREET.....	37 15 8	4 11 4	39 8 9	44 0 1	81 15	
113	WAPPING.....	0 9 10	22 12 8	18 2 0	2 19 3	30 10 1	51 11 4	74 4	
114	WYCLIFFE.....	4 17 0	29 12 4	8 1 8	10 12 1	18 13 9	48 6	
115	NORTH BOW.....	1 19 10	16 0 7	3 2 8	46 16 2	49 18 10	65 19	
116	GREAT GARDEN ST.....	12 7 3	41 7 3	5 3 11	13 1 10	18 5 9	59 13	
117		THE MINT.....	15 14 10	4 11 2	3 3 0	7 14 2	23 9
118	SOUTH EAST.	BERMONDSEY, No. 1.....	65 4 0	13 14 10	42 7 1	121 5 11	121 5
119		BERMONDSEY, No. 2.....	62 17 4	1 0 0	3 1 11	29 6 1	33 8 0	96 5
120		BERMONDSEY WALL.....	40 16 6	4 7 9	31 3 4	35 11 1	75 7
121		SNOW'S FIELDS.....	48 19 11	6 14 2	42 5 0	48 19 2	97 19
122		MAZE POND.....	1 0 0	16 0 2	50 0 0	5 5 8	51 1 6	106 7 2	122 7
123		KENT STREET.....	43 14 2	2 6 0	4 11 4	19 19 7	26 16 11	70 11
124		LANT STREET.....	0 4 2	48 4 10	5 15 0	2 19 3	14 8 0	23 2 9	71 7
125		UNION STREET.....	0 5 11	2 17 8	42 2 7	2 0 2	40 11 7	42 11 9	84 14
126		LONDON ROAD.....	40 19 4	2 5 2	10 11 9	12 16 11	53 16
127		FALSTAFF YARD.....	2 1 7	48 7 11	1 6 0	3 18 8	19 15 1	24 14 3	73 2
128		CHISLEHURST.....	16 15 10	40 0 0	2 9 5	26 18 6	69 7 11	86 3
129		FRIAR STREET.....	52 6 4	2 4 2	19 16 6	22 0 8	74 7
130		EAST GREENWICH.....	2 4 3	7 14 3	2 1 0	15 0 0	15 0 0	24 15
131		ST. SAVIOUR'S.....	41 0 7	29 8 3	90 8 10	63 0 0	13 2 3	55 19 11	129 2 2	219 11
132		BECKENHAM.....	36 1 2	1 8 3	0 5 7	6 10 7	34 13 5	34 13 5	41 9
133		LOCK'S FIELDS, 1.....	2 15 10	2 19 6	3 18 9	44 10 10	1 14 9	25 1 1	70 16 8	77 14
134		LOCK'S FIELDS, 2.....	50 16 5	1 19 9	45 8 4	47 8 1	93 4
135	LEWISHAM.....	1 12 1	6 0 7	4 4 0	35 12 6	56 8 6	92 1 0	102 5	
136	HATCHAM.....	4 0 10	1 7 2	48 15 2	1 0 0	4 3 4	1 14 7	6 17 11	55 13	
137	DARTFORD.....	2 11 4	10 10 2	4 14 0	48 7 4	2 5 1	36 3 8	86 16 1	102 0	

DOMESTIC FEMALE MISSIONS.

YEAR ENDING 20TH OCTOBER, 1865.

317

EXPENDITURE.

Cr.

Bible Salary.	Mission Salary.	Rent and Furniture.	Incidental Expenses.	Clothing, Bedding, &c.	Aid and Loan.	Total Expenditure.	Bal. of Don. Particular Dist. unexpended, Oct. 20, 1865.	Balance due to Superintendents Oct. 20, 1865.	Balance in Hands of Superintendents Oct. 20, 1865.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1 19 2	1671 3 0	594 19 10	193 15 4	2861 17 1	239 7 2	5416 1 7	344 10 3	66 18 8	159 10 0
3 10 10	28 19 2	7 15 0	0 17 3	37 2 8	1 6 0	79 11 11
2 19 2	30 0 10	4 18 3	3 19 4	50 15 2	2 11 6	94 15 3	8 19 6
2 9 6	20 0 6	3 12 0	1 19 6	42 17 3	1 16 6	82 15 3
5 16 2	22 12 1	2 0 0	0 4 0	25 12 0	56 4 3	3 0 2
0 0 8	29 1 10	9 11 0	1 17 6	45 0 11	3 11 10	93 3 9	16 4 11
2 15 0	29 15 0	13 0 0	4 14 6	29 9 4	3 15 2	83 9 0	0 0 3
3 0 2	19 9 10	2 12 0	5 6 8	234 2 7	0 12 6	275 3 9	0 11 1
3 5 7	29 4 5	10 8 0	3 19 2	33 1 9	79 18 11	0 17 9
4 11 0	27 19 0	7 16 0	3 1 1	31 11 5	0 2 0	75 0 6	0 12 7
1 2 3	48 4 9	10 12 6	5 1 10	62 2 3	6 6 3	133 9 10	0 6 0
4 0 7	28 14 5	5 13 6	1 1 4	34 17 2	2 8 4	76 15 4	2 13 1
4 6 5	28 16 1	6 12 6	0 17 8	17 11 9	1 0 0	59 4 5	0 10 2
7 18 3	24 11 9	0 10 0	1 1 0	76 15 0	4 14 6	115 10 6	0 7 7
1 0 2	31 18 10	6 8 11	11 0 10	40 14 6	91 3 3	9 2 11
4 10 2	28 9 10	12 7 4	2 4 0	26 8 11	1 13 8	75 13 11	0 10 2
3 9 2	26 0 9	11 14 9	2 17 4	26 16 9	6 3 9	80 2 6	6 10 0
3 9 9	26 0 3	4 2 6	1 5 5	27 14 2	65 12 1	4 4 0
3 8 3	29 1 9	5 4 0	1 9 11	16 9 3	0 16 6	56 9 8	5 10 11
7 18 5	24 11 7	7 16 0	2 4 6	81 10 10	0 10 0	124 11 4	18 2 4
2 8 9	30 12 9	8 0 0	2 14 3	9 16 7	2 8 1	56 0 5	0 14 8
5 2 10	26 2 8	8 15 0	1 13 3	25 1 10	0 13 8	67 9 3	0 14 9
5 16 9	26 13 3	11 13 0	3 13 4	57 8 2	4 18 9	110 3 3	8 4 11
2 11 4	29 18 10	8 17 6	0 15 4	11 10 1	0 2 6	53 15 1
0 8 6	23 14 0	3 2 6	1 1 3	84 17 9	1 9 2	123 13 2	3 3 8
2 14 4	30 7 2	7 15 0	2 1 10	20 16 5	63 18 9	2 7 6	1 13 3
5 7 2	27 2 10	11 14 0	4 5 0	66 10 9	4 11 0	119 10 9
5 7 1	27 15 5	10 12 0	9 13 7	29 6 7	2 9 6	85 4 2
5 4 0	29 16 0	7 16 0	1 4 1	21 12 7	0 10 0	66 2 8
3 1 2	24 1 10	8 10 10	1 15 0	16 9 7	3 1 0	61 19 5
3 9 5	17 11 7	1 2 8	25 3 8	9 14 10
3 18 10	25 11 2	1 19 6	1 4 0	80 9 0	0 1 6	116 4 0	0 3 4	2 15 5
3 18 0	21 9 6	6 12 6	1 0 0	65 12 3	0 10 0	106 17 3	0 0 2
3 19 6	25 10 6	1 8 0	0 12 11	55 12 7	0 1 9	90 5 3	0 19 6
3 15 9	18 14 3	0 5 0	2 3 1	38 19 4	1 5 4	75 2 9	1 6 9	5 12 2
5 17 11	26 4 11	6 10 0	2 10 4	92 18 1	6 5 0	140 6 3
5 14 2	20 8 4	13 10 7	3 19 6	88 6 7	0 7 6	132 6 3	9 5 3	0 11 8
3 18 6	30 12 0	11 10 8	5 5 9	48 3 0	1 18 0	104 7 11
0 6 11	22 18 7	8 17 6	2 19 6	44 15 4	88 17 10
5 3 10	26 1 2	9 2 0	1 19 9	42 17 9	2 12 0	87 16 6	12 7 7	12 14 1
1 14 8	31 7 10	1 15 5	18 6 1	2 14 3	55 18 3
5 2 9	27 19 9	4 0 0	28 10 4	65 12 10
3 9 2	28 8 4	7 13 0	3 12 6	61 8 3	1 1 0	105 12 3	8 17 2	6 18 7	5 18 7
4 11 4	25 13 8	0 14 0	47 19 0	2 17 9	81 15 9	9 13 0	2 11 4
2 19 3	29 10 9	9 1 0	0 8 11	28 11 5	3 12 8	74 4 0	2 15 2
3 1 8	24 8 4	7 3 0	2 7 8	6 5 5	48 6 1	0 4 8
3 2 8	29 7 3	0 10 0	0 10 4	32 9 2	65 19 5	0 19 4
5 3 11	23 11 1	1 0 0	1 12 1	28 5 11	59 13 0
4 11 2	11 18 10	1 13 0	0 3 5	4 16 7	0 6 0	23 9 0	2 5 2
3 14 10	21 12 8	5 9 9	4 16 2	70 8 8	1 0 0	117 2 1	4 3 10
3 1 11	53 2 1	4 18 0	2 12 4	30 14 10	1 16 2	96 5 4	1 0 3
4 7 9	30 4 9	6 12 6	2 0 10	31 3 9	1 18 0	76 7 7
3 14 2	26 8 4	1 17 6	1 16 6	61 2 7	97 19 1
5 5 8	28 4 4	4 17 3	2 1 0	81 19 2	122 7 5	0 1 9
4 11 4	28 9 2	10 8 0	2 4 1	24 18 6	70 11 1	2 15 6	0 14 8
2 19 3	29 10 9	10 8 0	8 11 4	19 18 3	71 7 7	4 4 10
2 0 2	30 9 10	2 18 6	0 17 9	48 8 1	84 14 4
2 5 2	22 14 10	11 0 0	2 7 0	15 2 3	0 7 0	53 16 3	8 3 3
3 18 8	29 3 10	0 9 6	30 10 8	8 19 6	73 2 2	1 13 2
2 9 5	27 9 10	1 0 0	23 6 8	54 5 11	31 17 10	42 0 5	13 1 7
2 4 2	30 4 3	10 7 6	1 13 3	27 3 5	2 14 5	74 7 0	1 2 1	0 11 8
.....	24 14 3	0 1 0	24 15 3
3 2 3	62 10 3	15 9 0	28 9 6	80 16 9	19 3 3	219 11 0
.....	32 11 0	5 15 6	3 3 1	41 9 7
1 14 9	28 17 9	7 10 0	4 17 5	32 6 2	2 8 10	77 14 11	37 11 0
1 19 9	34 17 9	8 11 0	2 18 11	47 9 1	2 8 0	98 4 6	0 14 7	7 19 1
.....	32 10 0	1 4 0	68 11 7	102 5 7	5 15 0
4 3 4	17 7 7	13 19 0	5 9 0	12 10 2	2 4 0	55 13 1
2 5 1	39 0 7	6 2 5	58 3 2	5 9 0	102 0 3	3 13 6
1 4 8	3569 12 1	1025 11 8	394 3 0	5225 0 11	369 0 3	11284 12 7	425 19 7	242 12 5	260 6 10

Dr.

RECEIPTS.

No.	Postal District.	District.	Balance due to Superintendents Oct. 20th, 1865.	Balance in Superintendents' Hands, Oct. 20th, 1864.	Bal. of Don. for particular Dist. unexpended, Oct. 20, 1864.	Transferred from General Fund.	Donations.	Received for Bibles Sold.	Payments by the Poor.	Total Receipts for the Year.	Gross Total of
			£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£
138	VII.	Brought forward	303 8 8	183 17 1	348 9 11	3281 17 11	2586 4 2	701 4 8	4792 15 2	8080 4 4	11710
139		WYNDHAM ROAD				27 1 9	40 16 6	3 17 9	20 2 9	64 17 0	91
140		NEW CUT		3 2 9	104 9 5		50 0 0	7 16 11	25 19 7	83 16 6	188
141		GRAVEL LANE		0 16 7			42 1 0	3 13 10	27 8 0	73 2 10	75
142		CAMBERWELL GATE				28 12 3	22 6 4	6 7 0	23 12 8	52 6 0	80
143		WATERLOO RD., 1.		4 14 11	40 6 4		50 0 0	6 17 3	57 11 0	114 8 9	154
144		WATERLOO RD., 2.		0 18 5		54 16 2		3 1 9	17 1 0	20 3 8	74
145		WATERLOO RD., 3.				21 11 3		13 7 0		13 7 0	34
146		NORWOOD, UPPER	0 15 8	0 10 5	4 3 1	12 13 6	40 10 6	5 10 11	27 2 8	73 4 1	90
147		LAMBETH		0 17 0		15 9 6	25 0 0	2 16 6	40 16 0	68 12 6	84
148		LAMBETH WALK		1 10 4		20 4 10	15 0 0	0 13 1	18 19 9	34 12 10	54
149		MITCHAM		1 17 7		9 13 8	15 8 6		14 0 0	29 8 11	39
150		OAKLEY STREET					50 0 0	3 18 7	15 0 0	68 17 7	68
		BLACKFRIARS ROAD				21 4 9		9 12 1	7 12 0	17 4 7	38
151	VIII.	WESTMINSTER	3 15 8			19 17 4	20 17 0	1 12 11	11 17 10	34 7 9	54
152		YORK STREET		0 4 0		34 12 0	7 11 0	4 1 5	16 19 11	28 12 4	63
153		COBOURG ROW	16 15 7			48 8 0	4 2 0	5 1 9	12 15 0	21 19 3	70
154		WATERWORKS	0 5 8			19 3 5	35 8 0	7 9 10	68 19 11	111 7 9	130 1
155		PDLICO	0 11 2	7 2 4		7 1 7	45 12 0	9 4 4	35 0 1	89 16 5	96 1
156		EBURY STREET	14 4 7			0 18 2	45 0 0	1 9 0	35 10 2	81 19 3	82 1
157		TURN'S ROW			25 18 9		50 17 0	1 5 7	21 9 8	73 12 3	99 1
158		CHELSEA, UPPER	17 18 11		20 17 6		43 5 0	2 9 9	12 17 8	58 12 6	79 1
159		SLOANE STREET				13 3 2	36 5 6	7 4 5	26 3 0	69 13 5	82 1
160		BROMPTON				23 17 11	14 0 0	12 2 5	18 8 1	44 11 3	68
161		Vauxhall Bdg. Rd.				21 13 0	52 19 6	3 9 6	5 1 0	61 10 6	83
162		BATTERSEA		0 7 10			57 13 6	2 11 2	9 12 11	69 17 7	97
163		PALL MALL			27 2 6		51 1 0	1 13 1	13 0 8	65 14 9	65 1
164		FULHAM	1 8 1				32 0 0	5 4 11	13 11 10	50 16 9	50 1
165	IX.	PADDINGTON		12 18 0		22 2 0	9 6 0	6 2 6	6 16 11	22 5 5	44
166		GROSVENOR SQUARE			23 13 5		62 6 0	3 18 2	33 13 7	99 17 10	123 1
167		EDGWARE ROAD		0 16 1		20 19 6	86 16 2	2 18 2	50 11 4	140 5 9	161
168		HANOVER SQUARE	6 11 0			35 11 11		11 0 5	19 16 2	30 16 8	66
169		CAMPDEN HILL		3 11 0	11 17 8		65 2 6	2 11 0	29 0 0	96 13 6	108 1
170		GRAY'S BUILDINGS		8 8 11	75 16 0		76 7 6	5 18 7	50 15 2	133 1 3	208 1
171		BRENTFORD			6 3 11	13 7 10	36 3 10	7 1 0	34 13 0	77 17 10	97
172		PERCY		3 0 5		48 11 6	46 17 0	3 6 8	45 2 2	95 5 11	143 1
173		MARYLEBONE CT.		0 16 7	15 19 1		20 0 0	1 8 2	16 9 1	37 17 3	53 1
174		JENNINGS' BDNES.	10 16 6	1 10 7		29 6 4	19 0 9	0 18 3	10 10 0	30 9 6	59 1
175		BELL STREET		5 13 9		9 17 9	52 1 2	4 4 9	50 5 11	106 12 1	116
176		MAY FAIR				41 3 2		3 14 9	15 18 4	19 13 1	60 1
177		HARROW ROAD		0 4 7	13 15 0		47 13 2	6 3 10	69 11 0	123 8 9	137
178		CRAYEN.		7 17 3	15 18 8		66 5 0	4 12 8	24 7 1	95 4 8	111
179		MOSCOW ROAD					51 16 0	6 0 7	7 7 7	65 4 8	65
180		KENSAL		1 12 11		9 1 10	21 17 3	6 13 8	27 8 0	55 18 11	65
181		FITZROY			33 7 4			15 1 11	12 7 2	27 9 1	60 1
182		MONTAGUE		4 3 0	22 9 0		17 1 0	9 16 11	12 10 3	39 8 2	61 1
183		NOTTING HILL		2 3 10		22 8 1	2 6 0	2 7 0	10 11 2	15 4 2	37 1
184		NUTSFORD PLACE					26 2 0	8 17 3		34 19 3	34 1
185	X.	LISSON GROVE		5 14 5	1 8 9		69 0 0	2 8 2	44 18 2	116 6 7	117 1
186		SOMERS TOWN	45 9 2				47 19 6	7 16 1	29 10 5	85 6 0	85
187		BRILL			8 18 0		100 0 0	4 9 4	29 4 4	133 13 8	142 1
188		KENTISH TOWN.	0 12 10			28 0 8	26 2 8	6 0 11	42 17 10	75 1 7	103 1
189		CAMDEN TOWN.				49 15 6	15 5 4	9 14 2	36 4 5	61 3 11	110 1
190		CUMBERLAND MKRT	4 19 7			42 4 5		10 18 3	32 14 6	43 12 9	85 1
191		AGAR TOWN		0 3 10			31 10 0	5 15 4	9 2 2	46 7 6	46
192		BEDFORD NEW TWN				26 4 4		7 1 0	22 11 10	29 12 10	65 1
193		GOSPEL OAK FIELDS	5 10 9			32 13 6	16 17 1	5 2 2	15 14 1	37 13 4	70
194		BELSIZE, No. 1	1 12 4	0 7 2	9 13 8		69 17 9	2 9 9	35 14 0	108 2 4	117 10
195		PORTMAN MARKET		10 2 5		10 19 6	58 2 0	8 18 6	58 19 4	125 19 10	136 10
196		MIDDLESEX HSPTL		0 2 6			11 17 8	5 8 0	28 5 11	45 11 7	84
197		FERDINAND STREET				35 3 11	6 3 4	7 2 10	13 4 0	26 10 2	61 14
198		ALBANY STREET	74 16 0		3 0 9		74 17 2	13 4 5	55 2 8	143 4 3	146
199		SADBURY		3 2 6	3 2 6		8 5 1			8 5 1	11
200		HILL PARK	1 15 9	1 7 3		35 7 0	2 16 0	1 15 0	18 19 2	23 10 2	58 17
201		PORTLAND TOWN		2 13 7		19 11 2	35 7 2	3 17 5	27 18 6	67 3 2	86 14
202		PERRIN'S COURT		8 5 7	8 5 7		70 0 0	4 14 8	12 7 8	87 2 4	95 7
203		BELSIZE, No. 2	1 0 0			13 6 5		1 5 11	10 5 2	11 11 1	24 17
			512 8 0	290 15 5	791 9 6	4312 10 2	4785 2 6	1054 15 9	6440 12 5	12280 10 8	17384 10

EXPENDITURE.

£ r.

Bible Salary.			Mission Salary.			Rent and Furniture.			Incidental Expenses.			Clothing, Bedding, &c.			Aid and Lodg.			Total Expenditure.			Balance of dona- tions for par- ticular districts unexpended, October 20, 1865.			Balance due to Superintendent Oct. 20, 1864.			Balance in Hands of Superintendent Oct. 20, 1865.					
£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.			
1	4	8	3569	12	1	1025	11	8	394	3	0	5225	0	11	369	0	3	11284	12	7	425	19	7	242	12	5	260	6	10			
3	17	9	28	12	3	7	16	0	2	13	0	41	13	3	7	6	6	91	18	9	2	19	5	0	2	4			
7	16	11	28	5	7	10	7	3	2	5	10	25	8	2	2	4	4	76	8	1	111	17	10	0	18	11			
3	13	10	28	16	2	11	14	0	0	16	0	28	11	11	2	3	0	75	14	11	5	2	6				
6	7	0	26	3	0	12	9	2	5	9	0	27	0	1	3	10	0	80	18	3	0	13	10	0	7	7			
6	17	3	22	10	3	9	8	0	3	0	4	47	7	0	1	17	0	90	19	10	63	15	3	7	9	4				
3	1	9	31	15	9	12	18	6	2	6	1	21	18	4	2	19	0	74	19	5	0	13	10				
3	7	0	18	18	0	0	5	0	1	18	2	0	10	1	34	18	3		
5	10	11	29	10	7	8	9	3	4	2	9	37	14	0	4	13	2	90	0	8		
2	16	6	29	14	2	12	5	8	1	17	7	29	13	10	7	14	3	84	2	0	5	7	6			
0	13	1	33	1	11	4	12	9	16	5	11	0	4	0	54	17	8	1	5	6			
3	18	7	31	17	6	0	16	2	6	8	11	39	2	7	4	0	11			
9	12	1	32	18	11	8	2	0	1	7	10	20	6	9	1	1	2	67	15	3	1	3	4		
9	18	7	6	14	9	7	11	6	0	13	4	13	17	8	38	9	4	3	15	3			
1	12	11	29	2	7	3	0	0	2	2	1	17	5	4	1	2	2	54	5	1	2	11	4		
4	1	5	28	8	7	11	14	0	2	3	5	14	14	5	2	2	6	63	4	3	0	1	0			
5	1	9	28	0	9	13	5	0	2	15	0	21	4	9	70	7	3	5	5	7		
7	9	10	25	10	2	20	18	0	2	3	1	61	18	3	12	10	0	130	11	2		
0	4	4	23	18	8	13	5	0	6	15	7	19	1	7	24	12	10	96	18	0		
1	9	0	31	1	0	4	6	1	44	1	4	2	0	0	82	17	5	13	6	5		
1	5	7	31	4	5	14	1	0	4	3	8	8	15	4	3	3	4	62	13	4	36	17	8	1	9	11	8	11	11	
2	9	9	28	14	3	7	16	0	4	18	2	9	15	4	0	10	0	54	3	6	25	6	6	21	11	11		
7	4	5	25	5	7	19	18	6	4	12	11	25	5	2	0	10	0	82	16	7	2	13	7	7	17	9	
2	2	5	20	7	7	11	1	0	4	2	3	20	15	11	68	9	2	1	8	7		
3	9	6	29	0	6	19	9	8	8	6	8	19	5	2	3	12	0	83	3	6	
2	11	2	23	8	10	15	0	0	7	2	6	7	7	6	4	15	5	60	5	5	36	14	8	3	2	5	
1	13	1	16	9	5	5	16	0	0	12	8	12	0	9	36	11	11	29	2	10	17	15	10	10	6	0	
5	4	11	27	6	4	4	3	0	13	8	5	50	2	8	0	14	1	2	2	2	
3	2	6	21	7	6	5	18	0	2	17	4	6	15	1	1	7	0	44	7	5	
3	18	3	29	8	3	11	10	0	1	19	2	35	14	5	0	11	8	83	1	9	40	9	6	8	14	7	0	15	6	
2	18	2	75	1	10	5	12	6	7	13	6	55	5	3	14	10	0	161	5	3	3	0	4	
1	0	5	21	9	7	13	0	0	14	11	2	6	7	5	66	8	7	0	9	1	
2	11	0	29	19	0	9	3	3	4	12	3	25	7	10	19	2	11	90	16	3	17	14	11	4	5	9	
5	18	7	27	4	11	16	3	6	6	3	6	60	1	9	6	10	4	122	12	7	86	4	8	2	10	0	
7	1	0	25	9	0	11	18	10	2	18	1	44	18	3	5	4	5	97	9	7	2	18	3	1	6	2	
3	6	8	32	18	5	32	14	0	12	1	0	43	15	6	19	1	10	143	17	5	0	12	0	
1	8	2	28	11	10	3	19	4	6	13	6	40	12	10	13	3	6	3	1	0	
0	18	3	31	12	9	9	6	4	2	5	5	10	19	8	4	13	5	59	15	10	
4	4	9	30	1	9	16	5	4	5	15	6	54	3	8	5	18	10	116	9	10	6	14	7	
3	14	9	25	12	9	12	9	0	2	8	5	16	1	4	0	10	0	60	16	3	2	19	6	
6	3	10	26	16	2	10	15	0	6	1	8	81	16	6	4	1	11	135	5	1	1	18	8	8	13	0
4	12	8	27	17	4	18	4	0	5	19	5	25	17	1	2	8	6	84	19	0	26	4	5	
6	0	7	28	4	5	0	6	6	0	8	9	7	4	5	7	13	3	49	17	11	15	6	9	1	15	10	0	0	0	
6	13	8	25	14	4	4	11	0	27	13	9	0	8	0	65	0	9	5	13	10	
5	1	11	14	1	2	9	1	6	4	14	7	17	15	3	0	2	0	60	16	5	2	6	10	
9	16	11	22	13	1	0	2	0	14	16	7	47	8	7	14	8	7	4	1	7	
2	7	0	22	13	0	3	6	0	0	17	6	8	2	5	0	6	5	37	12	4	2	9	9	
8	17	3	23	0	2	31	17	5	3	1	10	1	19	10	
2	8	3	18	1	9	16	11	6	7	4	0	43	16	11	9	11	8	97	14	1	20	1	1	24	7	9	
7	16	1	24	13	11	10	8	0	2	15	4	26	13	10	10	8	6	82	15	8	2	10	4	
4	9	4	27	8	2	7	4	0	4	1	6	25	3	6	4	19	0	73	5	6	69	6	2	1	13	11	0	19	4
6	0	11	30	17	1	15	19	7	4	9	1	45	12	11	0	2	6	103	2	1	3	19	6	
9	14	2	24	2	9	11	2	6	8	9	4	53	16	2	3	14	6	110	19	5	0	3	8	
0	18	3	23	15	9	12	7	6	2	2	4	36	13	4	85	17	2	9	15							

NUMBER OF SUBSCRIBERS FOR BIBLES AND CLOTHING IN 1863.

DISTRICTS.				DISTRICTS.				DISTRICTS.				DISTRICTS.			
From Oct. 1, 1861, to Oct. 31, 1863.	Present No. of Subscribers.	Clothing Subs. from Oct. 1, 1861, to Oct. 31, 1863.	Present No. of Subscribers.	From Oct. 1, 1861, to Oct. 31, 1863.	Present No. of Subscribers.	Clothing Subs. from Oct. 1, 1861, to Oct. 31, 1863.	Present No. of Subscribers.	From Oct. 1, 1861, to Oct. 31, 1863.	Present No. of Subscribers.	Clothing Subs. from Oct. 1, 1861, to Oct. 31, 1863.	Present No. of Subscribers.	From Oct. 1, 1861, to Oct. 31, 1863.	Present No. of Subscribers.	Clothing Subs. from Oct. 1, 1861, to Oct. 31, 1863.	Present No. of Subscribers.
E. C. — Holborn				E. — Blackwall				S. E. — Bermondsey				S. W. — Waterworks			
23	6	47	41	36	43	100	28	55	18	17	17	69	34	73	62
13	12	37	30	42	51	51	45	17	17	17	17	128	36	28	33
66	55	53	37	5	22	50	5	110	115	115	115	136	13	21	21
31	20	94	94	44	28	6	44	10	10	10	10	163	8	41	28
56	15	54	27	10	40	27	10	95	44	44	44	169	27	42	47
17	22	108	80	40	6	27	40	35	17	17	17	163	28	42	43
24	20	72	56	44	122	39	60	19	21	21	21	163	28	42	44
34	22	166	166	44	97	41	38	46	20	20	20	163	28	42	44
25	28	47	36	44	33	93	85	23	23	23	23	163	28	42	44
109	47	211	204	21	21	58	130	42	13	13	13	163	28	42	44
143	8	200	100	134	134	130	120	18	18	18	18	163	28	42	44
13	5	39	27	72	72	73	140	37	11	11	11	163	28	42	44
13	5	39	27	72	72	73	140	37	11	11	11	163	28	42	44
21	5	39	27	72	72	73	140	37	11	11	11	163	28	42	44
28	16	62	42	42	93	41	157	31	10	10	10	163	28	42	44
17	17	30	72	44	71	14	79	27	21	21	21	163	28	42	44
36	24	59	47	44	123	54	47	18	14	14	14	163	28	42	44
4	5	60	47	44	45	62	91	40	15	15	15	163	28	42	44
37	14	45	25	25	16	18	45	25	18	18	18	163	28	42	44
23	15	16	25	25	91	23	91	22	27	27	27	163	28	42	44
24	8	43	37	37	40	26	100	16	16	16	16	163	28	42	44
107	38	32	37	33	33	22	48	17	17	17	17	163	28	42	44
W. C. — St. Giles, No. 1				S. — Wyndham-road				S. — Wyndham-road				N. W. — Lisson-grove			
9	15	250	204	128	44	892	291	16	16	16	16	163	28	42	44
29	18	250	204	128	44	892	291	16	16	16	16	163	28	42	44
155	69	51	24	24	47	36	72	15	15	15	15	163	28	42	44
7	13	28	24	24	47	36	72	15	15	15	15	163	28	42	44
15	28	66	51	51	20	23	140	8	8	8	8	163	28	42	44
17	21	66	51	51	20	23	140	8	8	8	8	163	28	42	44
37	20	82	54	54	10	22	44	23	23	23	23	163	28	42	44
30	6	104	77	77	93	10	22	44	23	23	23	163	28	42	44
23	21	68	26	26	83	2	17	47	19	19	19	163	28	42	44
60	17	138	75	75	23	15	72	52	34	34	34	163	28	42	44
33	21	123	111	111	43	24	90	84	39	39	39	163	28	42	44
80	40	83	26	26	40	17	74	47	73	73	73	163	28	42	44
33	25	24	24	24	64	11	79	46	73	73	73	163	28	42	44
45	16	44	24	24	83	16	141	98	28	28	28	163	28	42	44
53	8	18	6	6	21	48	28	31	28	28	28	163	28	42	44
43	25	97	58	58	22	30	112	112	58	58	58	163	28	42	44
45	20	97	58	58	22	30	112	112	58	58	58	163	28	42	44
89	29	61	54	54	23	29	148	48	12	12	12	163	28	42	44
33	9	124	85	85	23	29	148	48	12	12	12	163	28	42	44
44	15	156	55	55	30	27	60	76	31	31	31	163	28	42	44
55	30	67	67	67	43	27	110	84	9	9	9	163	28	42	44
12	17	38	37	37	53	70	110	84	9	9	9	163	28	42	44
24	48	27	27	27	53	70	110	84	9	9	9	163	28	42	44
3	3	31	31	31	53	70	110	84	9	9	9	163	28	42	44
83	42	211	100	100	53	70	110	84	9	9	9	163	28	42	44
37	32	71	71	71	53	70	110	84	9	9	9	163	28	42	44
14	14	63	63	63	53	70	110	84	9	9	9	163	28	42	44
55	21	63	63	63	53	70	110	84	9	9	9	163	28	42	44
N. — Islington, No. 1				S. W. — Waterworks				S. W. — Waterworks				S. W. — Waterworks			
83	42	211	100	100	53	70	110	84	9	9	9	163	28	42	44
37	32	71	71	71	53	70	110	84	9	9	9	163	28	42	44
14	14	63	63	63	53	70	110	84	9	9	9	163	28	42	44
55	21	63	63	63	53	70	110	84	9	9	9	163	28	42	44
N. — Islington, No. 2				S. W. — Waterworks				S. W. — Waterworks				S. W. — Waterworks			
83	42	211	100	100	53	70	110	84	9	9	9	163	28	42	44
37	32	71	71	71	53	70	110	84	9	9	9	163	28	42	44
14	14	63	63	63	53	70	110	84	9	9	9	163	28	42	44
55	21	63	63	63	53	70	110	84	9	9	9	163	28	42	44
N. — Islington, No. 3				S. W. — Waterworks				S. W. — Waterworks				S. W. — Waterworks			
83	42	211	100	100	53	70	110	84	9	9	9	163	28	42	44
37	32	71	71	71	53	70	110	84	9	9	9	163	28	42	44
14	14	63	63	63	53	70	110	84	9	9	9	163	28	42	44
55	21	63	63	63	53	70	110	84	9	9	9	163	28	42	44

"OUR FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

REPORT PRESENTED 29TH NOV., 1865.

PRESIDENT.—The Right Hon. the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

TREASURER.—The Hon. ARTHUR KINNAIRD, M.P.

MEMBERS.

The Rev. A. W. Thorold.
The Rev. W. Pennefather.
The Rev. Dr. Hamilton.
The Rev. W. Arthur.
H. Hopley White, Esq.

W. Coles, Esq.
J. H. Fordham, Esq.
The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Kinnaird.
The Countess of Gainsborough.
Mrs. Pennefather.

HONORARY SECRETARY.—MRS. RANYARD.

GENERAL OR WORKING FUND.

From October 20th, 1864, to October 20th, 1865.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
To Donations £0864 4 9			
*Less Deficiency of late Cashier unprovided for to 20th Oct.	548	13	8
	£315	11	1
*About the half of this Deficiency has been made up since the preparation of the year's account.			
	£315	11	1

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
By Repayment of Balance due to Special Districts Fund as per last year's account	250	8	6
„ Grants made to Districts	4333	1	3
„ Help to Bible-women and Distressed cases— In Money £284 4 8 In Clothing 139 9 0	423	13	8
„ Pioneers and Women in training	203	6	8
„ Clerks, Secretaries, and Service	555	10	4
„ Printing, Stationery, Postage, Parcels, Travelling, and Incidentals	430	8	0
„ Balance	14	2	8
	£6315	11	1

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE OF LADY SUPERINTENDENTS, from October 20th, 1864, to October 20th, 1865.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Balance of Donations to Particular Districts unexpended Oct. 20, 1864	791	9	6	By Salary to Bible-women	6392	1	5
„ Donations to Particular Districts	4785	2	6	„ Rent, Furniture, and Expenses incidental to Mission Rooms . . .	2341	3	3
„ Grants from General Fund	4333	1	3	„ Repaid to Poor, in Clothing, Bedding, Coals, &c.	6919	7	3
* „ Payments for Bibles from the Poor	1054	17	4	„ Aid and Loan	646	19	1
„ Payments from the Poor for Clothing, Beds, Soup, Coals, &c. . . .	6440	12	6	„ Balance of Donations for Particular Districts, unexpended Oct. 20, 1865	1105	12	1
	17405	3	1		17405	3	1

* This amount is a gift to our Missions from the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Examined and found correct,

JOHN MORLEY.
JOHN HILL.

JAS. WADDELL (of ALISON & WADDELL),
Public Accountant.

WHERE IS THE BALANCE?

IN the presentation of the preceding sheets of figures, those who do not pass them over as totally uninviting will observe a few deviations from the sheets of previous years. The number of districts cared for is very similar; but the "MISSION NAMES" of the women are at last done away with, which will please many subscribers who thought them rather "fanciful and even Popish." They had a domestic meaning and use at the first rise of the Society, and while such good plain names could be found as Sarah, Martha, Mary, Lydia, etc., they were advantageously identified with the places in which they worked; but our numbers have long outgrown this possibility; there were no more plain names to be found; and the practical fact also is, that we *want the spaces* which the columns of names occupied, and we want them for a purpose to which the careful attention of our workers is hereby requested.

The first column after the names of districts, in the Sheets of Statement, shows *what balance each Lady said she had in her hands* at the commencement of our financial year, on the 20th of October, 1864; and *the second*, what other Ladies said they had advanced on account of the Mission, in which case, of course, they expected to be repaid, and had *no* balance. These two columns were not found in the sheets of previous years, therefore could not be (as they will in future) the repetition of the *two* last columns of the sheet of the previous year.

Very great anxiety, as it may be supposed, has been felt, that these elaborate statements of our 200 districts should this year be given to the public as correctly as possible. Many advisers have said, Why continue to give them at all in the New Series? Who reads them? It would certainly save us at the centre-point of the work much trouble, if we merely rendered the simple account that can strictly be required of us; viz. How much money *we* received in donations, how it was spent, and what

remains. The last page of our accounts, it will be observed, presents the separate statement of thus much, and no more.

Still, however, the particulars in detail of the affairs of the districts are of much local interest, and they are of considerable importance for reference and guidance in the work of the ensuing year.

The column of donations to Special Districts is one which should be particularly observed, for it shows the amount of *self-help*, and consequent probability of the independent continuance of each Mission.

Every district has various sources for the supply of its needful funds. It receives by *its special* donations, by help from the General Fund (if necessary), by payments from the poor for Bibles, and also for clothing, soup, beds, and sometimes coals.

We require that the local donations should pass through our bankers' hands; which payments from the poor *do not*; the latter being used by the Lady at once, for judicious purchase of the articles the mothers desire.

Our workers should account to us in quarterly reports for *all* their capital; and if this were carefully done *four* times a year, on the 20th of January, 20th of April, 20th of July, and 20th of October, carrying on the balances correctly from well-kept books, occasionally inspected, perhaps, by some kind husband, father, or brother, our labour would be lightened; and such a state of things we must for the future aim to secure, for *as it is*, the more frequent the reports the more numerous are the unintentional errors.

HOW A BIBLE-WOMAN BEGINS IN A FRESH STREET.

DEAR MADAM,—

You have asked me how I begin our Mission in a fresh street. I always put the BIBLE first: I think that breaks up the way for me: I knock at the door, and often a little dirty ragged child will open it; I ask for its mother: sometimes she is too dirty to be seen, or too ragged, or not dressed, as many of the poor tumble out of bed without washing or dress-

ing, and sit down to their first meal ill-tempered and unrefreshed, their bed as dirty as themselves, and every breath of fresh air shut out. Sometimes I am told to call again: sometimes they let me in to the stifling room, and I am glad to stand near the door for fear of being ill.

My first question is, whether they have a Bible; unless any one is ill in the room, and then I speak first to the sick person, and just ask them, after a little kind inquiry, if they will like to hear me read God's Word? If I can, I pray,—if I see it will not do, then I don't. Sometimes reading is as much as they will bear at first; but when I go again, they have often thought about what I have said, and formed their own opinion of my errand, and generally after that I am a welcome visitor.

As we talk about Jesus, His Word, and our obligations to Him, the poor mother looks at herself, her room, her children, and wishes she was better and cleaner, without the trouble of becoming so. Only let me get her to the Mothers' Meetings, these, and the constant visits of the Bible-woman, hearten her on, and she begins to try little by little. When the Word enters her heart, she finds it much easier than she thought, to do right: in some the change is very soon perceptible; in others it is not; while, alas! very many are satisfied with their misery, and nothing can pull them out of the pit in which they lie.

In another street, perhaps I knock at another kind of house altogether; the woman is very clean, she has not time for anything but cleaning her house: only this kind of people are few and far between; "they have no time to read God's Word; no time to attend God's house;" they are a very difficult class to get at, as they are mostly self-righteous—"do no harm, pay their way, and wonder who will get to heaven if they do not." It needs much love and wisdom to get hold of these, yet we do succeed in many cases, but only through much prayer.

We knock at another door; perhaps the poor woman is a sad gossip, almost always out: when you ask the child where her mother is, she is gone to Mrs. So-and-so a bit: there the poor children are eating the sugar, or messing the butter, while a third will be lathering away the soap, washing dolls' rags; perhaps the ashes are up to the grate in the fire-place,

to say nothing about the dirt on the floor, that and the children's faces being much of a colour. This kind of mother is very much annoyed at our visit, but by taking little notice of her habits at first, and finding plenty in our Bible-errand to talk about instead, she loses her shyness, and being met in love, she will soon let us show her how valuable time is, and how much better her home would be if she spent all her time in it.

Then there is another class, and that the poor drunken mother: she is very much like the last, only if she has drank many years it is very hard to give up her sin; often she sheds many tears, tries hard to conquer her besetment; and many times when we think she has succeeded and can safely trust in her reform, she breaks out again, and all our hopes are dashed to the ground: but we try again and again, with much prayer and patience, for Satan binds these victims of his with very strong cords, and sometimes we have to give it up, but yet many *have* been saved out of this class. When they give up drink entirely, and become teetotallers, then we find it much easier to keep hold of them. Nothing but great love to souls, much faith in God's mighty power to save, will enable us to bear with them.

Yours respectfully, M. S.

A BED FOR A POOR CRIPPLE.

DEAR MRS. R.,—

I should be so thankful if you thought it fit to insert the following in your "Missing Link Magazine," viz., a request that some of our many friends would assist me to procure a spring or water-bed for poor James Owen, whose sad case has been known to you for some time; and, indeed through the Mission his daily wants have been in part supplied, for he has nothing to live upon but that kind help and parish allowance.

It will be ten years next March since he was first taken with what was supposed to be rheumatics, but it proved an affection of the spine, and for more than eight years he has been laid up *perfectly* helpless: I will not say as a baby, for that has the power of moving its limbs; while poor James cannot move from the position in which he is placed; he has gradually become much thinner, and

his hard bed much harder, so that now he is really afraid that the bones will come through the skin.

This great affliction has been the means, through grace, of making him a *happy* Christian, in spite of all outward circumstances, and it is really a pleasure to have a little talk with him, for his theme is ever of God's love. As he says, "God has never yet let him want, though sometimes he is brought very low." Until within the last year, he has been able to gain a trifle by making a little bead work or even mending stockings, but now one of his arms and its fingers are quite useless, and he cannot even hold his Bible. I know you have many applications for help, from all your Missions, but I feel sure that there are those, who, of their abundance, would willingly help such a case, were it brought before their notice; perhaps some one might have influence to procure help from the "Hospital for Incurables;" in any case, if only I could provide him with a bed which would give him a little ease and rest, I should feel most thankful. His address you could give to any who would interest themselves in him.

THE BELIEVER'S LAMP.

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

THE path heavenwards lies through a dark world. The children of God walk through darkness and see it not; because the Lamp of God's Word always gives them light, shining on their path and guiding their feet in the way that leadeth to eternal life. We should now, as in times past, have been walking in darkness but for this light. It revealed to us our danger, it showed us the way of safety, it guided our trembling feet up to Calvary's Cross and on to the Sepulchre; and when we stood and looked thereon and saw the grave-clothes lying, and heard the angels say, "He is not here, He is risen," then we passed from the darkness into the light, "the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ," we knew that "He had died for *our* sins, He had risen again for *our* justification."

And from that hour until now we have travelled onwards, "holding fast the faithful Word," ever proving it to be "a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path." At times its light has streamed far along that path, so that we have been

able to "run in the way of God's commandments;" at others we have had light only for one step at a time: still always light, more or less.

How dark oftentimes would have been our path in life but for this Lamp of God's Word. The believer of old could say, "Unless Thy law had been my delight, I should then have perished in mine affliction;" and we also know that when the cloud of sorrow gathered over our head, it was then our Lamp shed forth its brightest rays, shining upon Jesus, and revealing Him to us as we had never known Him before.

O precious Book! then did we esteem thy value to be above thousands of gold and silver.

And still we tread the heavenward way, "children of the light," and "walking in the light," but with the world's darkness on our right hand and on our left. We cannot escape from the sight of its misery, or forget that those who walk therein must perish everlastingly. We see our fellow-creatures living without God in the world, and our hearts are filled with sadness, and the question that is forcing itself continually upon us is, What can we do to help them?

Yes, *what can we do?* a question that perhaps at this very time is haunting the soul of many of God's children, who love Christ, and would have every one to love Him also, but whose sense of their own insufficiency and weakness prevents them from finding the answer to their own query.

The light of their Lamp hovers and shines around the life of Jesus Christ; they see that His every foot-print has left a track of light reaching from earth to heaven, in which His followers in all ages may walk so as to please God. They see that the aim of His life was to reveal the Father unto men, and for that no opportunity was passed by, no action deemed too insignificant, no sinner, however sinful, cast away, if only the Father's love might be enhanced and His glory magnified. Yes, they see it all; and then there returns with tenfold power the thought of their own insufficiency, their weakness, and their sinfulness. At this time the question, What can I do? seems as if it would remain for ever unanswered; when, may be, the Lamp is turned, and its light shines on the widow's mite,

the box of ointment, and a woman's tears,—gifts and deeds small and insignificant in themselves, yet accepted by Christ, and one bearing the gracious acknowledgment that no time can efface—"She hath done what she could."

Where is now our excuse? Who can refrain from doing something for Him who hath done so much for her? Is there any one of His real disciples so weak or so timid that she can undertake no part of the work? Cannot she become a lamp-bearer for Christ? Can she not take God's Word, and let some of its light stream on the dark path of a fellow-sinner? Can she not turn some of its brightest rays on the sick-bed of a poor woman, whose heart knows of nothing but wretchedness and woe? Affliction softens the heart, and it is wonderful how the darkest soul turns gratefully to the Light at such times as this.

We know a Bible-woman, a true lamp-bearer in Christ's kingdom, who was once asked to visit a young girl supposed to be dying; the informants told her they thought she had belonged to some theatre, but no one could get much from her as to her history, for she seemed very proud and high. In a garret, almost destitute of furniture, and on a miserable bed, the poor girl was found. When her visitor entered, she looked at her, and then immediately closed her eyes. To every question respecting her temporal wants, she maintained perfect silence, until the Bible-woman, not knowing what else to do, turned the light of her Lamp towards the darkness of her soul. The love of Christ to sinners was her theme; quietly and patiently she read and talked to her, until at last, the tears began to flow, and her face was turned to the wall. When prayer was offered, her emotion increased, and at its conclusion, when the Bible-woman rose from her knees, she seized her hand, covered it with kisses, thanked her for the blessed words she had read to her, adding, "They are worth more to me than five pounds, though I am starving." Her room was then made straight, her bed more comfortable, and her temporal wants supplied, but the food was left almost untouched, and the next day she died. Thank God, the Lamp had been turned on her path. Had she fled to Him who alone could save her? Had she repented at the eleventh hour? These were questions we

would fain have answered. We could only be thankful that before she passed into eternity,—before the last step was taken, the Light had flashed across her path, showed her her danger, and revealed Him who had died to save her.

Who would keep the Bible-light for one's self alone? Who refuse to turn the Lamp on a sinner's path, when perhaps by so doing she may save a fellow-creature from destruction? But *who, above all, would miss the opportunity of holding God's Lamp, and letting it shine in the midst of a MOTHERS' MEETING?* What book can bear comparison with the Bible? Think of the darkness of their homes, of the lives and of the hearts of those poor mothers; and are we not told, "The entrance of Thy word giveth light, it maketh wise the simple"?

Let the Lamp shine on the homes upon which God loves to look down, let them see how good and how pleasant it is for families to dwell together in harmony and peace; and as they look will not the darkness of their own home with its many scenes of disorder and wretchedness pass before their mind's eye? and may there not be one of the number who may determine, with the help of God, there shall be some of that Light in her dwelling? Hold the Lamp before the hearts of these Mothers, by letting it shine on the mothers of old, who brought their children to Jesus, to be blessed of Him; and as they listen to His words, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," may not their thoughts wander towards their own little ones for whom no such blessing has ever been asked?

We once saw a little child leaning against its mother's knee, when the light was shining on such a picture from the Word; and he gazed so earnestly up to her face that she could not but look down at him, and as she met the gaze she seemed not able to bear it, for she placed her hands over her eyes and wept. What made her weep? We thought we knew,—it was the child's gaze searching his mother's heart, asking when *he* was to be laid in Jesus' arms to be blessed,—ah when? well might she weep.

And then, if we come nearer to them still, turn the Lamp and show them the Law of God, the transgression of which is sin, can they escape? Can they maintain their ground before

the Fourth Commandment? Will not a long line of broken Sabbaths rise before their remembrance, and, if they are truthful, must they not confess, "We have sinned"? Lead them on, and let them see their deep need, their utter helplessness; and then turn the Lamp, and show them Jesus their Saviour, living, suffering, dying for them, and we have done something, if for a few moments only we have taught them to think of the exceeding greatness of His Love. We know it is the Spirit of God alone that can cause the Light to *shine into their hearts*; and that *we* shall hold the Lamp in vain if *He* do not cause its rays to penetrate the darkness of their souls; but what we plead for is the holding of the Lamp—the using of the means, for we are persuaded that if we be found *faithful Lamp-bearers* for Christ, "God will command the *Light* to shine into their hearts, and give to many the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Christ Jesus."

In our churches and in our chapels the Lamp perhaps shines brightly every Sabbath-day, and we ourselves rejoice in that Light; but our poor women seldom or never frequent the house of God, and therefore is the necessity laid upon us that we take the Word *to them*. We think it is not lectures or long addresses they need, but Light, Bible-light—the reading of the Word, and the simplest form of teaching; and this can *all* God's children give, and there is need of *all*. Christ needs them, the Church needs them, and the world, the darkness of which seems to deepen more and more—it needs them also.

To be a Lamp-bearer for Christ, there need be no neglect of earthly duty: to come out of our homes, and devote it to the reading and teaching of God's Word, one hour a week, how *little* it would cost us, how *much* it might accomplish! We would not be unmindful of the temporal wants of those we seek to help; we would not forget "that if a brother or sister be naked or destitute of daily food, and we say unto them, 'Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, and give them not those things which are needful to them, it profiteth nothing.'"

No, with the light of our Lamp streaming far into the future, shining on Christ's disciples gathered together for the last time on earth, to receive His acknowledgment of works such as

these, done by them in His name and for His sake, we could not forget that He said, "Ye did it unto Me."

But we plead for the Word of God, that it be not hid beneath the many good works in which Christ's disciples are now engaged, and that we strive not to shine before our fellow-creatures in the light of our own works alone, but "as sons of God in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, we shine as lights in the world, *holding forth the Word of life.*"

The children of God need not fear this world's darkness, the Lamp of God's Word shall ever give them light, shining in their path and guiding their feet in the way that leadeth to eternal life. And when the journey is accomplished, and we draw near to the Promised Land, we shall then confess as we never confessed before, "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path;" for when all earthly light is dim and fades away, the eternal light shall shine even more brightly, and scatter the darkness of the dark valley through which we all must pass before we enter that better country, where it is said "the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

D. P.

THE LAMP IN THE MISSION ROOM.

In studying the above valuable paper ere communicating it to our readers, we have once more brought powerfully before us how necessary it is to hide ourselves behind that Lamp: in our Mothers' Meetings we have nothing to do but to let the Word of the Lord speak. It is He who made the hearts and knows the circumstances of the poor Mothers; it is even He who has inclined them to gather together, and wait for the light from the Lamp. Should we ever give them less than the true Light? "He that is of God, heareth God's Word." "Ye therefore hear not," said our Lord Jesus to the Scribes and Pharisees, "because ye are not of God." (John viii. 5—7.) What a comforting thought it is that there are always words of God in our small Book that are ready for every circumstance of human life. God is Light, and His words are Light,

the only true Light in this world's darkness. There are many figures to express the preciousness of these Divine words.

"The Word of God," says Bishop Jewel, "is the water of life; the more ye lave it forth, the fresher it runneth: it is the fire of God's glory; the more ye blow it, the clearer it burneth: it is the corn of the Lord's field; the better ye grind it, the more it yieldeth: it is the bread of Heaven; the more it is broken, and given forth, the more remaineth: it is the sword of the Spirit; the more it is scoured, the brighter it shineth."

But after all, there is no figure that the poor and ignorant understand better than a lamp. "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." They are very fond of light, and have welcomed the eight-penny paraffin lamps with much joy, as a bright substitute for candles. A pleasant instance of the provision of light occurred this year in one of our Mission rooms.

"A Bible-class of which I have the care on Sundays," says a Superintending Lady, "came lately one evening to the Mission room, to hear of the present work of their much loved clergyman in a new parish, and of his sister, who had been till recently their teacher, from one who had lately returned from a visit to him. Judge of my surprise upon entering the room that evening, to see a very nice lamp burning on the table, and the walls well furnished with hanging candlesticks; the gift of the Bible-class to the Mission, with a request that they might be allowed to supply oil and candles all the winter, for the Mothers' Meetings. The gentleman who was acting as a temporary curate was in the secret, and he kindly came and addressed us upon the words, 'Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path,' asking the Mothers every now and then to give him text after text upon light: they greatly enjoyed the hour, and valued the gift."

The provision of light for the working meeting is one of our standing expenses in the dark days of winter, and our Bible-mission is always most thankful for such local and loving help, and we are more and more desirous at the end of this year of discipline and trial to our Missions, that they should all be known as MISSIONS OF THE LAMP, truly Bible-missions. The

clothing which we desire to provide at a cheap rate, for the ragged and the needy, is our *secondary* business, and should never be allowed to swallow up our *first*. We would rather have *two* dozen subscribers who come to the Mothers' Meetings to seek for the light from God's Word, than *six* dozen who are merely attracted by being paid for their work, and *will go to the meeting where they are best paid for it*, whether the Heavenly Lamp is shining there or not.

Where the light *has* shined into the hearts of the poor and sorrowful, they are not content with one meeting in the week, but they come to the Bible-woman by twos and threes, in many districts which we will not name, to tell their Heavenly Father, in their own simple earnest way, what they want; and afterwards they come to thank Him for answering their prayers.

A poor woman, who had been brought to God in a Mission-room, had a very bad son, who turned her out of doors. She came to pray that God would convert him and turn his heart, and believed He would. The answer came in a strange way. Soon afterwards he met with an accident, and is now in a hospital, where, however, he is glad to see both his mother and the Bible-woman, and in the midst of his pain and fear has begun to think about his soul. When the mother lately went for her parish allowance, the officer said to her, "We must pass you home, old woman; it is no use to keep you here, you cannot have out-door relief any longer." She came back very sad, and went to pray with the Bible-woman, that the officer's heart might be softened. "For I thought," said she, "if I were passed home to my parish, one hundred miles away, I should have no Mothers' Meeting and no Bible-woman, and I told him that I hoped he would let me alone and give me my two shillings, with which I am as happy as a queen; for I have a broken chair, and when I put a board across it, it serves me for a table, 'and a neighbour has lent me a basket to sit upon,' and I've a bit of a bed down in a corner; oh, do help me pray to the Lord," she added, "that I may be left where I can go and see my daughter and her children at Lambeth, and go to see my son as he is in hospital, and that I may not be sent away from the Mission-room." The next week she came back to thank God

that her prayer was answered, for the officer had said she might stay. We often hear of such witness as this now—"The prayers answered in such and such a Mission are wonderful." The people have learnt what it is to inquire of the Lord, and the light of His Lamp falls on their path, and is a light to their feet.

We have a small meeting once a fortnight amongst ourselves, of the half-dozen Pioneers, who have each the care of four or five districts, which lack the comforting and inspiring help of their "*own Lady*." Alas! that in London we can never find at one time two hundred working Ladies who will give their hearts to the superintending and help of as many Bible-missions. We could find employment immediately for fifty Ladies, who would really be Lamp-bearers in as many Mission-rooms, and the Pioneers might then really be Pioneers, and break up the untaken ground of our vast city. At present they can only fill up *lack of service*. They are most useful helpers, and there is much blessing in the hour when we meet for prayer and review of each fortnight's work.

The institution of this kind of help was owing to a gift of £150 some time ago from a charitable friend of the Mission, who told us she had prayed over every pound before she gave it. She may perhaps at some future day be permitted to see where these pounds went: they were not laid up in a napkin. We can only give glimpses of the work that has arisen out of that outlay, by visits to homes here and there.

Let us follow to one in St. George's, East, where a Bible-mission is continually wanted to witness for the truth, and contest the ground with those who try to introduce Popery, or its close resemblance, among the ignorant poor. "The entrance passage is so dark," says the Pioneer, "that I could not see the Bible-woman before me; three steps of the stairs were broken away, so we had to pull ourselves up by the banisters. None but eye witnesses can believe that these places are inhabited by human beings. When we reached the second floor, we found a poor paralysed old woman, with a picture of the crucifix placed at the foot of her bed, which the Bible-woman at her request had once taken down, but the visitor from W——

Square had nailed it up again. "I don't want it ma'am," said the poor creature; "it terrifies me. I know that no picture can do me any good, and I can't sleep for thinking about it; for the minister told me I must kneel before it, and pray to it, and look at it, until I see the wounds of Jesus in it." After reading and prayer we offered to take it down, but the poor creature crying, said, "He would only put it up again. You see I can't help myself; he knows I cannot move: and he has brought me some tea and sugar, and sent beef tea besides; but I will ask him to take it down ma'am, myself, that I will."

The Bible-woman is a constant visitor here, holding up the light of the true Lamp amid much hindrance. She has the Pioneer's help in relieving a few cases, but where is the true Protestant *Lady* who will come to her aid in such a district? The gift of old clothes is most earnestly implored here and elsewhere. Those who still think of Lancashire, we must say, should not forget London. Great want and sickness prevails, and at this time much fatal low fever,—the people are seized with violent pains, shortly become unconscious, and many of them never rally.

From courts in Gray's Inn Lane, they have of late been carried off by scores to the Fever Hospital, leaving the fresh occupants of their wretched beds and rooms to fall ill speedily, in the same manner. From scenes like these the Bible-women must not retreat, and do not; and God keeps them, for the most part, safe in their field of duty. Where least is done by others, there they are most wanted. It is amid scenes of death and sorrow that people are made willing to look to the light of the Lamp they carry. One has just penetrated among brick-makers, in a suburban district which is really more fitted to be cared for by man's agency than woman's in the late rainy weather. "The walk to the Mission-room," as the Pioneer describes it, "was through three long fields, very wet in most parts, with running streams: an awkward stile landed us on some planks thrown over a river, and the mud around the huts we went to visit was fearful. I found my fellow-worker very cheerful, and there was a nice fire in the Mission-room." The people are obliged to keep fires night and day, as the rain

comes into their huts. They appear to take to the Bible-woman, and are quite willing to receive her visits; but how she will continue them through the winter, I cannot tell. She says herself, "They are willing to hear the Word; and without it, what is to become of their souls?"

In other districts, the Pioneers are perpetually impressed with the masses of people who never come in the way of a word from God for their good. "One hundred and fifty names," says one, "are on the books of our Mission-room." But what are they out of these many, many rooms! how few of them can one woman see, even a stirring earnest woman! Here they lie by thousands in the arms of the wicked one, and they do seem to me ripe for destruction. May God grant us to snatch some of them out of the fire!

Then comes the contrast of the sick-room where some one knows the light of the Lamp, and values it. "I wish you and the Bible-woman could be pinned to my bedside," says one. "I wish I could say a prayer like that, for I felt it," adds another. "I know now that it is not trying to do my best that will save me: no one can save me but Jesus Christ, and I believe He will." "Come along, dear lady," says the old gipsy, "I've been waiting for you;" then she reverently bowed her head, saying, "The Lord bless you and all His creatures who kindly care for my soul, and may the Lord reward all in His own way, and give them hearts to praise His holy name. Amen." Then she looked up, and said, "Now read; I right enjoy your reading."

"I carried her," adds the visitor, "a flannel gown and cap which a lady had sent, and she remarked, 'How good my heavenly Father is! He never shuts one door but He opens another; but I'd be glad to see you, if you bring me nothing.' The tears often rolled down her furrowed cheeks as I read the narrative of the crucifixion. I have often entered this half-roofless cottage with a sad heart, and come away rejoicing."

GOOD SEED SCATTERED ON THE MOUNTAINS.

(Continued from our November Number.)

WE left Mr. Wilder a second time face to face with the interesting Bible-readers of the mountain village of Baraillère.

After an earnest prayer, he read part of the fourth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. He directed their attention more particularly to that important passage in the twelfth verse,—“*for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.*” He tried to make them understand the excessive wickedness of sin, and the inefficacy of all the means of salvation that the ignorance, pride, and self-righteousness of men have substituted for the one and only name of Jesus Christ. He spoke of the necessity of the great sacrifice on the cross, of the love of God in sending His Son into the world, of the perfect accomplishment and the all-sufficiency of this redeeming love, and of the duty of sinners to accept it and live. “It is by Christ alone,” said he to them, “that you can have the hope of pardon and salvation. You must take up your cross and follow Christ. You must renounce your sins and fly to Christ. You must renounce your own righteousness and confide solely in Christ. You must renounce every other lord and submit yourselves to Christ. If you had offended an earthly monarch to whom you could only obtain access by the interposition of his *son*, would you apply to his servants rather than to that *son*? Will you address yourselves to the Virgin Mary, or to some other favourite servant, rather than have recourse in person to Him who is *the way, the truth, the life*? and when God Himself has assured us that there is ‘none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved’?”

Having spoken thus for about fifteen minutes, and when the greater part of his auditory were in tears, Mr. Wilder saw the widow suddenly start, and heard her cry out with extreme agitation, “*Sir! sir!*”

“Well, madam, what is the matter?” said he.

“Yonder,” said she, “is the mayor of St. Jean, with some

women, coming in haste to my house. These people are among our greatest persecutors; shall I get the congregation in, and shut the doors?"

"No madam," replied Mr. Wilder; "on the contrary, if it be possible open them wider; trust in God our Saviour, and let me arrange this business."

At this time, a sudden alarm appeared to spread through the assembly, and some persons having quitted their seats, a slight confusion followed. Mr. Wilder begged them to be calm and take their places again, telling them that the object for which they were met was known and approved by God, that the angels rejoiced in it, that Satan trembled, that they had nothing to fear from an arm of flesh. The mayor and his companions then appeared at the threshold.

"Come in, sir, and take a seat," said Mr. Wilder, pointing to the chair nearest to the table.

"No, sir," replied he; "I would rather stay here."

"But," replied Mr. Wilder, "I would rather that you should come in with your companions, and take seats."

Seeing the firmness of the speaker, the mayor gave way, and came to sit among the auditors.

Mr. Wilder, without saying anything more, opened the Bible, and directed attention to those words of our Lord in His sermon on the mount,—"*Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.*" (Mat. v. 10—12.)

Mr. Wilder then described to them all that the apostles and the first Christians had suffered; the constancy and firmness with which they had on all occasions endured their sufferings, because of the love they had for their Saviour; the excellent reason they had for acting thus, since they are here assured in the words that had just been read, that their "reward" should be "great in heaven." He then showed to them the terrible responsibility which those incurred, and what an enormous crime

they committed, who, whether from ignorance or design, persecuted the disciples of Christ; that they were only "treasuring to themselves wrath against the day of wrath;" that the day was not distant when the fearful realities of eternity would strike their eyes, and when each man would be judged according to the actions done in the body.

When Mr. Wilder had proceeded in this manner ten or twelve minutes, endeavouring especially to carry the truth to the minds of his new auditors, he perceived that the mayor wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his coat, and rising said,—

"Sir, I confess that I have felt some enmity towards many of the present company, and that I have, as far as the influence of my functions would extend, interrupted their meetings, which I considered illegal, in order to enforce them to return into the bosom of the Church our mother, which some of them have abandoned for several years; but if all that you have said is true, and agreeable to the Word of God, and if that book you hold in your hand is a faithful translation from the original text, I beg you to sell it to me that I may read it myself, and communicate the result of my reading to other persons more capable of judging of it than I am. And if I am convinced myself of the accuracy of these threats and promises of which you have given the explanation, you may count upon me, that, far from persecuting, as formerly, these in all other respects very honest and peaceable persons, I shall henceforward be their friend."

After hearing this, Mr. Wilder requested the widow to take out several of the Bibles from the chest he had brought with him by the diligence, and he presented one to the mayor and to each of his Catholic friends. The mayor offered to pay for the one which had been given to him, but Mr. Wilder observed, that he had much pleasure in presenting it to him, as well as to the persons who accompanied him, as a free gift, in the hope that they would not only become friends of this interesting people, but what was much more important, friends of Jesus Christ, who is "*the only Mediator between God and man*;" they might then be led to defend the cause which they had hitherto attempted to oppose, and after having served God

their Saviour here below, they might be found among the blessed, "*whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life.*" They all left the house with tears in their eyes, and, as far as could be judged, deeply moved with the truths they had heard.

After Mr. Wilder's return to Paris, he had the pleasure of learning from the widow, that all the Bibles he had left with her had been disposed of, and that many persons from the neighbouring villages were anxious to obtain copies. In the meantime a strong interest for the spiritual welfare of these villagers had extended beyond the limits of Paris, and even of France. The first eight pages of a tract which gave an account of these remarkable events, having reached England, had been translated and published by the Religious Tract Society of London (see "*The Village in the Mountains,*" No. 174), and had met with a large circulation. From one town in England £20 had been sent to Mr. Wilder for the purchase of Bibles, to be entrusted to the widow for gratuitous circulation; and a family in Wales, members of the Society of Friends, having read the narrative, came to Paris to call on Mr. Wilder, and then paid a visit to Baraillère, where they stayed not less than three weeks. On their return to Paris, they assured Mr. Wilder that they had spent there three of the most pleasant weeks of their lives.

With the £20 sent, Mr. Wilder bought fifty Bibles and fifty Testaments, and a collection of choice books and tracts, and sent them to the widow. These were all disposed of within a week. Madame Gillier wrote to the merchant and to her friends in England, expressing to them in the most cordial manner her gratitude, and that of all those who by their means had received copies of the Holy Scriptures. She gave interesting statements respecting their distribution in many Catholic families, the avidity with which the books had been read, and the conversion of many persons to the truth as it is in Jesus. She informed them that numerous individuals and families were still unsupplied; and expressed, in her own name and that of her neighbours, thanks to the Lord for the wonders wrought by His love, that had led the hearts of His children to the establishment of Bible and other religious societies,

and to contribute their substance to extend among the poor the knowledge of the Gospel.

The last letter that Mr. Wilder received from the widow before he quitted France contained the sum of 200 francs (£8), which she and her children transmitted as a gift in return for the Bibles and Testaments that had been sent to them at different times.

Mr. Wilder assured her that her donation had given him more joy than if he had received twenty thousand francs in any other manner, because it gave him a proof of their attachment to the Word of God. He sent them the whole value of their contribution in Bibles, with 250 Testaments on behalf of the Society, and in his own name, 50 Testaments. He also introduced her to a respectable friend in Paris, to whom she could write if she required any more copies. He exhorted her to continue firm in the faith, and to keep her eye always on the Saviour, and commended her to God, in the ardent hope that by means of His Divine grace he might one day meet her and her persecuted friends "*where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.*"

Such was the good seed sown upon the mountains of the Loire during the first twenty years of this century, and it now becomes an important question, whether any of it has sprung up, and what was the origin of the interesting community amongst whom it was so providentially sown? We will reply to the latter query first.

It appears that Mr. Wilder had at that time reasons for not printing his name, or that of the worthy widow of Baraillère, whose house is still standing. The village is a league distance from St. Etienne, which has now about 100,000 inhabitants; at the time referred to, it had hardly 25,000. Baraillère still depends on the little town of St. Jean, from which the mayor came, as above mentioned. The providential visit of this servant of God had such blessed and extended effects, as the commencement of a work of grace in those parts, that the remembrance of it among these worthy people and their children is vivid to this day, and they often talk of it. The grand-daughter

of the widow was heard to say lately, that she still recollected the colour of Mr. Wilder's coat, although then so young, and after his first visit it was remarked in the family, that it was as if an angel of God had been sent to them from Heaven.

This little religious community had a singular origin : God had prepared this good ground to receive the seed of the Word. We may be asked, with a degree of surprise, how it happened that a people animated with such evangelical sentiments should exist, completely isolated in the midst of those mountains ! Their history is connected with facts, little known and very extraordinary, and by which is manifested in a striking manner, on the one hand the skill of the great enemy of souls, and on the other, the vivifying action of that Divine Spirit, who breathes on the human heart wheresoever He will.

The history of the Jansenists of France is well known. From the middle of the seventeenth century they struggled, with a noble devotion, to defend the doctrines of grace against the pernicious and demoralizing sophisms of the Jesuits ; they were soon persecuted at the instigation of powerful adversaries, to whom all means for stifling the truth seemed lawful. In the midst of oppression, and especially after the year 1727, there arose among them, as formerly among the Cevenol Protestants, a religious enthusiasm, accompanied with extraordinary manifestations. Miracles, true or false, were performed, and prophets, inspired of God or pretending to be so, rose up and denounced, with nervous convulsions, Divine vengeance upon the faithless Church and the persecuting State.

This religious enthusiasm prevailed among them throughout all the eighteenth century, in the midst of the reigning infidelity ; and it was under this influence that, at the epoch of the first French Revolution, the community was formed, to which God in after years led our friend Mr. Wilder.

Many Jansenist priests in the department of the Loire, seeing doubtless the accomplishment of their prophecies in the serious events which now began to happen, left the Romish Church, accompanied by their flocks, and dared to preach the doctrines of grace openly, with the Word of God in their hands. Waiting the manifestation of the Lord and His millennial reign,

they particularly insisted upon a favourite hope of the Jansenists,—the expectation of the return of Elias, to judge the world and the Gentile Church, and to prepare the people of Israel for the coming of Christ. In 1793 the birth of the anticipated prophet was announced, and these poor people attached henceforth all their hopes to an infant born that year in Paris, named Elie Bonjour, whom they regarded as an incarnation of the Holy Spirit. From this time, completely separated from the Church of Rome, they united themselves closely together, expecting terrible things in righteousness, which were declared to them by old manuscripts that they read and re-read without ceasing, singing hymns to encourage themselves mutually in fidelity to their new prophet and their glorious hopes. They were called by several derisive names: at St. Etienne and St. Jean, it was that of Beguines; but the mockeries, and even the persecutions with which they were assailed, only served to confirm them in their ideas; moreover, everybody was obliged to bear testimony to their exemplary probity. Full of devotedness one for another, they had all things in common, and sent every year a considerable sum, often taken from their necessities, to M. Elie Bonjour in Paris. He sought himself afterwards to undeceive them, but in vain, and at length distributed to the poor the money which, notwithstanding his protestations, continued to be sent to him from several places.

However, it was not long before carnal elements allied themselves with the fraternal love which united them. Self-styled prophetesses, travelling the country under the cloak of a pretended Divine Mission, ministered to an increasing immorality. But the elements of truth and of the hidden life began to recoil against this, and numbers, in the midst of the general ignorance, deplored these deviations, and sighed after something better.

Among this number was the widow Gillier. She, and others with her, found, through Mr. Wilder, that to which their hearts aspired; they concealed from him, it is true, their manuscripts, and some of the notions we have spoken of, suspecting rightly that he would disapprove of them; but his visit among them

was as a touchstone, manifesting those who really desired to serve God, and those who, under cover of such service, were only led by their passions and the imaginations of their own hearts.

It must be remembered that they had amongst them, at this period, only one New Testament. God, whose ways are marvellous, made use of a word suitably spoken by one of His servants to cast into this ground, cleared at least from Roman materialism, and prepared by lively aspirations, the good seed of the Word, and this led to the formation of a little faithful Evangelical Church, which from that time developed itself by separating from the other *Beguines*. These, it may be mentioned, still remained to the number of some hundreds, led by an adventurer who obtained their confidence, in the most despicable manner, to such an extent as to make them worship him as a God. "They have endeavoured," says M. Riviere, "as much as possible to frustrate good and holy influence; nevertheless, by our schools, our visits, and especially by our prayers, we hope to gain them by degrees to the pure Gospel, which many of them have already embraced."

It is from this first movement among the *Beguines*, and from an analogous movement among the Roman Catholics, with the addition of a number of Protestant families lately come from Cévennes, that an Evangelical Church at St. Etienne has arisen.*

We have not great space for *modern* results, but are sure that some of our readers will wish to have a short account of the

EVANGELICAL AND MISSIONARY CHURCH ESTABLISHED AT
ST. ETIENNE, NEAR LYONS.

Some years after the visit of Mr. Wilder, in 1861, the Revs. Dr. Bonar and Dr. Buchanan of Edinburgh attested that the Rev. Theophilus Riviere, a minister of the Free Church of the

* Mr. Wilder was an American, and the original letters of the widow are in the archives of the American Religious Tract Society.

The above selections are made from a tract belonging to a woman now living in Baraillère, who was the little girl (the grand-daughter of the widow) saved by the companion of Mr. Wilder, from being crushed to death under the wheels of the coal-wagon.

Canton de Vaud, had been for some years settled at St. Etienne, as pastor of one of the Churches of the Evangelical Union of France. A very large and promising field of usefulness was said to be open before him; but means were greatly wanting to carry it on, and Mr. Riviere paid a visit to England and Scotland, in hopes to recommend the work to those who were able to help it.

It appears that this visit of the pastor of St. Etienne took place at the time of the well-known Revivals in the British Islands, and that, on his return home, he met his flock, and related to them some of the wonderful scenes he had witnessed in Dumfries and in Edinburgh; the audience were deeply affected. A spirit of prayer was shed abroad among them, and they resolved that they too would hold prayer-meetings every evening of the next week, to pray for the same out-pouring of the Spirit, succeeded by meetings for inquirers.

The impression of these meetings was greatly deepened by one or two remarkable providences that occurred at this period.

A young man, who had recently arrived at St. Etienne, attended a meeting, and requested prayer on his behalf; he soon afterwards professed to have found his Saviour. A week more had scarcely elapsed, when he was suddenly called to appear before Him whose name he had owned, and whose servant he had declared himself to be. He fell into a stone quarry, and was killed on the spot. About the same time another young man, also from the country, was taken off by a rapid illness, just after he had laid hold on eternal life and had made an open profession of his desire to be accounted a disciple of the Lord by uniting himself with the Church of St. Etienne.

Great joy now filled many hearts. The pastor had brought over revival hymns from Scotland, and had translated some of them for his people; these met with a warm welcome, and became blessings to many souls. Within a few weeks more than forty new members were added to the Church, on a solemn profession of their faith. A few further particulars of the progress of this awakening will be found in our number for January or February in next year.

LIGHT LOST IN LIGHT SUPREME.

"ON the banks of the Para the atmosphere is so clear that the sky is visible from one horizon to the other. At the time of full moon the traveller can continue his journey as securely as by daylight, and at the instant the moon's lower limb touches the horizon in the west, the SUN appears in the east; but there is nothing sudden or startling in the effect. The change is not from darkness to light, but as from a dull day to clear sunshine."

"Thus," says Dr. Hamilton, "the Christian who has walked by the light of God's WORD, shall not lose its light and comfort till the 'Sun of Righteousness' Himself arises upon him, 'with healing in His wings,' and all the woes of earth depart for ever."

THE KORAN TRANSLATED FOR THE TURKS, IN 1865.

THE Turkish government has just taken a step with regard to the Koran, which must be regarded as of the highest importance. It is well known that the Koran was originally written in Arabic. Its style is so beautiful, so far above the spoken Arabic of the present day, that this fact has been adduced as a proof of its inspiration. It has been preserved in manuscript, and all good Mussulmen have agreed that it would be a sacrilege either to translate or to print it. As to translation, the very words and letters are regarded as sacred in themselves. To translate them would be to destroy their value, The words are words of God. Shall any mortal venture to change the words of God, and substitute human words in their place?

As few Turks are able to understand the Arabic, they have no knowledge whatever of the contents of the Koran. Yet they read it constantly, and no small part of the education of a Turkish child consists in committing to memory passages of which they know as little as if they were in English. These are regarded as charms. The meaning has nothing to do with the value. They are not only committed to memory, but are written upon paper, and worn upon the person, or affixed to the walls of the house.

During the cholera season of the present year, I noticed that such a paper was nailed over the door of the palace of Aali Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Kiamil Pasha's palace, next to that of Aali Pasha, had a different set of charms over the doors, and in this palace there were several deaths by cholera. After these had

occurred, the old charms were taken down, and new ones put up, similar to those used by Aali Pasha.

The Koran is also used to heal the sick. During the cholera I saw an Imaum reading it over a poor Turk, and at the end of every sentence he blew on the sick man's face, apparently blowing the words on to him. Passages of the Koran were also chanted in the streets at night, to drive off the evil spirits, who were supposed to be sowing the seeds of the cholera over the city. A translation of the Koran could have no such value, and therefore would be as useless as it would be sacrilegious. The religious faith of the Mohammedans really rests, not upon the Koran, but upon the commentaries and traditions, which are far below the Koran in every respect. The Koran has been translated into Turkish; but the translation was regarded as an infamous act, and it never came into use. As to printing the Koran, it was said, "Who can dare to put the sacred words of God into a press, and squeeze them?" "Shall the words of the Most High be put upon a level with the blasphemies of infidels?" "The book as it came from God was written, and so it must always be."

The American Missionaries have actually been advised by Turks of the new school (who are really infidels, and no more Christians than they are Mussulmen) to translate the Koran into common Turkish, and print it for circulation, as a sure means of destroying its sanctity in the eyes of the common people. What they decline to do, the Imperial government has now done officially. *By order of the highest authorities, the Koran has been translated into Turkish, and has just been issued from the government printing establishment.* An elegant copy has been formally presented to the Sultan, and the public are now invited to purchase it.

It is a strange and unaccountable step. I understand that Ethem Pasha, who ordered the execution of the work, was questioned about it the other day, and replied, that its translation had become a necessity. The Protestants had begun to circulate the Bible among the people in their own language; and, as a means of self-defence, they could do nothing less than give the people the Koran. We can ask nothing better than this. Let the people have the Koran. Let them read it side by side with the Bible. Let them compare the two, and judge between them. It will not require great learning or skill to decide which is the Word of God speaking to the soul, and which is the word of man.

I regard the step of the Turkish government as one of the most

important it has ever taken. I believe it will be resisted by the Ulemas, who will endeavour to hold the people to the original and incomprehensible Arabic; but every inquiring mind will inevitably turn to the translation, and learn from it that the Mohammedanism of the day is not that of the Koran; and further, that even the purer faith of the Koran is incomparably below that of the New Testament.—*Evangelical Christendom*, November Number.

A LETTER FROM OUR OLD FRIEND "MARIAN."

THERE are many of our readers who will be attracted by this title, though it was only in the first year of the Mission that we were able to speak of this our first worker. Since then, and after a severe illness, God has never seen fit to restore her ability for work; her sight is very imperfect, and she suffers from partial paralysis; we have, however, never forgotten her in her subsequently appointed lot of quiet and prayerful seclusion. She can still occasionally exercise her remarkable faculty of correspondence, and various letters and interviews have comforted us concerning her, amid the years of arduous and active labour which have followed the record of Marian's first walks through St. Giles's.

She now watches, with an interest deeper than ever, the progress of the work which the Lord has built up, on the foundation of His own Word, by the hand of feeble but faithful women, and always seeks to strengthen and comfort her first co-worker in a Bible-mission.

"OCTOBER 31st, 1865.

"DEAR MADAM,

"Temporal subjects have so engrossed the letters I have written lately, that there has been no space for that more precious communion of souls which, leaving every earthly care, turns ardently to the Fountain of life and love, seeking the presence of HIM whose arm is strong to deliver; and it is with a sweet feeling of unity in the Spirit that I address you this morning.

“May some poor word perhaps cheer you amid the many anxieties that daily meet you; for when I reflect upon the magnitude to which the work is now grown, of the fearful assaults of the enemy, of the backslidings of those who ought to have been your best support, and the severe discipline with which your Divine Master has seen it in His wisdom needful to visit you,—when I think of all this, I am ready to cry out, Who is equal to these trials? But sweet is the answer faith gives,—it is to those who patiently trust in the promise of our God,—‘*I will never leave you.*’ That is a rock, dearly beloved friend, on which you may safely rest. May His Holy Spirit keep you ever in a watchful, humble, trusting reliance upon His mercy; and may grace enable you so to profit by affliction, that in all things His glory may be made manifest by your submission to His will.

“It is very precious to be made sensible of our own nothingness, and while great is the honour, far greater is the responsibility entrusted to those who are chosen to make known, from the Book of life, God’s own message to sinners. My heart’s deepest prayer is, that all the workers may be daily led to feel their dependence upon Him, and that they may be preserved from everything contrary to His will. Many are the temptations and various the devices by which Satan seeks to draw souls from God. *He* is ever watching, and *our* only defence is in prayer; may each day find you, dear Madam, more and yet more strengthened by Heaven’s unfailing aid; and may you be ever enabled to look with the eye of faith beyond time and mortality, into an endless eternity, with the blissful assurance that *there* there is rest.

“I need not add how precious is any communication by which I may hear of your welfare and that of the Mission; and when a thought of me finds a place in your heart, remember me as one whose best happiness on earth is to plead at the mercy-seat for you and the great work committed to you. The Lord bless you!

“M. B.”

A REVIEW OF OUR SUBJECTS IN 1865.

IN preparing an index of the classified contents of this first volume of the MISSING LINK MAGAZINE, it was needful to look back to the "Five Fields of Observation" outlined in the first volume of the "Book and its Mission," commencing in the year 1856 :—

I. To the lands destitute of the sacred Book.

II. To those where the people follow a false prophet and a false book.

III. To those where the teachers have had the true Book, but have withheld it from the people.

IV. To the Churches which earliest recorded the Divine word in its original languages.

V. To the field of home labour, including also particulars from Protestant countries where the Bible is possessed, and from which it goes forth to other lands.

These fields were thus described in 1856 :—

I. The people hitherto without the Book are the vast masses of the heathen. In India they have sacred books which are called Vedras and Shastras, and at the feasts of their idols these are read to the devotees; but they exercise no commanding influence over the multitudes, like the Koran in Mohammedan countries, and are scarcely to be named in comparison with it. India, China, Tartary, Mongolia, Siberia, and the larger part of Africa and Oceania, must rank with the lands which have until lately known no Divine Book and no Saviour. The Missionaries of the Nestorian Church in Syria are believed to have visited, in the early ages, some of these regions, and amid vast errors, traces still remain of the truth they diffused; but they had no printed Bible to leave with their converts, and the Chinese translation of the Scriptures, which the Tablet of Segnanfoo records as having been made, is no longer known. The Roman Catholic Missionary has travelled far and wide in the East, with his patine, his crucifix, and his rosary; but he sought to make converts to his Church, and not to his Book: and great as was often his self-denial and energy, he has left little permanent impression either with the heathen or the followers of the false prophet.

II. The lands where the people believe in a false book will include all those where Arabic is spoken,—the language that knits together the Arabs, the Turks, and the Tartars; and this book, the Koran, after a reign of more than a thousand years, is just beginning to quail before the light of the true Book.

III. The countries where the teachers hide the Bible, and are afraid to trust it with the people in their vernacular tongues, without note or comment, but to some of which it is now finding entrance. Among these countries must be included, France, Belgium, Austria, half of Germany, two-fifths of Prussia, Poland, two-fifths of Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, and also Mexico, and the whole of South America, with the members of the Greek Church in Greece, in European and Asiatic Russia, and in European and Asiatic Turkey.

IV. The ancient Churches which first possessed the Book in Hebrew, Greek, Syriac, Latin, Coptic, and Ethiopic, and to whom it is now being returned, in a printed form, in their own modernized languages by the Western world, and is at once proving itself the pioneer of a reformation in Asia, as it did in Europe in the sixteenth century. This section may comprise facts of surpassing interest concerning the Vaudois valleys, Abyssinia, Egypt, Armenia, and the north of Persia, *and it should be inclusive of religious movements among the Jews everywhere*,—the Jews who were sure that their Book was from God, and yet turned away from it for the Talmud, the Mishna, and the Gemara, and have paid the penalty of their evil choice in the humiliation and rejection of twenty-five centuries.

V. There is the extensive field of Home effort and of Protestant American effort in the same noble service—the alliance of the Old World with the New to distribute the Scriptures of Truth; and in this section may be noted particulars from England, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, half of Germany, three-fifths of Prussia, three-fifths of Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Iceland, the United States, and Canada; and also from many Islands of the Ocean, subject to Dutch and Danish, Swedish and British sway. It is a melancholy fact, that the number of nominal Protestants,—the only people who have received the Book and wish to spread it,—according to a recent calculation from definite details, as far as they can be

obtained, amounts but to 93 millions, while the number of members of the Roman Catholic and Greek Churches, in which the Book is hidden, amounts to 208 millions ; those who follow a false book to 110 millions ; and those who have no book to tell them of a Saviour, to no less than 484 millions.

For ten years since the above was written the seed of the Word has been sowing, more or less, in all these fields, and they have been wonderful years of its "free course"—*the most wonderful ten years in this world's history*, as regards the diffusion of the Word of the Lord, and probably the most wonderful in the memory of the celestial world, who have watched the "souls come in so fast" to their Master's kingdom,—“Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever.”

In the present volume, by the aid of missionary friends, we have been enabled to perceive the dawning of the day of the Lord in HEATHEN CHINA (p. 21). There has been a stir these ten years among those hundreds of millions of stereotyped men—a rebellion in their "Celestial Empire," which seemed at first as if it would at once make way for the spread of the Word of God. A strong admixture of enthusiasm and error has sprung up, however, with the few seeds of truth that had found entrance ; but yet the rebels have overthrown many of the idols, and the Spirit of God has surely begun to move the hearts of some to listen to the words of Jesus, and to teach them to their fellow-countrymen.

Meanwhile the *ancient* characters of the Chinese language, addressing the *eye* of the whole nation, but not the *ear*, and requiring a life-time to learn them, may possibly give way to the Roman letters in which we write English, enabling a quick boy or girl to learn to read in three months.

One mission lady, Mrs. Lord, has been able to employ a Bible-woman. She says she trembles at the wide door now opening before her *among Chinese women*: there are so few labourers, and so many ready to listen to the word. Mrs. Lord

could employ five Bible-women if she had them, and says she could find employment from morning till night in teaching Chinese women to read the gospel in the Roman letter.

Mrs. Lord writes from Ningpo, and another Christian lady from Canton (p. 208); she also has a Bible-woman who had made a promise to a dear dying child whom she had nursed—a promise “to meet her in heaven.” After her death, the nurse began to learn to read, and ere long her whole life was changed. This lady speaks of the blessing that a mission-room “*near by*,” will be to Chinese mothers, on account of their small feet, which disable them from walking any distance. Surely in all our English Mothers’ Meetings, prayers will arise for these Chinese mothers, and that their assemblies to listen to the word of God may multiply.

We have had most interesting particulars of the admission of Bible-women to work in gaols and hospitals, who could scarcely go from house to house by day under the burning suns of India (p. 274). We hear of Bible-women in the jungles of Burmah, appointed by Mrs. Ingolls (p. 80), and of others who in Ceylon are “quietly doing battle with the deep-rooted prejudices of Hinduism” (p. 197).

The reading of the Bible to women by women seems accepted as an inoffensive agency the wide world over, yet the privilege may not last for ever, for the powers of darkness are awaking to perceive that their kingdom may thus fall,—if not by storm, yet by stealth.

How wonderful has been the secret work of God’s Holy Word in THE DOMINION OF THE FALSE PROPHET !

The Arabic characters, like the old Chinese, are legible to an amazing portion of the human race; *i.e.*, to the small number among their hundreds of millions who can read. A book printed in correct Arabic in Beirut, will find readers in Morocco, Algiers, interior Africa, Alexandria, Cairo, Abyssinia, Nubia, Arabia, Persia, India, Mesopotamia, Palestine, and Syria. In this far-spreading tongue, an important and revised translation of the Bible has been preparing for the last sixteen

years, by American missionaries, and it has begun to circulate as fast as copies can be obtained. (See p. 50.)

Before the passing of the Hatti Scheriff, or new law, by the Sultan of Turkey, in 1856, whatever might have been the silent power of the wondrous word of God, as read beneath the black tents of the sons of Kedar, none dared reveal it, save on pain of death. Ten years ago, ABDALLAH was known as the one Mahomedan martyr of Christian history, and here and there one has since succeeded him in his self-sacrifice to truth; but now the government of Turkey is obliged to open its eyes to the fact that the Turks have been reading the Christian Scriptures in Turkish, and that an antidote at last is become necessary; *viz., to give them the Koran in Turkish* also. It has been held too holy to be translated till the year 1865, and the true book has therefore taken ten years precedence of the false one.*

The reports of our Syrian Bible-women under the care of Mrs. Bowen Thompson, of Beirut, have proved in many a page of this volume how readily the sorrowful widows and orphans of the Lebanon have accepted the gospel as a balm for all their woes.

We no longer hear the taunt of former days in Syria, "You might as well teach a *cat* as a woman;" nor the women themselves saying, "How should *we* know? we are like the *cows* and the *sheep*." And how very early in these climes of the Orient the taught become teachers? The children of those Christian schools at Beirut have now been scattered by the cholera back to their mountains and native villages. "Will you give me six Testaments and some spelling-books in my bag?" says a child of nine years old; "there is no school at Tyre." The year before, this little one had taught a woman and several children to read (see "The Last Few Years in Syria," p. 248).

Early in next year we hope to send money for two Bible-women in Constantinople, and soon to hear from that wondrous centre of influence to the East, some similar tidings that women have listened to the Word.

* See "Book and its Missions" for 1856, page 99.

Among THE COUNTRIES WHERE HITHERTO THE TEACHERS HAVE HIDDEN THE BIBLE, we have this year only taken note of some interesting Bible readings with the poor *chiffonniers* of Paris (p. 186), and some tidings of good seed scattered a long while ago on the mountains of the Loire, which has sprung up and brought forth fruit in recent days.

In allusion to the ANCIENT CHURCHES, to whom first was committed the word of God, our attention has fixed more than ever on that wondrous nation of the Jews, who are now almost daily making further demands upon the world's attention (see "Jerusalem and the Jews," p. 161, and "Universal Israelite Alliance in Paris," p. 190). This alliance now comprehends nearly 4,000 members, and it projects the enlightenment of the Israelites of the East and of Africa, by schools and by the raising of women morally and intellectually. *Their* education will of course comprehend the reading of their own Scriptures.

Sixteen Bible-women among the Nestorians, and two who go forth from the ancient Smyrna, are kept near our hearts by frequent correspondence with Dr. Perkins and Mrs. Ladd.

But the great proportion of the year's articles, we must own on looking over the classified list, *is* (as we conclude our readers wish, by the many hints that we receive) a chapter of HOME WORK and of PROTESTANT effort in our own country. Of the fact that this is needed no less than ever, the visible growth of Popery in all our great towns leaves no doubt. Alas, that this should be written on the eve of 1866! If the people knew their Bibles, if Mothers' classes and loving Bible readings had from every centre of Christian influence been fully and continuously carried out with them thirty years ago, let us ask ourselves, Would superstition have had power to dupe them as it is doing now? When most discouraged at the apathy of those whose duty it is to watch the enemy "coming in like a flood," as it is written in the Old Book that he will come (Isa. lix. 19), we must take refuge in the promise placed in such close juxtaposition, that "the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him," or, as

the margin reads, "put him to flight," and that "they shall fear the name of the Lord from the west, and His glory from the rising of the sun."

Therefore let us still rejoice in looking forth on the fields of the world—the fields of souls. The eyes of the Lord may behold them even now as "white unto the harvest."

He is making ready "a people prepared" for Himself—cutting and rending very often the ties that bind them to the earth. Their best and their dearest ones are "gone up on high," and they are made continually to look upwards, and listen to the voice from heaven, which says, "Hear ye Him." The Lord would have their hearts all devoted to His own service, for "the time is short;" and to be "diverted" and amused is no aim for God's servants at this "time of the near end" of their dispensation. Their hearts should be knit together to study their Father's words, and the one thing they live for should be to awaken lost souls. Fathers, mothers, and dear children may strive together, rich and poor may serve together, in this spiritual army: and of the souls in town and country brought up from the depths of degradation and vice by Bible missions this year, this volume has witnessed month by month, in true "sensational stories," which have given joy to the angels of God.

It has been a year of much prayer among the poor mothers in their mission-rooms, and a year in which we believe that the lamp of the Word has been held up to them and shined into their hearts more than ever before. "The Lord has owned the work of the Bible missions," says an American paper, "both at home and abroad;"—therefore we will thank God, and take courage. Not unto any of us be a shred of the glory. This mode of women's work among women never *could* in eight years have silently permeated religious society, overcome opposition without argument, found funds without public meetings, and sympathy and help everywhere, had it not been THE LORD'S WORK, BY HIS OWN WORD. Therefore all Satan's hindrances shall come to nought; that Word "shall not return unto Him void, but shall accomplish that whereto He sent it."



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